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FAR OUT

ROVINGS RETOLD.

FAR OUT:

ROVINGS RETOLD

BY

LIEUT.-COL. W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT LONE LAND," "THE WILD NORTH LAND," ETC., ETC.

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— for wide expand
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon,
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills
Mingling their flames with twilight on the verge
Of the remote horizon.

SHELLE

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

I HAVE been told that an introductory chapter is necessary ere the scattered papers of travel which are here brought together can be taken from the lower region of magazine literature, in which they have hitherto had existence, and, with a title bestowed upon them, be elevated or "shelved" into the upper world of books.

I feel convinced, however, that no amount of preface, introductory chapter, or other preparatory preamble could succeed in imparting topographical sequence or literary unity to rambles, the theatres of which have lain so far removed from each other.

To group together such separated scenes as the pine-woods and snow-sheeted lakes of the regions of the Hudson's Bay fur-trade with the treeless plains of Natal and the Dutch Republics, would be a task beyond even the focussing faculty of my old fishing friend, John Burns, of Derry-cluny. Burns was frequently in the habit of expatiating upon the

advantages of climate enjoyed by those who breathed the air of his native river bank, whose salmon pools and streams he knew so well. On one occasion when I had succeeded in dragging my bones out of the Gold Coast, less many stone weight of their normal covering, the old fisherman came to see me. There was, he said, only one thing necessary to insure perfect restoration to health and strength. It was to sit every day upon the battlement of a bridge over his river, and to breathe the air that blew down from the Glen of Aherlow.

"Had not Father Maher, the Coadjutor, been to Rome, Asia Minor, and them northern parts, and didn't he give it up, for goodness, to the air on Ballycarron Bridge?" This "isothermal line" of my poor old friend comes back now to me when I try to bind together Shasta and Athabasca, and them "southern parts" of Africa; but unless my readers can be induced to adopt some such method of geographical grouping, and to make a "bee line" across the globe, these divergent paths of "Far Out" travel must still remain sundered by space of seas.

Taking the papers in the order in which they were written, that of South Africa comes first. Of the paper itself I will only remark that, although a wild storm of conflict has swept over South Africa since that date, I find no cause to alter a single opinion or reverse a judgment then expressed. A recent well-known

traveller visiting the Diamond Fields thought he had discovered in the fact of black labour there given to white employers the key to the pacific solution of the great difficulties between race. To my mind the great pit at Kimberley had an exactly opposite tendency. It brought to South Africa the white race of gold-seekers; it brought to Kimberley the black race of gun-seekers. Greed and passion on the one hand; arms and ammunition on the other; the spark could not be distant.

Who rightly gauged the situation can best be answered by the host of little wars, which in four years have cost the empire about nine millions sterling. As it has fallen to my lot in life to have seen a good deal of native races in different parts of our vast empire, I may here devote a few words to this question of native war—a question which, if the moral matter contained in it should in these days be looked upon as old-fashioned and out of date, may at least claim notice from the fact of the "big bill" which usually follows a "little war."

One of the effects of living in what is called a rapid age is, that although we have multiplied our sources of information on all subjects almost beyond computation, our time and opportunities of studying those sources of information have not increased.

People have no leisure now to inquire into an injustice. Men grow quickly tired of the whole subject.

They do not want the trouble of sifting or weighing a question; the novelty, even of an unjust war, soon wears off, and the readers of daily papers become more intent upon getting rid of a worry, that has bored themselves, than of redressing some wrong that has been inflicted upon others.

"There is nothing more easy," said a veteran Cape statesman to the writer, "than to get up a war in South Africa. If I had only known that the Government wanted such things, I could have given them a score of Kaffir wars in my time."

He spoke the soberest truth. A wild or semi-wild man is always ready to fight if wrong be put upon him. It is the only method of obtaining redress or vengeance that he knows of. He has no means of separating the acts of irresponsible white men from the government under which they live. The only government he can understand is that personal rule which makes the chief and the subject alike answerable; and hence every trader carries with him, in his dealings with natives, the character of the nation to which he belongs. Yet wherever I have gone, among wild or semi-wild men, I have found one idea prevalent in the minds of white men trading with natives. That idea was that it was perfectly fair and legitimate to cheat the wild man in every possible way.

One hundred years ago it was considered right to cheat the black man out of his liberty and to sell

him as a slave. To-day it is the natural habit of thought to cheat the black man out of his land or out of his cattle. In the coast region of Natal the coin known as a florin is called among the natives "a Scotch half-crown." The reason of the title is simple. A few years ago an enterprising North-Briton went to trade with the natives in that part of the country. He did not barter—he paid cash for what he bought. Curiously enough he always tendered half-crowns in payment. Months later the natives found that their half-crowns were worth only two shillings each; and since that time the florin, along the coast, bears the name of "Scotchman." Instances of a similar kind could be multiplied, until the reader would be tired of their iteration.

As the widest rivers have their sources in rills, so have our wars frequently their beginnings in the state of petty theft and retaliation thus produced. A native is cheated in trade; he discovers the fraud, and later on commits a theft in retaliation. Instantly the Colony rings with the outrage. The news is quickly taken up by that large class of idler, loafer, transport-rider, trader—persons to whom war brings a harvest of gold, and with whom, in all parts of the world, war will ever be popular. The position becomes what is called "strained," and then there is only needed a Governor, hungry for the addition of letters to his name, to let loose the tide and begin a little

war, which costs Great Britain four hundred or five hundred pounds for every negro shot.

Here is the history of a little war, the bill for which still remains to be paid. A "commando" was sent out against a chief, who had given trouble on the frontier. It is easy to mistake the cattle and women belonging to one black man, for the cattle and women belonging to another. The wives and property of the recalcitrant negro could not be found, but a "commando" is not the kind of expedition to return empty-handed from a campaign, so the women and cattle of another black man or tribe were triumphantly seized. As those people had lived on terms of perfect amity with the white man, it may be supposed the seizure caused astonishment. The men of the tribe fell, without hesitation, upon the nearest white man they could find—an old trader—and killed him and his sons. War was of course declared, to punish this unprovoked murder, and the little conflict thus inaugurated cost Great Britain a quarter of a million sterling. I have no hesitation in saying that five-sixths of our African wars, and a still larger proportion of the Indian wars in America, have their beginnings in wrongs done in the first instance by white men upon natives.

To the incoming settler the land of his adoption is essentially a *new* land. There may have been people in it for twenty centuries before he came to

it; but their rights to possession are not perceptible to him. His title to land in the country often consists in the fact of his voyage out, and in the other fact that he never had any land in his own country. It is curious how easy it is to transfer to a fresh soil the seed of an injustice. Denied the possession of the soil in his old home, the first thought of the immigrant in the land of his adoption is to deny to others the right to exist. Too often, having had only the right to labour for others allowed him in England, he eagerly adopts the idea that labour is the natural inheritance of the black man. So it is ever in the world. The man beaten and bullied in his youth will beat and bully when his opportunity arrives—the servant is ever the hardest taskmaster. "There is," says Balzac, "nothing more terrible than the vengeance of the shopkeeper." Thus the frontier between civilisation and the wilds finds ever arrayed along it, whether the scene be the backwoods of Canada, the Dakotan boundary, or the outlying "veldt" in the Transvaal, representatives of the two races least likely to agree together—the white man who has never had a servant, and the black man who has never known a master.

I recollect once spending a couple of days in the pursuit of a bear in a western Canadian forest. I had as guide a white trader, a man from a neighbouring forest settlement. We chanced to meet one

day a solitary Indian hunter. My companion shook his fist and cursed aloud at him.

"What harm has he done you?" I asked.

"Harm?" answered the man; "he 'll never stop until he has killed that bear. I wouldn't leave a red-skin in the land if I had my way."

"But the bear is as much his property as it is ours," I said. "Probably for twenty generations back the red ancestors of that poor devil have hunted bears in this forest." What cared my guide? He was quite as ready to put down the "red-skin" as though the scene had been an English Petty Sessions Court, the Indian had been a rabbit poacher, and he himself the presiding magistrate. In the Sierra Nevadas, in California, I had once the good fortune of meeting the late Mr. Ross Browne, for years an Indian Government Commissioner. From him I heard the history of the origin of the Apachée War, which has so long been waged in the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. "When the first coach line was put through Arizona," said my informant, "the Indians were at complete peace with us; they watched the horses at the *ranches*, they were employed in the stables, and did the work of the road cheerfully and well. All went smoothly for some time until there came upon the line a certain Mr. King. This gentleman was not at all pleased with the peaceable manner in which the busi-

ness was proceeding. The Indians were doing the work cheaply; the stations were supplied at small cost; no money could be made out of such a set of inoffensive people. King determined to change all this, and to make the country fit for an American speculator to live in. His mode of procedure was very simple. Hard by the *ranche* at which he dwelt there was an old fort of the Mexican times, whose *adhoby* battlements were weed-grown and ruined. Within some crumbling bastion there lay an old iron carronade, rusting amid the nettles. This forgotten relic of Spanish dominion was the instrument by which Mr. King was to effect the change he wished for. He brought the gun out of the ruins, he scraped the mud from the muzzle, cleared the vent-hole, and squibbed off some loose powder to see that all was right within the bore. Then he placed the gun in a neighbouring thicket, mounted upon two trunks of timber, and with its muzzle just hidden within the edge of brushwood. Down that muzzle he put a bag of gunpowder, and on top of the powder he placed several handfuls of leaden bullets—twelve to the pound. When he had completed the priming of his piece he laid the sight of the gun upon the centre of a little depression in the ground that lay about one hundred and fifty yards distant; then, to keep the gun in its place, he put another log of timber across it. All this done, he quietly covered up his ord-

nance with a sheet, and went his way. An hour later he issued invitations among the Indians for a feast on the morrow. He would kill three oxen; there would be three fires, at which the oxen would be roasted, and then there would be a great feed and much jollity. The oxen were killed, the fires made, the guests were not wanting. About mid-day the following day there were over two hundred Apachées busily engaged in roasting meat at three large fires. The fires stood in a single line in a slight hollow, the floor of which was level, and which level was continued to a small thicket distant from it about one hundred and fifty yards.

"When the feast was at its height, and the Indians were thickly grouped around the fires, roasting, eating, running back to roast, and then to eat again, Mr. King quietly left the crowd and sauntered up into the thicket. No one minded him; every one was too eager at the feast. All at once the roar of an explosion burst out from the thicket, and then—there is no need to tell the rest; dead and mangled Indians lay thick in the hollow. No one knew what had happened; but when, later on, other Indians flocked wildly to the scene, they found two-thirds of their comrades dead or dying, a score or more wounded with different degrees of severity, and some twelve or more untouched, but utterly dazed and stupified at the catastrophe. They could only point to the thicket; the iron

carronade told the rest. It was found lying some distance back in the wood, flung there by the force of its own recoil. A black mark along the ground showed where a train of gunpowder had been laid to the vent. Of Mr. King there was no trace; he was already far away towards the nearest fort. But from that day to the present the Indians have been ceaselessly on the war trail, and over the sandy wastes of Arizona and New Mexico many a site is marked to-day with the stone, or cross, which tells the traveller that a white man there met his end at the hands of an Apachée."

It may be easily supposed that, when the stage of actual conflict has been reached, the mode of warfare springing from such a condition of society is utterly destitute of any of those rules which civilisation endeavours to impose upon strife. There is literally no line drawn in the savagery of war with the native. There is no "belt," in reality or in metaphor, beneath which it is unfair to hit a black man. Between the Irish wars of Elizabeth's captains and the wars waged against the natives in South Africa there is only the difference of breechloaders, and rifled ordnance; civilisation is alone traceable in the greater range of the projectile or the increased power of the explosive. The old methods of destruction are as much in favour as ever, but they are left to the nimbler feet or more active hands of our Fingo or Basuto allies.

It would be unfair to our colonial brethren to suppose that they are responsible for the savagery of acts done by what are termed "irregular corps" in native wars. In the ranks of many of those regiments the concentrated rascality from half the states of Europe will be found. Here is a little picture from a corps raised for service in one of the recent South African wars.

When visiting his sentries at night, the Commanding Officer was in the habit of taking round with him an orderly, who carried a lantern. There was, of course, nothing unusual in this fact; but the method of the inspection had best be told in the officer's own words. "I knew my blackguards wanted to shoot me," he said, "so, as I walked along the line of sentries, I took care to keep the fellow with the lantern on my right or left-hand side. When challenged, I would call out, and then jump quickly to one side, so that if the rascal on sentry fired, he would have aimed at the light and missed me."

And yet it is to men such as this corps was composed of that the nation freely pays six times a higher rate of daily wage than it gives to the trained troops of its regular army. Often, when I have seen the wild extravagance that characterises our "little wars," and looked at the rabble brought together, to harry some miserable negro and his tribe—

——to chase
Through rocks, where monkeys seemed a nobler race,

I have not known whom to pity most, the black man, hunted out of his land and life, or the white rate-payer at home, whose pocket was being so freely bled.

Let no man imagine either that for our own troops these wars have in them even the common attribute of "schooling." Sorry schools these to learn the steadiness, the discipline, or the *morale*, which would meet in a fair field of European fight the Pomeranian battalions, or the men who crossed the Balkans in mid-winter. "May it never be my fate," said, to the writer of these pages, one whose experience of troops in war ranged over every campaign of the last thirty years in all parts of the globe, "to find myself on a European battle-field with an army trained in a South African campaign." He was right. The cave-smokers of Algeria made but a sorry show when pitted against sterner stuff than Kabyle fugitives: yet Algeria was not the only part of Africa where cave-smoking warfare was widely practised, and where science coolly blew helpless women and children into atoms in the burrows to which they had fled in terror.

Let us quit this subject. If this were soldiering, it would indeed be only a sorry trade.

When the present Afghan war was in its initiative stages, we ventured to express a doubt upon the favourite theory of the "forward school," that the Afghans had only to be freely shot, plundered, and otherwise

knocked about, to become our fast and firm allies, and to hate the Russians with something of the discriminating fervour of a London music-hall audience. As the best method of stating these views we had recourse to the past history of the Afghan people, and of our own relations towards them, concluding the attempt to prove the moral of the moment, by the lesson of the past, with these words: "Twenty millions of money! twenty thousand human lives! three times that number of camels and horses lost! a name hated throughout the length and breadth of this mountain land—such were the results accruing to us from three years' wandering in search of a scientific frontier."

Whether history has since repeated itself to almost every syllable of the above sentence we must let our readers determine. Meantime I will leave these subjects and turn to other lands which are filled with brighter sights and softer sounds—with the echo of the wilderness, the ring of dog-bells over snowy solitudes, the plash of canoe-paddle in quiet waters; with sights of suns setting over measureless meadows, of moons glistering upon snow-sheeted lakes, of the weird lights of the north flashing above motionless pine-trees—sights and sounds of all that varied north land which through time and distance wears ever unchanged its memories of lonely beauty.

Of the dog, whose fortunes had so close a connection

with mine own through many scenes of winter travel, there remain a few words to be written.

It may be remembered that in the spring of 1873 his career as a hauling dog ceased, and that in the autumn of the same year he became a dog of civilisation, if not of progress. Henceforth life was to be to him a time of rest and food. The collar and the moose-skin trace could only visit him in troubled dreams. No more the early call to harness in the savage cold of the dark morning would break upon his sleeping ear as he lay deep beneath the falling snow. No more the long day tugging at the collar, the mid-day halt, the frozen white fish for supper, the shivering bivouac under the pine-trees—all was changed, his work was over; and, like some old veteran of a hundred fights in the seclusion of his club, thenceforth he could lay down his body for himself and the law for his friends, and beguile the tedium of time in the pursuit of small game, or devote himself to pastimes which would recall earlier scenes of life in the great northern wilderness. As time went on that aversion which he had demonstrated towards cats on his first introduction to civilisation deepened into a more lasting animosity. Perhaps they seemed to him a link that bound him to older enmities—enmities to the lynx and the marten, the beaver and the otter, the pursuit of which had in bygone times so often caused him moments of excitement; for how often had I seen him

baffled by a marten up a pine-tree, or intensely puzzled by the sudden disappearance of a fisher into a burrow, down which he would intrude his head as far as it was possible for it to go, while his great body drew in deep respirations of sand and air, as though he would draw the animal from his earth by mere strength of inhalation. Frequently too was he noticed to indulge in hole-digging of a desultory description, the object whereof was not apparent. It may have been that the old dog was affected at the memory of the many *caches* he had made during his life of travel—those never revisited hiding-places of superfluous food scattered along his ten thousand miles of winter work; and perhaps a vague idea possessed him that, burrowing at random, he might find some long-hidden treasure of moose-leg, white fish, or buffalo-bone. It is impossible to say whether he was happy or not, for happiness in dogs, as well as in their masters, is a quantity that cannot always be measured by the weight or value of their creature comforts. Dog comfort he undoubtedly possessed—dog comfort of the bed and the bone; but who shall say that there came not now and again to his brain old memories of cozy camps on pine islets in great frozen lakes, of mid-day halts by snow-drifts where the red and golden willows glistened in the winter's sun, of old antagonists and fellow-haulers, of the hosts of Muskeymotes, Cariboos, Tête-Noirs, Kuskytayatimoos, that had been boon com-

panions, or fierce rivals, to him in the fur forts of the north? Glimpses, too, of idle moments in those far-away forts of the great wilderness when he bayed the Northern Lights that flashed and flickered over the pine-tops on the opposite shore, or answered back at intervals the lonely howl of some wandering wolf against the clear cut sky-line of a moonlit prairie hill.

Once again dog and master were destined to meet. Three years had passed since they parted on the Atlantic shore of North America. Since that time the world had changed much with both of them. Ease and age had bowed the sharp head, bent the broad back, uncurled the bushy tail, and slouched the springy gait of the once unequalled Esquimaux. Toil and the fever of the African forest had left their trace upon the man. It had been night when they had parted; it was also night when they met again. For a moment the old dog seemed to be puzzled; he had been roused from sleep to meet the new comer, but when his ear caught voice and words that had been so familiar to him, memories of the old time seemed to come back, for the bent tail wagged, the lip curled into the laugh, and the well-remembered whimper of satisfaction sounded again—echoes of old companionship of camp and trail in a far-off world.

Two years more and echoes, if such they were, ceased. In the summer of 1878, Cerf Vola the Untiring made his last camp on the shore of life. His grave is

under a pine-tree, although far away from the land of pines; and, if it be given to the dog spirit to roam again the scenes of life, he has for his "happy hauling grounds" a wondrous heaven—a murmur of many waters, an echo of ever-sounding pine-trees, and many glimpses of that vast world of wilderness—lake, forest, prairie, and mountain, "far out" beyond the white man's farthest farm.

FAR OUT:

ROVINGS RETOLD.

A DOG AND HIS DOINGS.

FAR out, in that portion of the grim Laurentian wilderness of North America which stretches its iron belt between the more recent formation of the Bay of Hudson and the valley of the Mackenzie River, there lies a sheet of water named Deer's Lake by the old English fur-traders, who first reached its shores from the estuary of the Churchill River.

It is essentially a lonely place; the rocky shores, broken into deep and quiet bays, hold a vegetation of fir and spruce trees, dwarf, rigid, and of dark sombre hue. The waves beat in monotonous cadence against the bare rocks which mark the "points" or capes between the deep indentations of the shores; and the bays are often filled with long growing reeds and

waving grasses, through which the wind makes ceaseless moan, as early autumn follows with rapid footsteps the September sun.

In summer, short though it be, there are sights to be seen on this lake, filled with that rare beauty only to be found where the rain and the sun have together and alone woven the covering of the earth; for in summer there falls upon these hills the strange, unwonted beauty of saffron sunsets, lengthening out the shadows of dark pine-trees on water so still that the ripple from a wild duck's breast steals far over the surface, and gently rocks the shadowed image of the shore, and waves the motionless pine-branch on the cliff, and dies in the water-worn hollows of the old grey rocks with an echo just audible in the great stillness of the scene; then, too, as the light of evening deepens, and the western end of some long arm of the lake yet lives in the strange contrast of dark rigid tree-tops, outlined against a lustrous afterglow, there sounds over lake and shore a cry, the vivid distinctness of which startles the echoes deep into the bosom of the woods. It is the wail of the loon—a wild and lonely call that tells the shy moose in his willow lair he may rise and seek his mate; that calls the dark-furred otter from his haunt beneath the rock to his nightly toil of fishing in the quiet pools where the fish glance like silver arrows in the moonlight; that signals to the grey owl that his time has come, too, to flit amid the dusky shadows; that tells wild beast and wild bird they

may set forth for feast, or love, or war, safe under the cover of the night, in their great home of the wilderness.

On the south shore of this lake there stands a small trading-house or "fort" of the Hudson Bay Company. It is the usual type of structure common throughout the fur country of the great north. Log-house and picket-fence, trading-store, and hut for half-breed servants, all alike built from the wood of the straight fir-tree, roofed with logs, covered with the bark of junipers, and made secure from the searching winds of winter by mud and moss stuffed tightly between the interstices of the logs.

In winter, house, fence, and hut lie deep drifted, amid snow piled high by storm; in summer, dogs stretch in lazy delight upon the sloping pathway between the picket-fence and the lake shore. A boat lies updrawn upon the beach; an Indian birch-bark canoe, turned downwards upon its face, lies near it. Far out upon the lake another canoe, a speck on the water, is seen coming from the further shore with some Indian family intent on trade; and around, over the palisades and roof-tops, in endless lines, the motionless and rigid pine-trees stand dark and changeless.

In fact, this fort at Deer's Lake differs not from a hundred other forts scattered over this great northern wilderness. Its aspect, life, people, boats, canoes, surroundings, are all the same; everything is alike here as elsewhere: everything, save one item, and

that one item is an important one—it is the dog. The dogs of Deer's Lake differ from other dogs in most of the forts of the great northern land.

Dogs, it is true, are fond of differing all the world over; but on this point of difference between dogs at Deer's Lake and dogs elsewhere in the north there is a notable distinction, and it is this—that while the dogs at the many fur forts further inland, the trading forts scattered over the vast basins of the Saskatchewan, Peace, and Athabasca Rivers, are a poor and wolf-like breed, those at Deer's Lake are remarkable for possessing a strength, size, and symmetry, a uniformity of colour and characteristic, stamping them at once as a distinct species which has developed into that perfection always attained by Nature when in the wild state she moulds her creatures to their own wants and purposes. The dogs are, in fact, of Esquimaux breed, a species of which it will be necessary to say a few words.

Around the wide circle of the Arctic Sea, on all northern shores of Europe, Asia, and America, that extraordinary race of human beings known as Esquimaux possess a breed of dogs unequalled for the value of the assistance they afford to their human masters. The Arab has his horse, the Indian his canoe, the Libyan his camel; but in the dog the dwarfed and hardy races of the frozen north possess an auxiliary more constant, more untiring, more useful, than any other thing of animate or inanimate nature the wide world over.

From northern Norway, along the cold slopes of Lapland and the White Sea, far into that unknown region where Russia's north-east cape stands the nearest continental outpost to the pole upon the earth; down along the wintry shores of the Lena and the wild Yakoutsk waste, to the Straits of Behring; and, again, into the regions of North America by the mouths of the three great rivers which seek the Arctic Ocean, until, sweeping around the wide Bay of Hudson, the line crosses to Greenland and ends on the east coast of that desolate island—all around the immense circle of this northern shore-line there is found a breed of dogs, differing in size, it is true, but closely identical in shape, habit, and characteristic.

When the scattered tribes of Esquimaux move east or west along the shores of their lonely realms, when the spring-time tells them to quit their snow-houses, and to set out upon their dreary quests of fishing, while yet the ice gives safe and ready means of travel; when early winter, closing in the dusky darkness upon the short summer, sends them again to their huts, the dog is ever there to haul his load of dried fish or musk-ox meat, of oily blubber or skin, of drift-wood or dried moss; of walrus-bone for spear-heads; of all the curious craft of kettle, axe, knife, arrow-head, and tent, which the Esquimaux fashions from the few rude materials flung to him by the sea, or grudgingly yielded by the inhospitable shore.

Deep-chested, broad-backed, long-woolled, clean-legged, sharp-nosed, pointed-eared, bright-eyed, with

tail close curled over back, in token of an everlasting good humour towards man and of fierce resentment to all outside dogs, the Esquimaux dog stands of his species the only animal which gives to his master the twofold service of horse and dog.

The lake called Deer's Lake, of which we have already spoken, is not many marches distant from the west shore of Hudson's Bay. Indians descending the Beaver or Churchill River can easily reach the fort which stands at its mouth, in the summer; and in winter, when the cariboo are plentiful along the belt of woods lying between Lake Athabasca and Hudson's Bay, stray parties of Indians move at times back and forward from Deer's Lake to Fort Churchill. Thus there has arisen an intercourse between the two stations, and as Fort Churchill is the most southerly point to which the Esquimaux come on the shores of the bay, it has fallen out that the dogs bartered by the Esquimaux have been carried inland to the post of Deer's Lake, and that around the palisades and huts of that remote establishment the burly forms and upraised tails of these best and truest Arctic travellers are to be seen.

Nearly a dozen years ago from this present time an event occurred at this post of Deer's Lake which, although it received neither comment nor chronicle at the moment, is still worthy of a passing notice in this record. It was only the birth of a dog. Beyond the fact that the event took place at the time I have indicated, little more is known; indeed, it may be

admitted that even that fact would for ever have remained in the limbo of unrecorded history, if circumstances had not occurred in the after-life of this dog which gave prominence to his earlier existence.

It may, however, be safely presumed that the earlier stages of puppyhood were passed by this dog in conditions of unusual felicity. Doubtless the year was one of plenty, so far as white fish in the lake was concerned, or the herds of reindeer were unusually numerous in the neighbouring woods; and doubtless, too, the mother of this dog was of a free and generous nature, who grudged not to her progeny a share in spoil of bone, or in the feast that followed the return of the lake-boat from the nets—an event usually watched with anxious eyes by the whole pack of dogs at a northern fur fort, who welcome with hilarious howl the grating of the keel upon the beach, sure prelude to a rich feast, if the night's yield has been propitious.

Thrown a chance wanderer in some of these remote and lonely posts in this wilderness of the north, it has often been my occupation to watch the habits of these dogs in the idle hours of their lives. Their fights and mutual jealousies, their impertinent intrusion into the provision sheds, their wolf-like howls when the earliest streak of dawn glimmered over the eastern hills, their joy when released from harness, their sorrow when about to be placed in it, have often filled up the moments of a day spent in one of those remote spots.

I remember once, at the fort called St. John's, on the Upper Peace River, being witness to a strange conflict between the instincts of a dam to her whelps and the cravings of her own hungry nature. She had become, by some fortunate chance, the possessor of a large bone; this she had carried to a place of safety under my window, followed by her family of four puppies, just verging from the age of toddling to that of toothsome tendencies. The mother's gaunt sides and staring bones showed that the progeny were no easy burden to her, and their rounded and chubby figures contrasted strongly with her angular outline.

Nevertheless, the four youthful haulers seemed to be of opinion that it was wiser for them to claim a share in the bone now under discussion than to await a future moment when its sustenance might be derived second-hand from their maternal relative. They growled and tugged at the bone almost in the mouth of their hungry nurse, and rolled over each other and over the bone in a mixture of infantile ferocity and feebleness most laughable to look at. The expression of their mother's face was one of hungry perplexity. Here was a clear case of injustice on the part of the offspring: they still looked to her for support, and yet they also sought to share her support—this precious bone; nay, they even presumed upon her feelings to rush in and take it by force, knowing that from her alone could they secure it without being severely bitten. Her only resource was in flight: raising the bone in her mouth, she tried to get away from her

family to eat it alone; but they invariably toddled after her to renew again their importunities. A bright idea seemed suddenly to strike the brain of one of the puppies: he relinquished his attempts at the bone and devoted himself to his more legitimate province of deriving nourishment from his mother; but I could not determine whether this manœuvre was only a ruse to detain her for the benefit of his three brethren yet struggling for the bone, or simply an effort to improve the occasion with reference to a "square meal" on his own account.

Arguing from these and similar scenes witnessed among dogs generally in the north, and having regard to the excellent proportion attained by the dog whose history began at Deer's Lake, I can safely aver that his mother must have been of a free and generous nature to him in his early youth. But whatever may have been the conditions of that earlier life, it must suffice for us to know that four winters of hauling and four summers of repose had passed over him ere fate determined that the name of the dog and his doings should fall upon the ear of the big outside world.

It was the winter of 1871.

For three months the great northern forest had lain prone beneath snow, ice, and bitter cold. Many a storm had swept over the immense waste, piling the dry snow into huge drifts by the banks of frozen rivers; silting up willow islands, covering the wreck of fallen vegetation in the dark pine woods, and

moaning away into endless space over lake, and plain, and forest.

The scene is in the neighbourhood of the fur fort called Cumberland, on the shore of Pine Island Lake, near the lower Saskatchewan River. It is the hour of sunrise. Along the white bed of a tortuous river, fast frozen beneath five feet of ice, and deep drifted in snow, came three dog-trains; twelve dogs in all. Four men accompany or follow these trains in the rapid stride and long swing of snow-shoe walking. The bells upon the dog-harness ring and jangle clearly in the keen frosty air, for the thermometer is standing at some twenty-five degrees below zero. A white steam rises from the breaths of dogs and men, and great icicles hang on the beards of the travellers, whose fur caps are frosted over with ice dust fine as flour.

The pace is about four and a half miles an hour, and its rapid movement has done more to make the blood course freely through their bodies than capôte or mittaine or fur-cap could ever achieve on such a morning. Suddenly, from a bend in the river channel, there became visible on the left shore a solitary Indian wigwam; a thin column of smoke issues from the opening in the pointed roof, a dog barks vigorously toward the new comers from the bank in front; all at once the train dogs quicken their pace to a sharp trot, the men break into a run, and in a few minutes the sledges are abreast of the wigwam; then the leading dogs make a wild lurch to leave the river and ascend the bank, with a view to a rest, and perhaps

to a spell out of harness; but that is not to be, and a loud and stern word of command from the leading driver makes them crouch together in the dry yielding snow in the centre of the river.

The three men ascend the river bank and enter, one by one, on their hands and knees, the low opening of the Indian wigwam. The scene inside is a curious one. Through the opening in the roof the light comes fully in; a fire is burning on the ground in the centre; its smoke, only half escaping through the aperture above, hangs in the upper part of the tent, and it is only by sitting on the ground that one can escape its influence and see with ease and comfort. At the further side of the fire from the doorway sits an old withered, wrinkled Indian, who scarcely regards the new-comers, but continues to sing a low, monotonous song; a young woman and two children are squatted near.

The new-comers sit on some dried rushes around the fire; the old man, having shaken hands with them one by one, continues his dirge. The leader of the party asks his followers what the old man is singing about. "About the death of his son," they reply. "His son, this woman's husband, and the father of these two children died here two days since; and last night a dog-train came from the fort (Cumberland), and took the body away for burial in the graveyard there."

"And the man, who was he? What did he die of?" asked the leader of the party.

"He was a French half-breed who had adopted the Indian life, and he lived here in this wigwam, hunting for the family. He died of cold caught in chasing a black fox, which had carried away one of his traps. He was a good hunter."

The story of this man's life and death was soon told; meantime the Indian continued his song.

"What is he singing?"

"He says that he is old and cannot hunt; that his support has gone from him; that it would be better if he went too."

A few minutes later the party left the wigwam and continued their journey along the frozen river. There was now a trail on the ice, and the dogs followed it with rapid steps. Soon the river opened upon a large lake; the sleds bounded briskly over the hard drifted surface of the snow, which bore the trace of a recent dog-train upon it; then there appeared, far off in front, the misty outline of buildings grouped together on the dim opposite shore of the lake. Quicker went the dogs, faster beat and clanged the bells, until, leaving the ice, the dogs dragged their loads into an irregular open space surrounded by wooden houses, in the centre of which other dogs and men stood watching the new-comers.

Prominent amongst the dogs a large burly-figured, bushy-tailed animal at once caught the eye; he appeared to be intent upon combining two almost impossible lines of conduct in one and the same moment; namely, to ingratiate himself into the good

graces of the men of the party just come, and to intimidate by a series of quick but ferocious "asides" the new dogs. Thus he presented a singular contrast of solicitude and swagger; the upturned tail wagged to man and shook menace to beast almost at the same instant; the face by turns glared and grimaced, and the ground was trod by a sort of light springy motion, which indicated a desire to give his paw to anybody who might take the trouble to ask for it, or to show his jaw to any and every dog who looked in his direction.

There have been ingenious German artists who have succeeded in producing similar effects in the portraits of some of their great national heroes. Looked at from one side, the picture presents to the beholder the graceful outline of a ballet-dancer, or of a rustic maiden; regarded from the front, the lowering lineaments of Bismarck, the wrinkled ferocity of Moltke, or the Mosaic ramrodism of the German Emperor's face and figure strike grimly upon the eye. This, however, must be what is termed "high art"—in the case of the bushy-tailed dog at Cumberland Fort it can only be regarded as low nature. But to proceed.

The general appearance of this dog and his grotesque goings on quickly caught the eye of the leader of the party, and inquiries followed as to his name and ownership; these were soon answered. The dog was of pure Husky breed; he was born at Deer's Lake, three hundred miles further north; his owner

was one Isbister, a well-known trapper and traveller over a wide extent of country; he was but just returned from bearing his part in hauling the dead body of Joe Miller from the Indian wigwam; his name was Cerf Volant, or the Flying Deer.

Thus at Cumberland, on Pine Island Lake, was first introduced to the writer of these pages an animal destined hereafter to fill a prominent part in long and varied scenes of toil and travel. And now, having brought to a point of contact at the fur fort called Cumberland the life of this dog and of his future owner, it will be better for the smoothness of the narrative, and the truer weaving together of two threads of life, to continue our story in the personal pronoun.

I became the possessor of Cerf Volant. He was the "foregoer," or leader, of three other dogs, who bore the names of Tigre, Muskeymote, and Cariboo; the first a good and trusty hauler, the two others wild and shaggy dogs, of savage disposition and unkempt aspect.

The financial operation which resulted in transferring these dogs to my possession was of a nature to surpass all other operations of the kind ever known in the north—in other words, more money was on this occasion asked and given for this train of four dogs than the oldest inhabitant had ever remembered in similar transactions; but had that sum been three times what it was, and had that triple amount been demanded for the single "fore-

goer," Cerf Volant, exclusive of his three comrades, it would still have been an eligible investment, to be repaid afterwards with the interest of an amount of true and faithful service impossible to over-estimate.

The long journey, which had begun three months earlier, was, at the time we write of, drawing to a close. Five hundred miles yet remained to be traversed ere the point from which I had started in October would be again reached, and this distance, lying as it did for the most part over vast stretches of frozen lake, promised to be traversible without greater difficulty than that of cold and hardship; for over these large lakes the very force and violence of the winds have made the mere labour of travel comparatively easy. The snow closely packed upon the ice forms a hardened surface, upon which the snow-shoe leaves but scant impression, and the dogs and sleds run lightly over the smooth and dazzling highway which cold and storm have laid across the vast spaces of these inland seas.

It was the 31st of January when I set out with my new train for this last stage of five hundred miles. The cold was very great; the country as desolate as frozen swamp, spreading in endless succession for eighty miles' distance, could make it; but the story of that journey has been already told in another place, and its introduction here is only necessary in order to carry on the history of the "foregoing" dog into times and through events which have found no record.

Twenty days passed away; the marsh and the lakes had been crossed. There had been days of bitter blast, and nights of still, cold rigour, and cosy camps on islands drifted deep in snow, where the tall pine-tree stood to shadow back the glow of the fire lit beneath it, and to shelter the wayfarers whose passing footsteps had broken, for one short night, the quiet of these lonely isles.

And now it was all over! I had got back again to house and fireside, bed and board. True, it was only four months since I had left these adjuncts of civilisation, but time in those matters has only a relative significance, and distance had so lengthened out the vista of these hundred and twenty days that it seemed half a lifetime had been spent in the wilderness.

I took up my quarters in an unoccupied house lying about six miles from Fort Garry, in order to quickly complete some official reports relative to my journey. I had as attendant an old pensioner; as companions my four dogs.

The pensioner dwelt in the kitchen, the dogs occupied a large stable. I had the rest of the house to myself. When not suffering from a too liberal allowance of Hudson's Bay rum, the pensioner was wont to devote his leisure moments in the evening to endeavouring to elucidate, with my assistance, some problems that perplexed him.

He had quitted the army and left England before the era of the introduction of electricity, and "them

vestige of man upon the snow; no shadow of bird in the low-set sunshine of the mid-winter mid-day.

Yet the great river is not altogether devoid of human existence. Man has sought even this friendless region in pursuit of trade; behind these river shores stretch hundreds of leagues of muskeg, forest, waste, lake, and wilderness, where the sable, the otter, and the fox roam through the long winter. Here and there, at scarce intervals, by shore of lake or bank of river, stand grouped together a few wigwams of Indian hunters, and, far down the great river, in the last thousand miles of its course, two solitary groups of wooden houses, the forts of the Fur Company, give shelter to some half a dozen men, the sole white denizens of this mighty waste.

Twenty years from this present time, in the most remote post of this northern land, an old man lay sick unto death. He was the *bourgeois*, or master of the place, a Scotchman from the Isles. He had lived his life in the north, and had played his part in the toil and travel of the wilderness, and had faced the drift of Arctic storm, and the gloom of the northern winter for full thirty years. Death's stoutest captains, Cold and Hunger, had often waged war against him, and put him to sore strait in far-away scenes of winter forest and ice-piled lake and pathless solitude; but now Death himself had come and laid his iron grasp upon him, even in his own comfortable log-fort, against the fireside of which cold was powerless, and into whose provision-store hunger could not enter.

The time was the long winter. The birds had sailed south from the Arctic shore; the ice had bridged further across the wide river; the earth had wrapped itself in a deeper cloak of snow; the drift of storm blew daily fiercer across the long reach of pine-bordered stream; the wail of swaying pines smote the ear in more monotonous cadence; darkness was on the outside world of wilderness—Death stood in the inner circle of the fur fort.

It was a night of wild drift and storm. The wind seemed to knock loudly for admission at every doorway and window frame of the log-huts, and the wide hearths, blazing with pine-logs, sent back a defiant roar at the storm without, and burned fiercer as each gust shook the framework houses and died away in the moaning depths of the vast outside forest. Seated around these blazing fires, the little garrison of the fort spent that November night in long discussion; for Ba'tiste, the French half-breed, and Paradis, the old Canadian postmaster, and Samuel Henderson, the Swampy Indian of questionable civilisation, had many things to say and much platitude to utter ere, in the language of the law courts, Death had passed his final sentence on their old master.

Paradis in particular seemed imbued with the necessities of the occasion. He talked and smoked incessantly; he gave utterance to many profound sentiments, all more or less tending to prove that death was an event which must come sooner or later in the life of every man, whether he was engaged in

the fur trade or in other pursuits; but at the same time it was to be gathered, from the general drift of the old postmaster's harangue, that he considered Death had, with a wise discrimination, selected the circle of his friends for earlier visitation, and had left him, Paradis, for a remote and by no means certain future. Ba'tiste sat a ready listener to his superior's logic, and the Swampy smoked with such placid persistency that it was evident he regarded the occasion as one not to be lost sight of for the display of his ruling passion, tobacco, in the supreme moment of his master's life.

While thus these three men passed the long night in platitudes and pipe-filling, the scene in the sick man's room had developed into its final phase. As the night wore towards the dawn he had called to his bedside his clerk, a young Scotchman from the Lewis, a distant kinsman of his own, and had put this question to him: "Do you know the graveyard on the island at Fort Simpson?"

"Yes; I know it well," answered the clerk.

"Give me your word," went on the sick man, "that you'll take my body to that graveyard, and lay it by the side of the boy I buried there twenty years ago."

"It's many a long day's journey from here," answered the clerk, "and the track is a rough one over the ice in the early winter."

"Yes, it is," replied the old fur-hunter; "but you are my own kith and kin, boy, and you'll do it for a

dying man? Promise me you'll do it, and I'll die happy." The clerk gave the promise asked for, and the sick man's fingers closed on his hands as he did so. It was nearing the daylight hour; the storm had sunk into the strange hush of dawn; over the tree-tops to the east the blue cold light of winter was faintly spreading into a broader band of light. The old hunter's eyes had been closed for some minutes; suddenly he opened them widely; the glimmer of the daylight through the small window-panes struck upon his fading sight. "Daylight!" he said, in a kind of hoarse whisper, "daylight already! Get the snow-shoes ready, boy."

"Ready for what?" asked the clerk, stooping down to catch the dying words.

"Ready for the road—for me. See, it's daylight, boy, and the road is long; it's time to start." He said no more, and ere the sun had touched the pine-tops to the east, the old fur-hunter had put out upon that dim sea whose waves for ever sob against the shores of the Unknown Land.

The promise was to be kept. Ere mid-day had come the little fort was busy making preparations for the long funeral of its dead master. Dogs, harness, and snow-shoes were looked to and got ready; the dead body, wrapped in canvas, was placed upon a narrow sled, another sled was filled with blankets, provisions, and other requisites for a three weeks' journey. Eight dogs were selected for the work, and by evening all was ready for the long lonely tramp.

And in truth it would be difficult to imagine a more desolate undertaking than the one which now lay before the young Scotch clerk and his French-Canadian companion. For six hundred miles there lay this lonely, silent, frozen river; along reach after reach the solemn-standing pines bordered the high o'er-hanging banks; so stark and stiff and devoid of life was the great solitude around that it might well have seemed to these two *voyageurs* as though they were to be travellers through a world as dead as the lifeless clay they carried with them.

It is needless now to dwell upon the days and nights that followed their departure from the fort. At times there came wild storms, before whose breath the dry snow flew in blinding tempests; at times the sun shone brightly upon the dazzling surface of river, and shore, and snow-laden pine-tree, and at night there came the weird lights of the north to spread the vast vault above with myriad shafts of many-coloured light, and to fill the silent waste of earth and heaven with the mute music of these wondrous streamers.

Wonderful are these winter nights in the north, when the glory of the aurora is abroad in the heavens, filling from horizon to zenith the dark dome of night; for it seems then as though stars and sky sent down a dew of rainbow radiance to touch the lofty shores and solemn standing pines, and to cast upon the silent reaches of frozen river and the dim waste of ice-piled lake that weird light whose essence still lies hid from science in the unreached caverns of the north.

It was the seventh evening of the journey. The lonely funeral had completed at sunset about a third of its long distance. The camping hour found it, as usual, near the base of the high overhanging shore of the Mackenzie River. By means of landslips or summer water channels seeking the main river this high bank was generally easy of ascent when the camping hour came; and as dogs going to camp will haul with ease over hills and through thickets which would appear utterly impracticable to them at other moments, there had been no great difficulty on the previous nights in reaching this upper level for purposes of shelter, fuel, and camp-making.

On the evening we speak of, however, the bank hung steeply over the river, and when the moment came for giving the dogs the well-known word for camping, all their most frantic efforts were useless to drag to the summit the heavy sled which carried the dead body of the fur-hunter. The Frenchman's sled bearing provisions, now lightened in weight by the consumption of eight dogs and two men for so many days, ran without any difficulty to the top of the steep ascent; but voice, and whip, and push of pole from behind, and freely lavished imprecation upon, or adjuration to, each particular dog, failed altogether to carry the other sled even half-way to the summit.

Meanwhile precious moments of daylight were ebbing fast; camp-making in the dark on such a night as this would be a long and difficult toil. What was to be done? Better take the dogs from

their traces, and leave the sled upon the ice of the river until the daylight would again cause the march to be resumed. This course was resolved upon. What evil could befall the dead? In the vast solitude that lay around, in the merciless rigour of the cold towards living man, lay the safety of the dead one; so the dogs were unloosed from their burden, and leaving the sled and its load upon the river, the men and dogs climbed the steep bank and disappeared into the forest.

It was a night of extreme cold, and the shelter of the snow-laden pines was grateful, for other shelter there was none. The winter camps in the north know neither hut nor tent. The fire in the open forest, the blanket laid upon the chopped pine-brush bed, are all the *voyageur* requires for his nightly camp. The snow may fall, the tempest shake the lofty pines, or from a still grey sky the cold may come with its intensest rigour, until the trees snap like pistol-shots, and the smoke clings to the ground, unable to ascend into a colder atmosphere; but all the same the ground gives a bed, the sky a roof, to the traveller in the north.

The upper bank of the river was level, but the rage of many a tempest had laid low the outer trees, and the men had to penetrate some distance before the forest became open enough to allow of a good camp being made. Then the old routine went on; the snow was cleared from the ground with the snow-shoes, used like shovels; dry trees were felled for

fuel, a fire lighted, shavings were cut from a dry branch to quicker kindle the larger wood; the provision sled was emptied of its load of blankets, kettles, and food, and the harness arranged for use in the dim light of the morning.

All these preparations for the camp took some time to complete, and darkness had fallen on the forest ere the work of tree-cutting had been finished.

The Canadian's strong strokes were still sounding through the silent waste. The Scotch clerk had filled the copper kettle with snow, and was in the act of placing it upon the rising fire. All at once he stopped, laid his kettle upon the ground, and rose to his feet in the attitude of a man who hears some unexpected voice suddenly call to him.

"Gaudet," he said to his companion, "did you speak?"

The Canadian was only a few paces distant. "I said nothing," he answered. "What did you hear?"

But ere the other could reply, there passed through the forest, as distinctly as human voice could utter the sound, the single word *Marche!*—a word often used in the daily toil of dog-driving, but uttered now in a tone of deep suppressed suffering, filled with a kind of helpless agony, and yet terribly familiar in accent and in meaning, though altogether inconsistent with the time, the place, and the solitude.

"There are Indians on the river," said the Canadian, hastily; "they are forcing their dogs up the bank to our camp."

The other man did not answer, for a thought had possession of his brain that paralysed the power of speech, and froze back into his heart the very current of his life. The voice that uttered the well-known word was no strange one to him; it was the voice of his old master, of the man whose dead body he was bearing to the grave.

Ere the Canadian could again speak there came, a third time repeated, the slowly uttered word; and again it seemed like the wail of some lost creature sinking 'neath a nocturnal sea, and vainly struggling to free itself from some overpowering fate. The Canadian moved quickly towards his companion, the fire, as he entered the circle of light, showing the terror that had suddenly come to him. He, too, had caught the accent, and recognised in the sound the voice of the dead fur-hunter. Nor were the men the only evidences of the reality of this spoken sound; the dogs had half risen from their lairs in the snow, and with ears erect, and heads pointed to the river, they seemed to look for the approach of some one from the outside solitude.

Thus, in the full light of the fire, now rapidly illumining the dusky twilight of the snow and of the forest, the two travellers stood in the attitude of men who, face to face with the evidence of their senses, feel the creepings of that indefinable fear which lies in the faintest breathing of that vast shadowy world beyond the narrow circle of our little lives.

But whatever be the enemy, or whatever be the fear

that oppresses the mind of man, it is easier to go and meet it than to stand still. Instinctively the two men moved towards the river, through the tangled wreck of fallen forest, passing the bordering outwork of overthrown pines. They gained the edge of the high bank, and looked out over the great river. Vague and vast it lay beneath them. The shades of night had closed over it, but the white light of the snow still showed the broad expanse, and revealed in dim outline the hummocks and ice-hills of the central channel. But the men had little thought of ice or snow or river channel; with anxious eyes they peered into the dusky light, and tried to scan the sled that held the dead.

Below, on the ice, just as it had been left, it lay dark against the white ground of the snow, and close beside it crouched a black form that seemed to move at times along it. In the intense silence of the solitude a low noise could be distinctly heard. It was the noise of the gnawing of teeth, a crunching sound.

The two men on the upper bank were no novices in the sights or sounds of the wilderness. Indistinct as was the light, faint as was the sound, they recognised at once the presence of a large wolverine, whose saw-like teeth were busily engaged in cutting the lines that bound to its narrow bier the dead body of their old master.

Startled by the voices on the shore, the wolverine vanished in a long slouching gallop into the ice of the central river. So far the page was easy to read; but

the weird word that had called them to the bank in time to save from the ravages of this wild animal the dead body which the dying fur-hunter had so earnestly prayed might rest beside his son,—there was no sound in the life of the wilderness, no sight in all the wide range of forest, lake, or river, to cast light or clue upon its strange significance.

With the eight dogs formed into one team, and by dint of sheer strength of men and dogs working together, the dead body was brought up the steep bank from the river, and placed in its old position in the camp. There was no trace of fear in the hearts and minds of the travellers now. If the lonely word had been a voice from the shadowy world of death, it had spoken with a purport easily to be read by the living human sense.

The journey was resumed on the morrow. On the twelfth day the half-way post of Fort Norman was reached. At this station the travellers expected to find fresh dogs and supplies to carry them to their destination; but the dogs belonging to the fort were absent on a long trading expedition, and supplies in the store were so scarce that little more than half rations could be spared for the long journey still before the party. On again along the endless track; still the same silent, frozen wilderness; the shore lined by the rigid standing pines; the long river reaches swept by bitter storm, or lying prone under the quiet cold of a starlight morning. Now and again a wolf or a wolverine crossed the track in front, or

dogged the footsteps of the funeral party from a long distance behind.

As the miles went on the dogs became daily more reduced. Starvation never works with man or beast so fiercely as when it has cold and toil to help it at the task; and now, as the stock of white fish grew smaller day by day, and the evening dog-ration was reduced from a single fish to half a fish, and then to less, the gaunt sides of the dogs sank deeper in, the sharp bones rose higher out through the long coats of hair that could not hide the skeletons beneath. Still the teams toiled on.

No other animal loves more dearly than the dog his daily food, and goes to greater lengths and resorts to such strange devices to procure it; but no other animal can starve so well either, can go on, day after day, without letting the hunger in his stomach eat into his heart and brain, and paralyse the power of work. In the great northern waste it has occasionally fallen out that dogs have gone seven days and nights without food, and drawn a sled in some shape or other all that weary time.

Now, as the days went by and the ration grew less and less, the trains began to show that first prompting of starvation-fierceness—they quarrelled with each other at all times when it was possible to do so, and at night, when the hour of their scanty meal came, they fought savagely for the pittance of fish, and their sharp teeth snapped, as with the spring of steel the jaws struck together in their wolf-like bitings.

At last the journey drew near a close. The twentieth night, the last but one, found them camped some twenty miles short of Fort Simpson. By the morrow's sunset the funeral would be over, the dead man would have reached his resting-place. The camp was made as usual in the wooded shore; in view of an early start long before daybreak, the men soon lay down to sleep. The last morsel of food had been flung to the starving dogs; it had not been a drop in the desert of their hunger; they roamed through the snow in restless pain; at last, all was quiet.

It was about the middle of the night when there seemed suddenly to echo through the forest a sharp cry. Both the travellers sprang hastily from their deer-skin coverings; the fire had burned out, but the moonlight on the snow made surrounding objects plainly visible. They were alone in the camp, the dogs were not in their places, the dead body had also disappeared. "It was the same voice again," said the Scotchman. "I heard it in my sleep. The dogs have carried away the body into the forest." As the men listened, half uprisen from their robes, the sound of snarling and snapping of teeth came from the depths of the wood beyond where they lay. To plunge into the snow, and follow the trail took them but a short time, and soon a spot was reached where in fancied safety the hungry pack were busily engaged in rending to pieces the covering of the dead body; they had already torn it from the sled, and nothing

but the marble substance of the frozen flesh had saved it from destruction.

Driving away the maddened beasts with difficulty, the two men brought back the body to the camp. The night yet wanted many hours of daylight, but the men were in no mood for sleep. Putting together their few remaining things, they harnessed up the lean and starving dogs, and set out on their last stage. It was a long hard march, and many a time the whips fell heavily upon the wretched teams; but at length the snow-roofed houses of the fort arose in the great waste of solitude, and safe at last from ravage of wild beast or starving dog lay the body of the old hunter.

And now, what say we of this strange word, thus spoken twice in the silence of the night? Nothing. The light that human reason would cast upon such things is after all but a rushlight set in a vaster wilderness than even this immeasurable waste of the north. Told to me by the chief actor in that long funeral tramp, I am content to leave the explanation of the story to other hands.

The world is made up of men who are ready to believe anything, and men who are ready to deny everything. Alas! how little the breezes of denial or of asseveration can ruffle the great ocean of death! In the vast sea that lies outside this life, the echoes of disbelief or of credence are lost ere they quit our shores. Yet from that dim ocean stray sounds are sometimes borne inland, and from the endless

surges of Eternity, waifs, such as this warning word, are cast ever and anon upon the sands of time.

But let no one doubt the faith of the man whose word has been my evidence. For many a wintry mile of travel he had been my sole companion. If man has a right to place trust in the spoken word of another man, I have a right to put faith and trust in the story of this lonely dog-drive, as it was told to me one night on Lac Vers, by the Scotch clerk of bygone days, now himself a veteran fur-hunter of the north.

We must go back to Cerf Vola.

We left him pursuing an independent course, of his own free-will and pleasure, westward towards the Rocky Mountains from the fort called St. John's. This strange proceeding on his part occurred in this wise.

About the fourth day of my sojourn at St. John's it was decided to send forward to the mountain portage, which lay fifty or sixty miles further west, some bags of moose pemmican, destined for my use in the canoe journey which it was my intention to pursue after crossing the eastern or outer range of the Rocky Mountains. From St. John's to this outer range I was to use horses for transport. Being heartily tired of the heavy labour of the snow-shoes, I was glad to have again a prospect of saddle work; and although the country was not yet quite free of snow, and the brooks and streams were filled to overflowing by the rapid thaw, still I felt that any difficulty was to be

preferred to that toil over the frozen river, alternately sinking in the slush of wet snow, or cutting one's feet over the knife-like edges of the midnight ice. It became necessary, therefore, to send forward, while the river was yet frozen, the heavy portion of the supplies for the trans-mountain portion of my onward journey. An Iroquois Indian, well-known for his great power of snow-shoe travel, was sent in charge of these things; for the ice had now become broken and unsound in many places, and none but experienced feet could venture safely upon it.

It was midnight when the Indian started from St. John's with a single sled and four dogs; when morning came, Cerf Vola was not to be found, Spanker had also vanished. Either from a mistaken idea that the Rocky Mountains were places sacred to an indiscrimate distribution among dogs generally of pemmican and other condiments, or from some ever-to-be-unknown reason, set deep in the recesses of their own minds, these two dogs had set out as amateur travellers as wildly intent upon getting at once into the snowy hills as though they had just been elected members of an Alpine Club.

As the day that followed their departure wore on, their absence began to assume a new and more painful phase. The clerk in charge of the fort came to me with forebodings of evil.

"There had been poison spread along the trail for wolves near Hudson's Hope by Charette, the master of that place," he said. "Two of his dogs, following

loose as those of mine had done, had fallen victims to it only a couple of months earlier." Here was news! For Spanker, I frankly admit, I did not care one pin. It had been always impossible to open friendly relations with that suspicious hauler. It is true that even had he been so minded, he could not have wagged his tail to his best friend, for the simple reason, as I have before stated, that he had no tail to wag; but, nevertheless, even had that appendage been left intact by the guardian of his youth, his disposition was of such a nature as to have precluded the possibility of his ever holding out the tail of friendship to any man. So much for Spanker the Suspicious.

But it would not be easy to estimate in the coinage of words the value I placed upon Cerf Vola; enough to say, that not for all the costly furs ever gathered into the forts of the Peace River would I have heard the news that my old and faithful hauler had fallen a victim to Charette's poison.

It was useless to indulge in any anticipatory threats of vengeance against Charette; useless, too, to devise schemes of safety. If the harm was to be, nothing could now help it. The inevitable has at least the single charm about it of not asking our interference one way or another.

So the days passed by, and at last a fair soft morning came to breathe upon the great steep hills that rose around St. John's, and to call forth from their bare bosoms the long-pent sweetness of the spring. Still sullen in his bed lay the great river,

loth to rise and shake himself from the sleep of winter. Looking west from the gate of the little fort, the eye followed the river to its first curve, where dipping behind a thicket-lined shore, the great V-shaped channel became hidden from view.

Round this turn there suddenly appeared two dogs, then a train of dogs running light, and then an Indian following with rapid step. The signal was given, and the inmates of the fort flocked out upon the river bank. A glance along the river sufficed to assure me of the Untiring's safety; he led the way with upraised tail, some distance in advance of the harnessed dogs, apparently thinking that his presence in that position was of as much importance to the general welfare of the procession as though he had been some time-honoured city official in the leading ranks of a lord mayor's show.

I left St. John's as the month of April was drawing to a close, and by the 1st of May was well within the outer range of the Rocky Mountains.

Cerf Vola, released from all bondage, but still imbued with a belief that he was somehow or other furthering the progress of the party, performed prodigies of supererogatory toil in front of the horses.

Where the grand stream of the Peace River emerges from the eastern face of the mountains there is a steep and rugged hill, whose frontlet of sandstone rock commands a vast view of snow-clad peak on one side, and upon the other a range of interminable plain, so extensive that even in the mistless atmosphere of this

lofty land the eye is lost in distance. One clear afternoon in the end of April I stood upon this lofty summit, to scan the land I had left behind, and to try and pierce the mountain range which I was about to enter.

The ascent had been toilsome; but to the Untiring, who accompanied me, its effects were only visible in increased rapidity of respiration. I am not in a position to state what were his precise sentiments with regard to the magnificent panorama of hill and plain that lay on all sides around us, or whether his prolonged gaze back towards the vast plain over which we had travelled, and that suddenly suspended respiration which a dog indulges in during moments of deep thought, had any reference to several *caches* which he had formed at various times along the trail, when by chance the supply of moose meat had been unusually abundant, and the perplexing question had arisen to him of how to dispose of his surplus ration.

Many a time had I seen him depart slyly from camp with a large bone or lump of meat in his mouth into the recesses of the neighbouring forest, and, after an interval of some minutes, reappear again from a different direction, with a pre-occupied air, as though he had been engaged in deep researches into the nature and various botanical virtues of pine and birch trees.

He appeared perfectly oblivious, however, of the fact that his outward track was always traceable on the snow, and although the precise spot wherein lay

his *cache* was usually so trampled over by feet and pushed by nose as to be difficult to determine to the eye of man, still I have little doubt that all his craft of *cache*-making was utterly useless to delude for a moment any wolf or wolverine, even of the meanest mental capacity, who dogged or prowled our track.

Perhaps, as the Untiring now looked from this lofty standpoint over the immense waste of pine and prairie land, the vision of these never-to-be-revisited *caches* arose to his memory; for, doubtless, they had been made with a view to a return journey at some future period, and it is not at all unlikely that, on the summit of this outlying spur of the Rocky Mountains, the fact first dawned upon this dog that never more was he to see these northern wilds. Be that as it may, having caught sight, far below, of the smoke of our camp, he appeared all at once to determine that, as the old camps were irrevocably lost to him, there was nothing to be done but to make the most of the new ones; and he began a precipitate descent of the mountain in the direction of our halting-place for the coming night.

When, a couple of hours later on, I reached this camp, I found him watching the preparations for supper with a resigned and cheerful countenance.

On the 1st of May I launched a large canoe, hollowed from the trunk of a cotton-wood tree, on the swift waters of the Peace River, at the western or upper end of the cañon which the river forms as it breaks through the outer mountain barrier, and set

out to force up against the rapid stream deeper into the snow-clad hills. I had a crew of three men. Cerf Vola lay in the bottom of the canoe.

For some days our upward passage was attended by constant danger from the huge masses of ice, some of them tons in weight, that came whirling down the impetuous current; at other times we had to struggle hard beneath the shadow of impending cliffs of shore ice, whose sides, yielding to action of air and water, formed so many miniature avalanches always ready to slide down into the river.

It was a completely new life to the dog. He lay in the bottom of the canoe at my feet, unable to persuade himself by any process of dog thought that he had a share in the locomotion of the boat; he saw the shore drift slowly by, and whenever an opportunity offered he showed unmistakable symptoms of preference for the land; but on the whole he sat a quiet spectator of these new scenes, and under the combined influences of rest, genial atmosphere, and good food became rapidly rotund and philosophic.

As the days wore on, and the quick coming spring brought more signs of bird and beast upon the river-shore, it appeared to strike him that somehow or another he had a right to develop sporting characteristics. Is it not a similar idea which occurs to the retired man of business, who, when the season of his toil has passed, becomes a hunter of many semi-wild things on moor, or river-side, or mountain?

However that may be, the Untiring's success as a

sporting dog was not commensurate with his ambition. The partridge scarcely ceased their "drumming" to elude his pursuit, the wild duck looked at him as an impostor of the bear or beaver species, the geese walked in dignified indifference across the sand-bars as he approached their feeding grounds, and the blue grouse had the impertinence to fly into the nearest tree and look down with inquisitive calmness at his vociferated barkings. But one fine day there came a great piece of sport to the dog. It occurred in this way.

From our camp, on the north shore, I had set out to climb the steep grassy hills that rose one above the other until, gradually merging into higher mountains, they became part of the snows and rocks that dwelt for ever there. I had walked for some hours, and crossed a wide extent of ground, when suddenly there sounded in a neighbouring thicket of dry dead trees, the wrecks of a former fire, a noise as of some wild beast moving through the bushes. Looking in the direction from whence the noise came, I saw standing about ninety yards distant from me a large moose, who seemed from the manner in which he regarded me not to have fully made up his mind what I was. Quick as thought I threw open the barrel of my breechloader, withdrew from one barrel the cartridge case of grouse shot, and replaced it by one holding a round bullet, well backed by a heavy charge of powder. Then, raising the gun, I gave the moose the new charge. I heard the ball strike with that dull

thud which ever tells the ear that the eye has truly marked its distance; and then, out from the thicket at the further side, I saw the huge ungainly animal trot with a heavy limp, and disappear beyond a neighbouring hill-crest. To dash through the thicket of *brûlé* and gaze down the valley beyond took me only a short time; but from the crest no moose was visible, nor did the opposite ridge of hill up which he must go show anything of his presence. Down the hillside, however, the stones and grass bore many traces of his presence, showing that the bullet had taken effect; and it was easy to follow the trail into the valley by the blood-stained willows, against which the deer had brushed his path.

While I still followed the trail the shades of evening began to close over the great hills. The camp by the river shore lay a long way off. True, it was all downhill; but the gorges were steep and rough. It was better to head for camp ere the darkness had come fully down. Giving up the pursuit I struck into a narrow winding glen, and descending with rapid footstep, soon saw the glimmer of my camp fire below me in the dusk.

Recounting my story to Kalder, I found that trusty henchman only faintly sharing the sanguine view which I took regarding our chance of finding on the morrow the wounded moose. This doubt on his part arose, however, from the general disbelief entertained by all Indians and half-Indians in the power of a white man, unaided, to kill a moose—a disbelief

founded upon the practical proof of ages of experience. Mine, however, had been a solitary chance. I had come all at once upon a moose, without any of that long toil of stalk and stealth, of trail and track, of which alone the wild man is master.

Explaining all this to my henchman, I proposed that we should in the morning ascend the steep ridges again, and striking the trail at the point where I had left it off on the approa h of night, follow it deeper into the hills. Accordingly, early next day I set out with Kalder. The Untiring was brought, to fairly test his claim to be considered a dog of sport, and after an hour's steep climb the little party reached the ground. Deep sunken into the soft clay of the valley where I had left it lay the trail of the moose; and ere Kalder's quick eye had followed it many yards, the blood-stained willows had set at rest his lingering doubts.

We followed the track through many rough and tangled places, and reached at last a spot where the moose had lain down to rest. Here the Untiring, who up to this period had contented himself with deep and long-drawn inhalations from the ground, suddenly broke from our restraining influences and precipitated himself into a neighbouring thicket. There was a loud rustling noise, a breaking of branches, followed by the reappearance of the dog of sport, and the disappearance of the moose at the other side of the thicket. It is painful to have to place upon record that so deep were the feelings of disgust with which Kalder listened to this annihilation of his hopes of

stealing unnoticed upon the moose, that neither his mother tongue of Cree nor his mixed father tongues of French and Scotch were at all voluminous or varied enough in their imprecatory powers to express his overburdened sentiments.

We now continued our rapid chase through tangled brakes and thorny thicket. At last, on the summit of a steep ridge, the quick eye of Kalder caught sight of the quarry looking back a moment at his pursuers; up the hill we pressed, over it and down the valley we tore, and at last by the edge of a small glen stood the moose, his long course ended.

What a time it was for Cerf Vola! He made *caches* in many places, he ate a great deal, then made a *cache* and returned to eat again. Finally, when the moment came to descend towards our camp, he had two large marrow-bones tied across his back, and waddled down the mountain a picture of perplexed satiety.

On again, up the great river into the heart of the mountains, until they rose before us in huge masses, on whose rent sides spring had already begun to build nests of bright green birch tops amid the dark masses of unchanging pines, and on whose splintered pinnacles of snow the sun marked the dial of the day with slow-revolving finger as he passed from east to west across their glorious summits. Mornings, mid-days, evenings—how filled with beauty they were! How saturated with the freshness of the spring seemed every particle of this old earth! From all things there came welling forth the hidden sweetness of

flowers not yet burst to life, of leaves upon whose early freshness summer had not yet set even a semblance of maturity, nature's first symptom of decay. Over the grey rocks, on the old pine-trees, up the great, gaunt hills, spring was creeping, scattering youth and perfume as it went. Even the shingly shallows of the river were filled with life; for tiny birds fluttered from stone to stone, dipping their heads into the cool water, and casting jets of silvery spray over their glistening wings.

Rare beauty of earth, when thus in hidden valleys thou claspest to thy bosom the season thou hast so long dreamt of—this spring of blue sky, of odorous winds, of golden sunshine! Man, toiling for gold or bread in distant cities, knows little of thy beauty or of thy freshness; but everything else living feels in its heart's core thy wondrous power. Around thy union flowers shed their fragrance, birds sing their sweetest, cold frost changes to silvery dew, rain becomes a bridal veil of gentlest shower, and as thou turnest from the sleep of winter to kiss the lips of returning spring, a thousand tongues of bird and brook pour forth over hill and valley a ceaseless song of gladness.

The middle of May had come. We had passed through the Rocky Mountains, quitted the main stream of the Peace River, and entered the impetuous torrent of the Ominica, to find ourselves brought at last to bay by the rapids and whirlpools of the Black Cañon. For three days we had waged a struggle, that began soon after daylight to end only at dusk, with the two

miles of foaming rapid which, caged in by the dark prison walls of the cañon, forbade our upward progress.

It seemed as though the steep walls of rock overhanging the torrent, and the mass of water pouring through the dark defile, had, amidst their own wild war, agreed to combine their rival forces against us, the new-comers, and to threaten our cotton-wood canoe with frequent destruction. From our camp at the upward end of the cañon we had descended daily to the toil of dragging the canoe over the rapids and along the rocky walls of the fissure. These rapids were like so many steps, one above the other, and at the foot of each step there was usually a back eddy in the current in which it had been possible to moor the boat after each day's labour. Many mishaps had befallen us, but each evening had witnessed some advance made, until at last nothing but the uppermost rapid, a fierce and angry-looking wave, lay between us and the quiet waters that stretched eastward of the cañon.

I know no work which tells more quickly against the nerve and spirit of man than such toil as it was now our lot to wage against rock and water in this deep and narrow fissure; for, when the dead things which we call water and rock become suddenly quickened into life, there is apparent to man a helplessness such as he feels before no other enemy. His strongest strength is weak in the grasp of the thousand horse-power of this torrent; his best gun, his truest rifle,

his craft of eye or arm, avail him nothing in conflict with this enemy. Instinctively the mind realises all this, and as the rapid dashes around him, and the rocks tremble, and the dark cañon walls echo with the reverberating roar of the sullen waters, the man who strives against this enemy feels cowed by a combat in which all the dead weight of enraged nature seems bent to crush him.

We had been working for some time along the western shore of the cañon, and had reached the last step of the ascent, when an event occurred which threatened to put a final period to my onward progress. It was nothing less than the breaking away of our boat as we were straining every nerve to drag her up the fall of water, and her disappearance from our gaze down the wild torrent of the cañon. When the last vestige of the canoe had vanished from us, as we stood crowding the point of rock which commanded a mile of the dark cañon, the full gravity of the situation burst wholly upon us. Our camp and all our supplies lay at the other side of the river, in charge of the Untiring. A rough raft, however, would carry us over in some shape or other, but at our camp we were full seventy miles distant from the point to which we were tending—the mining outpost of Germansen, on the Ominica.

Seventy miles is not a long way to walk on ordinary level or on mountain land, but seventy miles through the dense forest of north British Columbia is a distance sufficient to appal the stoutest pedestrian.

Fallen timber, deep water-courses, tangled thickets, almost perpendicular valleys, and three mountain streams swollen into rushing rivers by the thaw of snow, lay before us; and to carry on our backs through such a country provisions for twelve days, together with blankets, kettles, axes, and all the paraphernalia of camp life in the wilderness, was an undertaking so serious as to make even the hardy Kalder and the scarcely less daring Jacques doubtful of the result. To one member of the party alone would the journey have appeared easy of execution. The Untiring would no doubt have joyfully reverted to the use of his own stout legs in preference to all our work of pole, paddle, or towing-line; even his ten days' provisions would have been a welcome load to him, for it would have been perfectly feasible to stow them, not upon his back, but in his stomach. But to us, who possessed neither his carrying capacity nor his easy method of passing obstacles of tree or water, the task of crossing these seventy miles would have been widely different. It was therefore with feelings of keen delight that I listened next morning to the Frenchman's voice hailing us from across the river that his search had been successful (he had gone down the river bank in the hope of finding the canoe stranded on some of the many islands in the stream), and that our boat lay athwart a small island some five miles below the mouth of the cañon.

We set to work at once upon our side of the river to build a raft at the lower end of the cañon; the raft

finished, we embarked and pushed out into the stream. Cerf Vola, who had spent the last few days in blissful repose in our camp, was now brought forth, and crouching low between two logs, seemed to fully realise the necessity of keeping quiet as the unwieldy craft swayed and jerked from side to side in its rapid descent of the river.

We reached the island, found our lost boat, made a hearty dinner off the moose meat that lay uninjured in the bottom, baled out the craft, dried in the warm sun the things that had got wet, and set out again for the stubborn cañon. After so many reverses and so much good fortune, surely we must conquer this last obstacle. But the time lost had been precious; the hourly increasing heat of the mid-day sun was causing the river to rise with rapidity, and the vast volume of water now rushing through the pent chasm of the cañon was indeed formidable to look at. I have told the story of our failure on the following day to cross above the central rapid; of how, carried like a cork down that central rapid of the cañon, we had escaped destruction by a hair-breadth; of how, holding discussion at the foot of the fall, we had finally determined to abandon the cañon altogether, and seek by a southern branch of the Peace River an escape from this wilderness of rock and forest, into the southern lands of British Columbia; and how, when this resolve had been taken, we had broken up our camp and carried back to the canoe all the baggage, to set out with heavy hearts upon what seemed

a hopeless journey. Issuing from the mouth of the cañon, strange objects on the shore caught our sight.

Of all the strange sights in the wilderness there is nothing so strange as man—strange not only to the wild things, but to man himself. Nor is it difficult to comprehend why it should be so. If a bear were to escape from a menagerie and perambulate a crowded street, he would doubtless be vastly astonished at the cabs, and the men, and the omnibuses; but it is by no means improbable that he would be still more vastly astonished if he were to meet another bear perambulating there too. So is it when we reverse the cases. When one has lived long in the solitude, a moose or a buffalo gladdens the eye; but if one wants excitement it is fully experienced when the vision of the human animal strikes the wanderer's sight. There was no man now on the south shore of the Ominica, but there were traces of man. There was a camp, and it was the camp of a white man—a glance told that; coloured blankets, a huge pair of miner's boots, some bags of flour (greatest luxury of the wilds), a couple of fresh beaver-skins, the bodies of two young beavers. We put in at once to shore, and each member of the crew, following the bent of his particular genius, went straight to the item that had most interest for him. Kalder attached himself to the beaver-skins, the English miner to the flour, Jacques made for the miner's boots, and the Untiring prostrated himself before the beavers in an attitude of profound expectation.

Jacques was the first to speak.

"It's Pete Toy," he said, after a pause, during which he had been steadfastly regarding the large nails in the soles. "There's nary another foot on the Ominica that could fill a boot like that," he added, flinging down the immense seven-leaguers in intense admiration. "He's left his canoe above the cañon," he went on, "and he's going to drop her down empty when he's done portaging his load here."

Jacques was right; all this wealth of bacon, beans, beaver, boot, and blanket, belonged to Pete Toy, the best-known miner that ever drove shovel into sand-bar on all the wide rivers of Columbia, from the Big Bend of the Fraser to the uttermost tributary of the Liard And soon came Pete himself upon the scene, carrying another load of good things through the forest to his camp below the cañon from his canoe above it. Jacques and he were old friends, and we were soon all good ones.

But Pete Toy, once of Cornwall, now of Columbia, was not a man to make friendship a business of empty words and hungry questions. The social rule that lays down the law of not speaking with one's mouth full was changed in his mind to another rule more fitted to the wilderness, namely, that a man should not speak with his stomach empty; and while he plied his questions as to our strange presence in this land, he plied too all his tact of cook and waiter to lay before us the delicacies of his provision bags—

to give us, in fact, the first good meal we had had for many months.

Then came the time for talk. I heard from Pete many an item of interest regarding river and mountain in the unknown country to the north, all gathered during the long years he had lived and roamed among the rivers of this mountain land; for no Indian was a better hand at craft of canoe or toil of snow-shoe than this great Cornish miner, who had long shaken the dust of civilisation from his feet, nor left behind with it his kind and generous nature. I heard too of his early life in far-away Cornwall, and of his hopes in the future to see again the home he had quitted twenty years before.

"Yes," he said, "many a night when I sit alone before the fire in my hut down at the Forks of the Peace and Parsnip rivers, I see the old place and the old couple again."

"And you're going back to England?" he said to me, when the time of parting came; "you're really going to see the old land! Maybe you'd go to Cornwall, too? Well, if you should meet an old couple of the name of Toy down there, just say to them that you saw their son Pete, him as left them twenty years ago, out on the Ominica, and that they were as fresh in his mind as the day he saw them last."

I had with me then but few things of any use to any man; nothing that could measure the respect which I, who knew the dangers of the life he followed, held him in.

The man who thinks you can offer this class of gold-miner gold knows little of such natures; but I took from my stock a coat that had often kept me warm in the bitter days and nights of the past winter, and asked him to accept it.

"As payment for the darned thing I gave you?" he asked, his face flushing at the thought.

"No, as a token of your meeting a single stranger in the wilderness, and of your being kind to him—that's all."

Poor Pete Toy! we parted at the cañon mouth, he to take our boat that could not go up, we to take his that he feared to bring down, the rush of water. We carried all our goods to the west end of the Black Cañon, loaded them in the new canoe, and went our way.

Just one year later, in this same fresh month of May, a solitary canoe was found floating bottom upwards in the ever-seething eddies below the Black Cañon; there was no trace of man or camp on forest, shore, or river. Never again was Pete Toy seen. His lonely hut at the Forks stands locked and tenantless, and only when the gloomy cañon tells its secrets, and the treacherous whirlpools of the Ominica give up their dead, will the last fight fought by this dauntless heart with untamed nature be ever known.

He had literally laid his feast for us upon the site of his own death scene. The pines that stand at the gateway of the Black Cañon are old and stately trees.

For hundreds of years they have watched the wild rush of water pour through that narrow passage, and it may be that their unseen eyes, looking so far back into the past, have caught the weird power of the old seers of pine-clad Scandinavia, and see in misty outline the coming time.

Beneath their shade that evening camped Pete Toy, his mind still running upon the home thoughts our presence had evoked. Perhaps, while later on he slept by the scene of that long sleep so soon to come, the old trees swaying in the night wind bent down to gently whisper "Never" into the home-dream of his memory.

A JOURNEY OF A DOG AND A MAN FROM CARIBOO TO CALIFORNIA.

I.

IT was summer in the forest and yet Quesnelle was not amiable. Its mood was even gloomy. Like many other communities in the world, that of Quesnelle existed solely upon gold; but the fact of their lives being dependent upon the precious metal was, perhaps, more thoroughly brought home to the every-day denizens of Quesnelle than it is to those of many more important and world-famous cities.

Standing on the high bank which overhung the broad, swift-rolling Frazer, and looking full into the face of Quesnelle, even a stranger could quickly realise the fact of the city's being out of sorts. Fully half of its wooden houses showed unmistakable signs of unoccupation; the boards of verandahs were loose and broken; grass grew vigorously before the doorways; broken windows, or windows which would have been windows if old doors had not been nailed across them,

stared blankly at one along the front of the single street which constituted the city. Even the two or three saloons in respective possession of Mr. William Davron, native of Ireland; Mr. Steve Knightly, native of New Brunswick; and Mr. Hank Fake, native of one of the New England States, had about them individually and collectively an air of perfect repose and meditative loneliness quite out of keeping with the festive character usually pervading such establishments.

Yes; although it was summer in the forest, and earth and air seemed filled with the freshness of leaf and the perfume of flower; although birds sang and streams rippled, Quesnelle took small heed of such things, looking buried in a "mid-winter of discontent." So it is all the world over, in other cities, big and little, besides Quesnelle. Golden sunshine, scent of early summer, freshness of first leaf, and perfume of June rose are dead things to the gold-hunter in a Californian or Columbian mining city, quite as much as they are to the pleasure-seeker in the gayest of Europe's capitals. It is not only "on the desert air" that nature wastes her sweetness; her most lavish extravagance is that which is spent upon man when gold and pleasure mark the goal towards which he toils.

The morning had worn to mid-day. The sun hung full over the broad channel of the Frazer, and yet Quesnelle showed no symptoms of rousing itself from the apathy of the earlier forenoon. Once or twice,

indeed, Mr. William Davron came forth from his saloon towards the high river bank, and leisurely scanned the farther shore of the majestic river, and the red dusty track which led from it, curving up the steep outer hill until it was lost in the great green forest. But on these occasions Mr. Davron beheld nothing to call forth from his usually loquacious lips anything more expressive of his emotions than a wreath of blue grey smoke from a very indifferent cigar, and he had re-entered his saloon for the third time ere there occurred aught on the farther shore to justify his continued survey of that portion of the landscape.

But at last, when there was no watcher on the high bank, there did appear on the farther side of the river some sign of life and movement. Down the hill along the light streak of curving pathway, which showed plainly here and there among the green underbush of the forest clearing, which sprang up when the older giants had been levelled, there arose a cloud of dust which trailed away behind into a finer vapour. At the head of the cloud appeared a small group of horsemen, moving at a sharp canter along the steep incline. The road wound in curves along the hillside, sometimes dipping out of sight and reappearing again, until it at last reached the level valley at the base; and it was difficult to tell the exact number of the party until the nearer and more level land had been attained, so frequently did the little group become lost to view behind the clumps of brushwood.

But, as the horsemen came cantering up to the farther shore of the river, their numbers and possible condition in life became the subject of much comment among the little group of citizens, who, called suddenly from their wooden houses by the news of "Strangers a-coming," had assembled on the high bank in front of Quesnelle.

"Blow me, if I can make out much of 'em!" emphatically observed Mr. Davron, as he dropped from his eye the hand which had held a much-used binocular to that optic. "Thar's Rufus an' his Injun among them; an' thar's a boy from the camp—for he's got camp fixins with him; but thar's a long-legged chap an' a big dog thar that beats me blind altogether. The man is in leather, as though he came from across the mountains, an' the dog is a coyote or a wolf, with a tail just stretched over his back like a darned chip-monk. Blow me, if I know what he is!"

Now a man who has a binocular to his eye is more or less a person of authority among other men who do not possess that article; but Mr. Davron maintained always a certain degree of authority among the inhabitants of Quesnelle, and was considered by them to be, with or without a binocular, a very far-seeing person indeed, whose opinion should not be lightly gainsaid in any matter concerning man or beast.

It is easy to imagine, then, that when Mr. Davron declared in curt and forcible language his utter inability to resolve the nebulous character of the

party on the opposite shore, his hearers should have experienced considerable excitement. Strangers from the north were, at this season of the year, rare exceptions.

Beyond Quesnelle, towards the north, there lay a huge wilderness—pine-forest, lake, mountain, rushing river—a vast expense of untamed nature, where the wind and the torrent revelled in loneliness, and made music night and day in pine-branch and rock-rapid. In this great solitude stretching to the north Quesnelle was an advanced post of civilisation, an outlying picket of that vast army of man which is ever engaged upon the conquest of the wilderness.

It was here at Quesnelle that the ways of civilised wheel-travel ended, and the rude work of pack-saddle began. Here was the last hotel, the last group of houses, the last post-office—all rude and rough and simple in their ways, but still tangible proofs of the reality of civilised man existing as a community.

Beyond the Frazer River, on the other hand, the wilderness reigned supreme. There the traveller carried his blanket bed, ate his dinner upon the ground, slept at night under his tent, swam his horse across the brooks and rivers, and conformed to the ways of the wilds in all things. So far it would seem as though both armies had halted here at this broad river and looked across the swift waters, the one afraid to advance deeper into the wilds, the other loth to retire from such a vantage point. And so it was.

During nearly fourteen years the city of Quesnelle

had stood on the east shore of the Frazer, without gaining one inch of territory from its savage antagonist; nay, even there were symptoms apparent to a close observer that seemed to reverse the usual experience of such things, and to foreshadow a retreat on the part of civilisation from the advanced post which it had taken up. Of these symptoms we have already spoken. Grass was in the street; wooden boards hung over the windows; soon, perhaps, the trees would spring again from that earth which ever rejoices in a chance of relapsing into savagery, despite all man's complacent ideas of the improvement of his husbandry. Little by little the hold which Quesnelle had placed upon the forest empire seemed to be loosening; bit by bit each spring seemed to win back something of the lost dominion. The reason was easy to find. Quesnelle lived upon a fact which was rapidly becoming a fiction. That fact was a gold mine, lying in the midst of mountains some fifty miles east of where the city stood.

The story of this mine had been a curious one. Not that it differed from the stories of a hundred other gold mines scattered over the vast continent of West America, in aught save in the excessive richness and abundance of the find, which made the name of Cariboo a magic sound to every miner along the Pacific slope. Here, at Cariboo, the original find had been, as elsewhere, the result of stray attempts at following up the sand-bar workings of the channel of the Frazer along the smaller affluents of the main

river. But when once the precious metal had been struck along the rocky ledges of the creeks of Cariboo, the news went forth to the south of such a wondrous yield of gold that thousands and tens of thousands hurried to the scene.

That scene lay a long way off from even a remote civilisation. Four hundred miles farther south the Frazer River entered the sea in a deep inlet but little known to aught save a few adventurous fur-traders, who, for more than half a century, had contrived to keep to themselves the secrets of the wild and savage but most picturesque land which to-day bears the name of British Columbia. Many rugged mountain chains crossed the country at either side of the deep channel of the Frazer. At several points these mountains seemed to have flung themselves boldly across the impetuous river, which, in turn, had eaten its way deep into the very hearts of the hills, until rock and rapid, cliff and cataract, lay buried from human vision far down in gloomy cañons, from which the wild din of ceaseless strife came floating up along the tops of jagged pine-trees, whose heads, stretching out from splintered ledge and rocky cleft, craned far over the abyss.

But men who seek for gold are not to be kept back by obstacles of this kind. They came with canoes that could only ascend from the sea to the rapids; they came with pack-mules and saddle-horses that had to scramble over mountains and swim torrents; men trudged on foot, carrying on their bent backs

pick and shovel, axe and tent. Weak men came, who, if the gold had lain within a day's march of the sea, had not physical strength to make a common living by their toil; but the real gold-miner was there in a vast majority. That man, so different from all other men—made from a hundred varying nationalities, but still uniform in his type, whether his cradle had been rocked in an Irish cabin, or his mother had swung him as an infant from the saddle peak of a Mexican mustang—reckless, daring, generous, free of purse and ready with life—the most desperate soldier ever sent forth by civilisation to conquer savagery.

In this wooden "city" called Quesnelle, on the east bank of the Frazer River, these men first planted their outpost settlement, for here the road to that rich mine called Cariboo quitted the banks of the Frazer River and struck inland into the hills.

On the wonders of Cariboo it is needless here to enlarge. They lie outside the real purpose of our story, and they would well merit a separate paper for themselves; for how could justice be done in the scant measure of a chance paragraph to that hero among miners who in one season dug from the ledges of the little creek two mule loads of solid gold? or that other hero who, at the bar of the principal saloon of this same city of Quesnelle, was so dissatisfied with his personal appearance as it was reflected in the large mirror at the back of the "mint juleps" and the "brandy smashes" and other innumerable slings, fixins, and cocktails, that he indignantly sent a large

handful of gold twenty-dollar eagles flying into the offending reflector, and laconically requested the bar manager to take the reckoning and retain the change? Or again, how could we tell the story of that hapless youth who upon arrival at the creek set his stockings, like nets, in the stream, under the belief that in the morning he would find them filled with gold nuggets?

Besides, all these are things of a long dead past compared with the time at which our story opens. Cariboo still held rich store of precious metals, but it lay deep down in the white quartz reef, many hundred feet below the surface, where machinery alone could reach it, and where even the dauntless spirit of toil of the individual miner was powerless to carry him.

The "placer" diggings had, in fact, been worked out, and only capital working through companies could now reach the gold of Cariboo.

But the individual miner was not the man to accept quietly the fact that Cariboo had, in his own language, become "played out," without some attempt at seeking fresh fields and pastures new in the vast solitudes of rock and forest lying to the north and west of his favourite find.

One by one all the countless creeks and streams that flow from the height of land between the headwaters of the Frazer and the Peace Rivers were diligently examined by small parties of adventurers, who sometimes spent a whole summer season in thus exploring the wild and savage solitude that lay locked among that labyrinth of hills, where the misty peaks of the

Bald Mountains touch upon one side the coast or Cascade Range, and on the other almost join hands with the rugged masses of the Rocky Mountains. Time after time these wandering "prospectors" returned to the outskirts of civilisation from a fruitless search; but either the next season found them again ready to dare some new enterprise, or fresh men were there to take their places in the arduous and unprofitable toil. At last a tangible success seemed to reward these persistent efforts. A party of explorers discovered in the bed of a small stream, which fell into the Ominica River, on the north side of the Bald Mountains, gold in considerable quantity. Quickly ran the news of this new find along the Pacific shore of North America. The restless stream of gold-seekers began to flow towards the spot; wild and rough as was the path thither, hundreds of men succeeded in pushing through. The summer season was a short one in this northern latitude. Caught by the frost in their return journey, some of the adventurers paid with their lives the penalty of their rashness; but another summer found a still larger crowd hurrying to the Ominica. Then the tide began to ebb, the gold was getting scarce in the gravel ledges. Ominica, like its richer predecessor, Cariboo, was getting "played out"; the rush grew fainter and fainter, and the city of Quesnelle, which had flared once more into a thriving state upon the windfall of this second find, began to sink again into despondency and discontent.

It was to this northern camp in the Ominica that

the trail of which we have just spoken led; and as it was the early summer season when men sought these northern wilds, the advent of strangers coming to Quesnelle along the trail from the north was an event sufficient to cause the inhabitants of the now declining city considerable excitement, and many were the speculations among the group on the river side as to the strange man and stranger dog described by Mr. Davron. Meanwhile the rapid rate at which the party on the opposite shore travelled had brought them to the bank of the river.

Dismounting from their horses, they had soon taken their places in a small "dug-out" canoe, which seemed but ill suited to carry so many men across the broad river now rolling along in the full majesty of its early summer level, bearing to the Pacific the vast harvests which thousands of snowy hills had gathered from the skies during the long months of the preceding winter. As the little boat gained the centre of the river, the group of watchers on the shore no longer looked to Mr. Davron's binocular for information; each one strove for himself to unravel the mysterious natures of the man in skins and the dog with the bushy tail; but it was difficult to make much of them in the crowded state in which they lay huddled together, the dog apparently stretched across the man for the safer trimming of the tiny craft.

The canoe touched the shore, and the people it carried began to disembark. First came the big dog. He appeared in no way to realise the fact that he was

at last approaching a centre of civilisation. The wooden houses in a row, the three saloons, the group of citizens on the river-bank, all these varied adjuncts of civilisation caused him no emotion. He did not appear even to notice the surprised looks with which the inhabitants regarded him, but rapidly ascending the shingle bank he precipitated himself with great violence towards a very small dog, who, perceiving that he was about to be attacked by an antagonist of strange mien and powerful proportions, fled howling in an opposite direction.

Then, seemingly satisfied with this assertion of superiority, the large animal returned to the river-shore, and took up a position on the bank overlooking the disembarkation, with the tip of his tail so elevated that it would appear as though that appendage had become thoroughly imbued with a lofty contempt of civilisation and its ways.

Meanwhile the disembarkation of the men in the boat went on, and soon the entire party stood grouped upon the left bank of the river, some in animated conversation with the citizens, others standing aloof in the restraint of strangers only just arrived.

But in such places as Quesnelle the forms of introduction are not based upon the rigid rules of older organised communities. Ere many minutes had elapsed, dog and man had taken their places among the broken miners, the miners who had yet to be broken, among the store-keepers, bar-keepers,

hotel-keepers, and the sundry other householders and citizens. Ensconced in the hotel—a large wooden building, that consisted of one immense room, and a number of small adjoining dens; a building which in the early days of Quesnelle had attained to very remarkable celebrity as a "hurdy-house," gambling saloon, and general demoralisation domicile, but which in the degenerate days of our story had sunken to very respectable limits—the dog and his master soon made acquaintance with many worthy representatives of the saloon and mining interest in the extreme north of the Pacific slope. Many were the curious comments bestowed upon the strange dog, and varied were the animals who were supposed to have had an influence direct or remote upon the contour of his head, the bushiness of his tail, or the woolly nature of his coat. The bear, the wolf, the coyote, were all credited with a relationship more or less remarkable, as the speaker's opinion led to each or to all of these quadrupeds as sharers in the ancestry of this honest old hauling dog, who now, his long toil over, had settled down to the simple *rôle* of friend and travelling companion. But while, with legs high poised upon the iron stove in the centre of the big room, many miners thus discussed the merits of the new animal, and conjectured his probable descent from a variety of wild and savage beasts, the object of their solicitude began to display certain tendencies which have always been associated with the civilised dog in all countries and among all

peoples. He showed a decided preference for the kitchen over any other apartment in the hotel; he developed a spirit of marked antagonism to, and an uncalled for ferocity against, a large black cat; he became so enamoured of a Chinaman, who fulfilled the functions of cook in the establishment, that it was matter of fear lest the American portion of the community might entertain towards him, by reason of that friendship, those feelings of acute detestation which, from the high moral standpoint of republican equality and brotherhood towards all men, they have so frequently manifested against hard-working Chinese of every class. He showed symptoms of recommencing a study of poultry, a predilection for which he had years before exhibited in a now distant sphere. It was no unusual pastime for him to spend hours lying in front of a hen-coop, absorbed in the contemplation of the habits and customs of fowls in general, and of a large rooster in particular. Nor was it only in his inward, or mental nature, that this dog seemed to be impressed with the social distinctions and civilised customs with which he now found himself brought into contact. His outward form also underwent a change. He grew visibly larger. Under the influence of the genial summer warmth he began to dispense with quantities of the long hair and thick wool in which, on the approach of the previous winter, he had so completely muffled himself.

At night he sojourned underneath his owner's bed, in one of the small wooden dens called rooms already

mentioned, which was situated directly over the hotel kitchen; and from the extraordinary manner in which he became aware of what was transpiring beneath in all matters connected with meals, cooking, and culinary prospects generally, there was reason to suppose that he could see as far through a deal board as the majority of mortals. The dog, in fact, was having an easy, idle time of it, and he was making the most of it. There was ample reason why he should do so. Six months earlier he had started from the shores of Lake Winnepeg, and his own stout legs had carried him to this Frazer River across two thousand miles of snow-clad wilderness. All that long distance had lain within the realm yet unconquered from the forest and the prairie, and as here at Quesnelle the Frazer marked the boundaries of the rival powers, so here at Quesnelle the two rovers of the wilds, dog and man, passed out of the solitude and entered once more the regions of civilised life.

It will be our lot to follow their wanderings along the Pacific shore of North America, through lands which, if they do not contain anything that is absolutely new, are still none of them old enough to have become familiar, even in name, to the ear of the great outside world. Lands of tall and stately pine forests, of broad and swift-rushing rivers, of meadows backed by lofty peaks, whose crests hold aloft into blue midsummer skies the snow cast upon them by many a winter's storm.

Here at Quesnelle we are in the centre of British

Columbia. Our course will lie nearly due south, along the water system of the Frazer to its mouth at New Westminster, then over the boundary line into the territory of Washington. Southward still, over the Columbia river into Oregon; then up the valley of the beautiful Willamette until the Siskyou range rises before us, and the Madrono begins to perfume the soft air of the Californian night. Over the Siskyou, and down into the valley where sparkling Sacramento has its cradle, and thence around the base of solitary Shasta into the sunlight of California. It is the 8th of June; there lie one thousand miles before us ere the Golden Gate of San Francisco is gained.

The man's baggage was not large—a small hand-bag held it all. Here, at Quesnelle, he parted from many old friends. An iron cup and saucer, sacred to the memories of hot delicious tea-drinks in icy bivouacs; a copper kettle, black with the smoke of a thousand camp fires, and dinted with blow of tree stump and sled upset; blankets burnt and scorched by pine-wood sparks on many a freezing night in far-away Athabasca—all these tokens of the silent tract were given away to other wanderers, whose steps were about to lead back again into the northern solitude. "Come, old dog," said the man, "it is time to start." The man shouldered his pack, the dog shook out his bushy tail to the wind, and the travellers began their new journey.

II.

THE first sixty miles lay down the rapid rolling Frazer, now at the full tide of its early summer volume. Swiftly along the majestic river sped a small steamer, the current doubling the rate of speed, until the shores flitted past at railroad pace in the shadows of the June twilight.

Deep down in a gigantic fissure the river lay, twelve hundred feet below the summit of the rolling plateau on either side; so steep the western cliff that darkness began to gather over the water, while yet the upper level caught the sunset's glow from across the wide Chilcotin plains, and pine-trees on the edge stood clearly out against the sky—solitary sentinels, keeping watch over the darkening channel.

It was almost night when the little boat drew underneath the high overhanging eastern shore, and made fast to a rude wooden staging. A few wooden houses stood on a narrow ledge of low ground between the cliff and the river—the stream named the houses—and at Soda Creek that night dog and man found lodging and entertainment.

The summer dawn was creeping down the great hill

to the east next morning as Mr. Jack Hamilton took the reins of his six-horse coach, and pulled his team together to begin the long ascent that led from the wooden hotel up the east shore of the Frazer. An hour's slow work, and the coach stood twelve hundred feet above the river on the summit of the plateau.

A fresh, fair summer morning, with summer mists rising from dewy hollows, and summer scents coming out from pine woods, and summer flowers along the smooth unfenced road that wound away over hill and valley, by glade and ridge, through wood and open, away over the mountain plateau of central British Columbia, three thousand feet above the sea level.

On the box seat sat the man, and in the boot beneath the seat sat the dog. A free pass or ticket had been presented to the dog by the coach agent at Quesnelle, but the proverb which bears testimony to the difference between taking a horse to the water and making him drink therein was strikingly exemplified in the matter of this dog and the boot of the box seat. It was one thing to have a free pass for the boot, and another thing to induce the dog to put a foot into this boot. Many expedients were tried, but they were all attended with difficulty. To poise the bulky form of the Esquimaux upon the fore-wheel of the coach, preparatory to lifting him still higher, was no easy matter, but it was simple work compared to that of lifting him six feet further into his seat.

Fortunately Mr. Jack Hamilton proved a stage driver of a most obliging disposition. Ever ready to

lend his neighbours a hand, he did so on this occasion by hauling the dog chain from above. Thus propelled from below by his owner, and hauled from above by the driver, the dog was placed securely in his seat by an intermediate process much resembling hanging.

The American stage coach on the Pacific slope is a long flat-roofed vehicle, carrying outside passengers only on the box seat. At the back of the coach there is a framework for holding baggage, which forms a kind of intermediate step between the roof and the ground. Sometimes it became possible to utilise this baggage platform as a means of hauling the reluctant animal into his place; but whether the ascent was made through Mr. Jack Hamilton kindly consenting to play the part of Calcraft, or whether the end was attained by other devices, the result was the same, namely, a fixed dislike and persistent reluctance on the part of the dog to the occupation of the boot.

Ever from between his owner's legs he looked ruefully down at the road, as though he would infinitely have preferred toiling along on his own account. No doubt his look accurately told his thoughts; but six horses, changing every twenty miles, would soon have left him far behind; and although, given his own time, the seventy miles of the coach's daily run would have been covered by the dog on foot, still he would have taken all the day and half the night to do it.

The great waggon road which connects the mining

regions of Cariboo with the navigable portion of the lower Frazer, is a wonderful result of enterprise undertaken in the early days of Columbian prosperity. Throughout its long course of three hundred miles it crosses a wild and rugged land, pierces the great range of the Cascade Mountains, is carried along the edge of immense precipices overhanging the cañons of the Frazer River, until, emerging at the village of Yale, it lands its travellers at the gateway of the Pacific.

Along this great road we now held our way, from the first streak of a still frosty dawn until the sun was beginning to get low over the hilltops to the west.

A vast region this British Columbia—hill, lake, river, and mountain succeeding each other day after day; pine forests full of odour, and sighing with breezes that had already waved through nameless regions of forest. At times the coach wound slowly up some curving incline through varied woods of fir and maple, until gaining a ridge summit bare of trees, the eye of the traveller on the box seat could roam over many a far away mile of forest-tops, and farther still catch the jagged line of snowy peaks that marked the mountain land where Frazer, and Columbia, and Thompson had their close-linked sources. And once there opened out close to the road a strange freak of nature—a great cleft in the earth surface, a huge chasm as abrupt as though a superhuman sword had buried itself deep in the earth and cut asunder

the crust of the world. The coach road had to make a sharp detour to avoid this fissure. Pulling up at the south side, where the road ran close to the edge of the chasm, Mr. Jack Hamilton informed his passengers that they might alight from the coach for a closer survey of this scene.

It was worthy of a halt. A few paces from the roadway the earth dipped suddenly down to a great depth; trees clustered close to the chasm's edge, but the sides were far too steep for growth of any kind, and the layers of red and dark rock alternated with each other in horizontal streaks that made the farther side look as though it had been painted with the favourite lines of some rude Indian decoration.

As far as this great rent in the earth was visible, looking towards the east, it seemed to widen and deepen as it went; but there was little time for examination, for Mr. Jack Hamilton and his six horses were impatient to be moving, and the coach and its freight were soon rolling swiftly south to the city of Clinton.

Clinton stood in a broad valley, under a bright, June sun. An affluent of the Bonaparte, here near its source, flowed through the village city over beds of glistening shingle; but a recent flood had washed away its gravelly banks and strewn the single street with wreck of wooden house and *débris* of stone and sand, making it no easy matter for the coach to work its way to the door of the hotel, over the great piles of rubbish.

At last the heavy vehicle pulled up at the door, which was literally packed with figures. Two large mule trains had arrived at Clinton on their way up-country from the sea, and mule drivers, packmen, freighters, and miners thronged the little street. The dark-faced Mexican with broad sombrero was there, the yellow-skinned Chinaman with hair descending from the poll, the sallow Yankee with hair tuft sprouting from the chin; extremes of old and new world craft and cunning here met with the cordiality of a common hatred. The miner, diffident and shy, but with the diffidence of determination and the shyness bred by long intervals of solitude, was here, too, on his upward road to try his luck at some northern digging. Eagerly this flood-tide met the ebb-stream of our coach-load and asked for news of former friend or comrade now delving at Germansen or Ominica, at Cariboo or Cottonwood. Every one seemed to know everybody. The distances might be vast, the country might be rugged, the trails difficult to travel, but all the same there was not a Pete or a Dave, a Steve or a Bill, in farthest camp along the affluents of the Peace River, whose name was not a household word in the hotel at Clinton.

Despite its vast area and its rugged surface, British Columbia, so far as settlement and civilisation were concerned, was nothing but a long waggon road with a gold mine at one end and a seaport at the other. One or two smaller offshoots, branching away to mines more or less played out, had this great waggon road,

but they were at long intervals apart, and were suitable only for the saddle and the pack-horse.

Up and down this road travelled every year the entire population; or if there remained at Soda Creek or at Quesnelle a few of the less fortunate gold-seekers, whose finds did not permit their wintering so far south as Victoria, the capital, nevertheless their more fortunate friends seemed still to hold them in lively remembrance, and to have known Pete at the Ominica was to have a claim upon the acquaintance of Dave at Clinton. "The boys ain't a bad lot," remarked Mr. Hamilton to his box fare, as, holding his horses well in hand, he rattled briskly down the incline that led to Clinton. "There's some of 'em as wouldn't wash two cents the bucket, an' there's more that has the metal thick enough on the bed-rock of their naturs."

Mr. Hamilton was right. These "boys" called gold-miners are the cream of the working men. They are the natural successors of that race of fur-hunters and trappers who, fifty years ago, made Missouri their base for the exploration of that vast region which then lay in pathless solitude to the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Reckless in their modes of hunting and trapping, these men quickly destroyed or drove away the wild animals that roved the plains; but when the furs were gone the gold came in, and where one had tried the wild life of the trapper, a hundred flocked to work the pick and shovel in the wild glens and valleys of the Pacific slope.

In the bar-room of the hotel at Clinton, the box-

fare traveller and the dog sat and watched the coming and going of all these units of Western life. The long June evening was beginning to grow monotonous; the stove, the many spittoons, the bar-keeper, the brightly coloured stimulants, had been studied individually and collectively; the art decorations had been closely examined, and had ceased to afford gratification to the eye. An engraving of the Federal General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," as he was affectionately termed, whose brief term of command was chiefly made illustrious by an order of the day in which he congratulated himself upon being called to the head of "the finest army on the planet," an order which was almost immediately followed by a most ignominious defeat—"Fighting Joe" now looked fiercely from above the bar, in close proximity to another print in which a dog was represented stretched upon his back, while beneath an inscription informed the drinking public that "poor Trust" was not only dead, but that bad pay had killed him.

Deeper in the glasses and the lemons and the juleps, there was observable to a closer scrutiny a photograph of a frightened-looking volunteer soldier, who mournfully regarded a large sabre to which fate had apparently hopelessly secured him. All these things had been duly conned over and apathetically dismissed, when an event occurred which gave immediate relief to the *ennui* of the community. The figure of a man appeared suddenly at the open doorway. "Bismarck has got out!" he exclaimed in

hasty accents; and then in more forcible language than it is possible to repeat, he continued, "Gone, clane gone, I tell ye!" Had it been possible for any of those lately arrived by the coach to have accepted in quiescence this announcement of the great chancellor's flight or freedom, such equanimity must have soon disappeared before the fierce excitement which at once became manifest in the persons of the older inhabitants. The bar-keeper instantly suspended his operations in manipulating the coloured stimulants, and acting either by virtue of his high office as bar-keeper, or of some collateral right of special constable and justice of the peace, he exclaimed, "Bismarck is out, boys! Twenty-five dollars to the man who catches him!"

This liberal offer, following closely on the heels of the exciting news just received, caused a wild rush of the assembled citizens to the doorway, and the dog and man following in the wake of the throng, soon found themselves taking a keen interest in the pursuit of the chancellor.

It may have been that the capture was regarded by the citizens as a public duty, or it may have been that, in the minds of many, a lingering hope yet dwelt that twenty-five dollars would go some little way towards reanimating the prostrate form of Trust, so far as that faithful creature had reference to their individual accounts for drink and stimulants supplied in the bar-keeper's ledger. Such hypothesis would at least be doubtful.

At any rate, volunteers for the office of "running in" the chancellor were as numerous as though the drinking-score had been in a Southern German or Hanoverian inn, and the absconding native had been the chancellor himself; for alas! the fugitive was the great conspirator only in name.

The Clinton Bismarck was in fact a Chilcotin Indian, who, for some infraction of Columbian law, had been incarcerated in a neighbouring log-hut.

It appeared that the conditions of prison discipline had been of a cheap and novel kind. Bismarck was allowed to take exercise and air upon one stipulation, that he would perform the duties of jailer and turnkey upon himself, and that, moreover, he would employ his hours of exercise in repairing the public roads of Clinton. For some time he had regularly responded to this arrangement by letting himself out, watching himself when he was out, and ceasing to superintend himself only when he had again locked himself in. But unfortunately for the permanent success of this simple and inexpensive mode of prison discipline, Bismarck, as we have seen, failed to comply with the latter portion of the programme, and on the day of the arrival of the coach he turned his face to his native hills and his back upon Clinton.

The wide semicircle of hills surrounding Clinton to the north and west looked very beautiful as the long shadows of the June evening fell from the lofty "sugar" pines that dotted their swelling sides, and

marked lengthening lines upon many a mile of silent peaceful landscape.

"Poor Bismarck!" said the box-seat passenger to himself, as he looked from the motley group of citizens to the lonely hills. "May the pine-brush be thy bed to-night."

When the coach rolled away a little after daybreak next morning, leaving Clinton lying in the mists of the Bonaparte, the Chilcotin's cage was yet empty, and the dog Trust lay still upon his back.

Rolling along a high ridge of land which overlooked the valley of the Bonaparte River, the coach held its southern way towards the great mountain mass through whose centre the Frazer River cleaves its course to the sea. No height of hilltop, no depth of valley seemed able to set at rest in the brain of the dog the idea that his proper function was to haul and not to be hauled; indeed, judging from the persistent manner in which he continued to regard the road and not the country through which it led, it might have been apparent that he meditated a descent from the boot whenever opportunity might offer; but unfortunately, a word of prohibition was deemed sufficient preventive in view of the distance that intervened between the boot and the ground.

All at once, however, without any premonitory symptoms, he thrust himself suddenly from the boot and precipitated his great body outward into space. So far as the mere fact of getting out of the boot was concerned, the success of this attempt was complete.

In very much less time than the narrative of this exploit has taken, the dog had reached the ground, but countermarching his body in the descent, his head, when that descent was accomplished, was where his tail should have been—next the wheels. The coach was a heavy one, it carried its full complement of passengers. To suppose that one of its wheels could roll over any portion of the dog's body, and leave that portion intact, would have been to suppose an apparent impossibility. Mr. Hamilton, handling his six horses with dexterity, stopped the coach ere it had run its length, but not before the near fore-wheel had jerked over the outstretched paw of the lately landed dog. But the stout leg that had tramped through the long journey of the past winter had in it sinews and muscles able to bear without breaking the ponderous load that had now rolled over its wrist, and when the man had reached the ground and taken hold of the damaged leg, which the dog held high in air, the loud howl of agony sank quickly to a lower key. So it is with all true-natured dogs when hurt has come to them, if the maimed or broken limb be but held by a human hand; the cry soon sinks to a whimper under the touch which tells him that human sympathy has joined hands with him in his suffering.

Reinstated in the boot, and made secure from a repetition of sensation headers, the dog passed through the remainder of his Columbian coach journey without incident of danger; but the great cañons of the Thompson and Frazer rivers, which the waggon road

pierces in the last seventy miles of its course, and the stupendous masses of rock frowning over the narrow ledge upon which the track is carried, apparently failed to remove from his mind the sense of injustice under which he deemed himself suffering in not being allowed to add his dog might to the locomotion of the coach; and still with mournful eye he looked steadily out from his seat upon the letter bags, a wiser, a sadder, but an unconvinced animal.

In a deep and narrow valley, close to the junction of the Thompson with the Frazer River, stands the little town of Lytton, once a famous point when the big sand-bars of the Frazer held their thousands of miners, now "brooding in the ruins of its life," a dreary wooden village fast lapsing into decay; for the sand-bars have long ceased to yield gold, and Mariner's and Forster's and Fargo and Boston bars no more hold their camps and shanties.

Melancholy enough looked Lytton as the coach drew up by the hotel door, having run its eighty-three miles in ten hours. The hotel had some peculiarities of construction that made it different from any hostelry which the box fare had ever sojourned at. It was a long, low, wooden building, containing many small dens built over a clear rushing stream of water. The wooden floor was old and in places broken, and through the shrivelled planks the water could be seen as it rippled along, filling the den with pleasant murmur; but these peculiarities were only observable to the box fare when, late in the evening, he had returned

from a ramble to find all his fellow-passengers retired for the night, and the hotel-keeper waiting his arrival with a light in one hand and a large black bottle in the other. A steady flow of language more or less irreverent, and an unsteady method of pursuing a line as he walked in front of the box fare along the occupied dens, clearly indicated that the hotel proprietor had at least taken the cork out of his bottle; but it was only upon arrival in the den which was to hold the dog and the man until morning that the proprietor allowed his feelings their fullest flow, and evinced a desire to carry a spirit of animated discussion far into the night. Questions connected with the division of political power in Lytton (about twelve houses showed signs of permanent occupation), matters bearing upon finance, Indian statistics, and consolidation of the colony with the United States, were touched upon in such a thoroughly exhaustive manner that the dog was soon sound asleep, and the box fare looked drowsily from his trestle-bed at the garrulous proprietor, who, seated on a vacant bed, continued to pour forth stimulants for himself and statistics for his sleepy guest. At length the black bottle became silent, the hotel-keeper shuffled off to his den, and nothing broke the stillness of the night save the ripple of running water under the thin pine boards of the crazy building, and the long-drawn respirations of the dog under the trestle-bed.

Soon again the daylight broke. In the matter of getting up, dogs have decidedly the better of their

masters. Look at a man at the moment of his waking, and nine times out of ten you see a poor creature gaping, puzzled, and perplexed—not quite certain whether he is in the middle of last week or the beginning of the next; but a dog rises from sleep, stretches himself on the points of his toes, wags his tail, and is instantly at home with the new morning. Out from underneath the trestle-bed, fresh and ready for the road, stepped the dog as daybreak struggled in through the tiny den window, while with many a lingering wish for one hour more, the master prepared himself for the journey. This day was to be the last of the coach travel, for at the village of Yale steam would again take up the running and carry the coach load to the sea.

So the coach rolled away from Lytton, and winding up a curving ascent, entered the cañons of the Cascades.

Gloomy spots are these cañons of the Cascades on the coach road to the sea. A narrow ledge cut out of the rock, smooth as a table edge, holds in mid-air the heavy coach and its six-horse team; no fence, no parapet breaks the sheer descent into the horrid chasm; six hundred feet beneath the river roars in unseen tumult, and above the rugged mountain topples black against the sky.

No creeping pace is this at which these horses round these dizzy ledges, no hugging of the rock, but full and free the leaders gallop at the curves, facing boldly to the very verge of the precipice ere they

sweep round these yawning "points." Eight miles in the hour along the smooth rock cuttings Mr. Jack Hamilton steers his team, with foot hard set on brake as the big coach thunders down some slope, and the pine-tops beneath seem to be flying along the cañon edge. The box fare feels inclined to lean away from the edge, so close at hand, but he feels too that Mr. Hamilton has an eye on him as well as on his team, and he takes it as naturally as though a lifetime of nightmares had made him thoroughly conversant with the whole science of ledge galloping. Mr. Hamilton even finds time to enlarge upon the past history of the road, and among his anecdotes there figures one which tells how once a coach did go over the precipice. "And there wasn't," he adds, "no, there wasn't," he continues, "as much of horse, or driver, or passenger, or coach, ever picked up as a coroner could get a fee on."

But if it was nervous work driving when the coast was clear, much worse did it seem when a waggon with eight or ten pairs of mules had to be passed on the narrow ledge.

At such times the law of the road gave Mr. Hamilton the outside place, and from the tire of his outer wheels to the edge of the cliff scarce eight inches would intervene, yet was there no leading of leaders by men on foot. Gently by the perilous edge the coach would move until clear of the obstacle, and then away along the ledge again.

The bad places had all been safely passed, Yale lay

but a few miles distant, Mr. Hamilton's foot was pressing firmly against the lever of the brake as the coach rolled swiftly down a long incline, one of the last ere the level river valley was finally reached. All at once the iron bar broke from the driver's foot, the heavy vehicle, released from control, drove forward upon the wheelers, and Mr. Hamilton with difficulty retained his seat in the shock of the unlooked-for catastrophe. But he was equal to the emergency. He pulled himself and his team together in an instant; then he whipped his leaders, and held on down the long incline; the pace grew faster and faster, the inside passengers, knowing nothing of the accident, and deeming that the usual "trot for the avenue" had been changed into a wild gallop to that destination, cheered lustily.

At the foot of the hill the coach was pulled up. Mr. Hamilton handed the ribbons to the box fare, and, descending, surveyed the brake. "Clean gone," he said, remounting. "Guess we'd 'ave bin clean gone too, if it 'ad happened back at Chinaman's Bluff or Jackass Mountain." Then he drove into Yale.

III.

A LARGE dog lived at Yale. The fame of his savagery was known far up the coach road towards Clinton, and steamboat men were cognizant of it seawards nearly unto New Westminster. The dog belonged to a German Jew, who, having passed through the several grades of dealing approximating to pedlar, had finally blossomed into a general merchant, owner of many stores in Columbian settlements. The traditional unpopularity attaching to members of the Jewish persuasion found no exception in Yale; indeed, it is worthy of note that in no part of the civilised world is that unpopularity more strikingly observable than in these mountain towns and settlements of North America—a fact from which it might possibly be imagined that Christian feeling, in these remote places, had attained to that pitch of fervour known in the old feudal times in Germany, when a baron, whose family duties or bodily afflictions rendered service in the Holy Land impossible, condoned his inability to wage war against the Saracen by grilling the first Jew he could catch in the lower apartments of his residence. But as in

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these old times the Jew clung to the baron, notwithstanding the grill-room above mentioned, so now he clings to the miner, and close follows the "prospector," despite the ill-concealed animosity of these adventurers.

Now the Jew's dog at Yale was a sharer in the unpopularity of his master. "Love me, love my dog" here found its converse, and dark looks were often turned upon the mastiff because of dark thoughts given to the mastiff's master. Among the many items of information which Mr. Hamilton had ready to dispense among the crowd that greeted him on his arrival at Yale, there figured prominently in the catalogue the fact that he had on this occasion brought in the boot an animal of surpassing savagery—an animal in whose physical and mental nature many wild and sanguinary beasts had united their several individual traits of ferocity for, apparently, the sole purpose of annihilating the Jew's dog.

"Yes, Bill, you bet—I've got a dawg here," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, soon after the coach drew up, "that ain't a-going to flirt when he fights another dawg. He means business, he does. Got his eddication among the Rocky Mountain coyotes, he did, and afterwards served his time among the Rooshian American bars." Then in a stage (coach) whisper, "If thar should be a dawg hereabouts, Bill, whose life you was thinking of insuring, I'd just complete the policy before this Rooshian American animal in the boot gets out, that's all."

It will be only necessary to remark that before the unconscious object of these sanguinary sentiments found himself free to perambulate the single street of Yale, the Jew's dog had been safely secured by his anxious master.

A night's delay at Yale, and dog and man were again on the move. Through a deep mountain gorge the Frazer sweeps from its long-held southern course, and, some few miles south of Yale, bends west to meet the ocean. It is not easy to imagine a grander gateway than that through which the dark tide, so long vexed against cliff and torn in cañon, prepares to seek here, in profound peace, the vast grave of the sea. It may have been that the conditions of light and shade were singularly fortunate on the morning when the little steamboat ploughed her way from Yale to New Westminster, passing out at Hope between the gigantic portals of the Cascades, into the smoother waters of the tidal river.

The morning had been one soft summer rain; the lofty hills were draped in dense wreaths of white curling vapour; the rain fell straight through a pulseless atmosphere; but at Hope the rain ceased, great shafts of light shot through the masses of cloud, and the slow-curling eddies of billowy vapour began to uncoil from crag and pinnacle of lofty mountains. Then, as sunbeams streamed athwart the gorge, the eye caught for a moment the jagged outline of a mountain mass upreared against a rainbow; a spectral pine-tree stood far up the mountain, pin-

nacled against some rift of light; but so quick the veil of vapour opened and closed that no glance could mark where cloudland ended or mountain peak began. Enormous masses of inky cloud still rolled overhead, breaking into fantastic forms, through which the deep-blue sky was seen in loopholes of light; and above the shifting scene of light and shadow, high over the wide waters of the sullen river, a vivid rainbow threw its arch across the gloomy gorge. From beneath this magnificent scene of mountain, river, cloud, sun, and sky, the steamboat sped, hissing and splashing as though it felt bound to call special attention to the marvels of civilisation and of man as personified in its own little self. Yet the attempt was a failure; it simply looked like a small insect crawling from the mouth of some mammoth cavern, the sides of which were mountains, and whose roof no eye could reach.

The city of New Westminster stands some few miles from the mouth of the Frazer River, and not far from the American boundary line, the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Mountain ranges are in sight all round upon the land side, and looking seaward over the low forest that fringes the Frazer delta the eye catches the hilltops of Vancouver's Island rising beyond the isle-studded Strait of Georgia. The name of New Westminster was not more ambitious than the outlooks and aspirations of the city in its earlier days had been. Nor was it wholly unreasonable, either, that its founders and early settlers should have allowed themselves fullest scope for transmuting,

in the alchemy of fancy, their wooden houses into merchant palaces, and picturing their rude wharves filled with the products of many far-away lands in times not distant, when New Westminster was to become the great Northern Pacific port. For did not that veritable El Dorado, Cariboo, lie back beyond these circling hills, and might there not be fifty other Cariboos lying still to be discovered in all that wild region of rock, forest, and mountain, whose rills, lakes, and fountains drained here by the wooden piles of the infant city? It was even so: the watershed of the Frazer might well promise to hold within its immense area riches sufficient to dwarf the boldest calculation of the most sanguine pioneer settler whose store stood by the tide-way of the great river. But the fellow of Cariboo was never found, and New Westminster still stands a city of unfulfilled expectations, looking wistfully up the broad Frazer for a repetition of the golden harvest it had once enjoyed.

In a comfortable wooden hotel the dog and the man spent three days of rest and plenty. If the gold is slow to come down the river, the silvery salmon is quick to ascend the stream. In myriads that never cease he goes by to begin his toilsome journey up the rapids and whirlpools to the far-away lakes that lie in the wilderness north of Quesnelle. Pink as a June rose, with snow-white "curd" laid between the leaves, the king of fish is here in size, shape, and flavour equal in every way to his Atlantic cousin. In one

respect only does he differ; he is a more sensible fish. No gaudy fly, twist it as man may, no king crow feather, no golden pheasant, no summer duck or African bustard will ever tempt him to lift his nose above the surface. The spear and the net work fell havoc in his crowded ranks through all the long course of his journey from the sea to his rest-place in Stuart's Lake or Tatla, Sushwap, or Nichaco; but to the allurements of the fly he is absolutely blind.

At New Westminster, then, the dog and the man spent three days of sleep and salmon cutlets. For the sum of two shillings a twenty-four pound fresh salmon could be purchased. During his experience of life from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, the dog had tasted many kinds of fish. He had sported when a pup with the delicate white fish of Deer's Lake. He had feasted upon the sturgeon of the Saskatchewan, the jack-fish of the Missinnippi, and the delicious butter-fish of the Red River, but he had never tasted salmon until here at New Westminster he consumed cutlet after cutlet.

The boards dividing the small sleeping-rooms of the hotel were thin and knot-holed. Speech was plainly audible from one room to another. The man was sometimes in the habit of carrying on conversation with the dog in the early summer morning. The language used by the man was a mysterious tongue known only to the dog; the replies given by the dog were of the nature of tail-wag, ear-lift, and eye-wink.

One morning, during cutlet time, an American

approached the man. "Stranger," he said, "I guess I heard you talking Esquimo this morning." It would have been unfair to have undeceived him; so the Esquimaux dialect was admitted. "Queer langidge that Esquimo," he went on. "Mighty queer langidge." "With a knowledge of the Esquimo tongue," continued the man, "and some acquaintance with the Athabascan language, dog-driving becomes quite easy." "I never druv dogs," replied the American, "but I've druv most other druvable things, and I found the langidge that had most cussing in it the best for the purpose. Guess now, Esquimo is pretty good in that line."

Three days passed and it was time to move. It was a dark, still, summer day; the isles of the Strait of Georgia lay in a waveless water, bearing record in their Spanish names of that great dominion which once stretched throughout one hundred degrees of coast-line along the Pacific shore—all gone now, from southmost Patagonia to here, where the rival Britisher and Yankee squabble over northmost San Juan.

And now the steamboat's course, coming through the Cordova Channel, was turned towards the west, and rounding the south-east point of Vancouver Island, a grand panorama burst suddenly into sight—the Bay of Victoria, the Strait of Juan de Fuca backed by the snow-clad range of the Olympian mountains. The clouds had vanished, the sun was bright overhead; the blue sea sparkled along the bay-indented shore of

Vancouver, and the oak forest above the line of rocks rippled in the full sheen of midsummer glory.

There may be spots on the earth to which summer comes in brighter dress and greater freshness than it does to this south coast of Vancouver; but these spots must be difficult to find. It is not the hot summer of more southern lands; it is a summer in which the oak and the honeysuckle play their parts; where the young shoots of the fir, and the chrysalis-like husks of the budding birch scatter balmy odours on the air; where the mornings and the evenings have in them the crystal freshness of spring water, and the mid-day sun is tempered by a soft breeze from the Pacific rippling the waves along the blue Strait of Juan de Fuca.

But in one particular Victoria excelled any other spot in which the dog and the man had yet sojourned. It was in its humming-birds. Numerous as butterflies they fluttered round the honeysuckle-hung porches of the wooden cottages, and far in the forest depth they held summer holiday under the deeper-toned hum of the colossal pine-trees.

It was the 26th of June when the two travellers set out from the pleasant city of Victoria on their southern way towards California. Midnight had gone over the Bay of Victoria when the steamboat quitted her moorings. When morning dawned she was steaming into Puget Sound, that deep landlocked bay which stretches so far into the north shore of Washington territory. So numerous are the capes and promon-

tories of this sound, so deep the indentations of water lying between them, that two thousand miles of coast lie within that narrow entrance—two thousand miles of shore, densely forested with pine-trees of colossal size; so deep the water that vessels lie broadside touching the shore, lashed to the trunks of the great pines. Above the tree-tops immense mountain peaks lift aloft six thousand feet of snow that never melts. Grandest of all, Mount Ranier stands a mighty mountain block, fourteen thousand feet above the sound level.

All day the little boat sped on its way, dodging in and out of the intricate inlets, touching here and there to land merchandise or to take on board wood fuel, and whistling loud and long among the forest isles and shores. Sometimes the sound opened out into wide expanses of clear, deep water; at other times the channels were narrow, filled with strong currents, and winding amid isles and shore; but all through the long summer day the traveller had cause to marvel at the natural wealth of this strange ocean inlet, and to think with bitter feelings of how a stroke of an official pen had sufficed to rob England of this fair birthright, and to write off under the name of Oregon all this wealth of forest, sea, and mountain from the dominion roll of England. "A country never destined to be of any practical value"—thus they had written of this territory, thus they had described this land. What must not the empire be that can afford to lose such realms and yet remain an

empire! Perhaps that is the least annoying way of looking at it.

After all, it is possible to measure greatness as well by loss as by gain. Ordinary captains have been judged by their victories: it was only a Napoleon of whom it could be asked, "What could he not dare with the Beresina and Leipsic behind him?" To-day there are single trees growing on the shore of Puget's Sound worth in England eight hundred pounds.

While the steamboat stopped at her ports of call the travellers strolled on shore or watched the coming and going of dogs and men. At a place called Seattle a crowd gathered around the dog; and one small boy, believing that the strange animal was the herald of a travelling menagerie, inquired eagerly when the whole show was to arrive. Various surmises were again expressed as to parentage and descent; but a large seafaring man put an end to the discussion by remarking that the animal "was quite a Rooshian dawg," and that he (the sailor) had fallen in with similar "dawgs" in Alaska, all of Russian extraction.

The tide in the sound rises high and ebbs low. At some of the stopping-places it was curious to watch the antics of certain crows, whose livelihood was gained from the rocks left bare by the low water. Around the base of the wooden piles upon which the landing-stages were built mussels thickly clustered; detaching these with their bills, the crows would ascend some thirty or forty yards into the air, then dropping the shell-fish on to the rock, they would

swoop after it to catch the fish detached by the fall from the shattered shell.

It was dark when the boat reached Olympia, the last and most southern port on Puget's Sound. Here at the Pacific Hotel the travellers found board and rest until the first streak of dawn called them again to the road. This time it was coach again—coach without the box seat for the man or the boot for the dog; without any seat at all, in fact. All the places had been taken, and nothing remained but the roof of the vehicle for the accommodation of the pair; so roof it had to be. Another passenger, also relegated to the roof, kindly lent a hand at the work of getting the reluctant animal into position. An iron rail running round the roof afforded means of lashing the dog at two sides, and also offered the means of "holding on" to the men. Fortunately the distance to Tenino was only fifteen miles, and at Tenino the railway would carry the passengers southwards on their roads. Ascending a steep road by the side of the Cowlitz River, at a point where a pretty waterfall had enabled a speculator to erect a saw-mill at the expense of the scenery, the coach entered a forest of enormous trees. So huge were the trunks of these giants that it did not pay to cut them down, save in close proximity to water-carriage. The trees that had been felled by the roadside still showed stumps eight and ten feet above the ground, at which height a platform had been erected in order to afford the woodman a lesser distance to cut through.

This magnificent forest was succeeded by an open space, a prairie composed of innumerable little hillocks all of the same size and shape. These mimic mounds were covered with grass; but the spaces between them showed stones and gravel on the surface. This plain was some miles in extent, and far as the eye could reach to the left the cone-shaped mounds were visible. What could their origin have been? The passenger on the roof was of opinion that the "Ingines" had had something to say to them; but many indications negatived the supposition that they had been the work of man.

The gentleman on the roof beguiled the tedium of the way with efforts to enlighten the man traveller on the social and political aspect of the Pacific States. On the question of Chinamen and Chinese labour he was particularly explicit. "You'll see," he said, after a forcible exposition of the wrongs inflicted on white labour, and civilisation generally, by celestial competition, "you'll see the biggest mutinize agen them Chinamen that ever you seed in your life." The man-traveller made bold to ask this youthful republican if he was a native of this Pacific slope, whose rights against Asiatics he was prepared so forcibly to protect. "No," he answered. "I was born in Vermont; but father and mother come from Wolverhampton in the old country. Father was a wheelwright there."

So the wanderer will discover, all the earth over, the most intolerant tyrant will invariably be found abroad

among the men who at home were loudest in their assertion of the equality of all men.

Winding again through the forest, the coach soon approached the neighbourhood of Tenino. Here stood a strange object—a railway locomotive and a train of carriages. From here to Kalama, a distance of sixty-four miles, the iron horse would bear the travellers on their way. Never before had the dog beheld anything so formidable; indeed, the jolting on the roof of the coach had but ill-prepared his nervous system for the successive shocks he was now to experience at the hands of civilisation, and it was only by a liberal administration of cold water that his composure was somewhat restored.

Five hours by rail brought the travellers to the banks of a large river. The mile or more that lay between its banks was not space enough to hold the vast volume of water rolling towards the west, and all the alluvial valley on either side lay deep in floods. Here was the Oregon of the old Spaniards, the Columbia of to-day. A little more than one hundred years from the present time it was still a race between England and Spain for the dominion of North America. That Spanish ships had fully explored the coast of the Pacific as far as the northern end of what is now called Vancouver's Island, no reasonable man can to-day doubt; but at that time it was convenient to deny or to ignore such discoveries, and to send out expeditions of rediscovery, whose work was to claim a coast line or a river estuary long before known to

the followers of Columbus. Thus the Oregon River of the Spanish geographers was lost sight of towards the close of the eighteenth century, and brought again to life in 1792 as the Columbia. This time, however, it was a skipper sailing from Boston Bay who played the part of rediscovery, and claimed for the Republic, still in its teens, "the great river of the West." It would be easy to show how hollow was the ground upon which the claim of the United States was founded. The men whose names still live in the rivers and mountains of the North Pacific slope, Findlay, Frazer, Thompson, built their fur forts far down this great river in the closing years of the century, and were in actual occupation of Oregon ere the pioneers of American enterprise in the west had crossed the Missouri.

But all this has long passed from the sphere of discovery, and the story of Oregon has gone into the limbo of lost empires, better there to be left buried.

On, up the broad river to the junction of the Willamette, and thence along the latter stream to the good city of Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon. Built upon a broad level stretching from the left bank of the Willamette, the city of Portland stands second only to San Francisco in size and importance among the cities of the Pacific slope. From high ground, as yet only partially built over, lying about a mile from the great river, a grand view is to be seen. Beyond the town and the river, and

at the back of the wide Willamette Valley, the snowy mass of Mount St. Helens rises twelve thousand feet above a bright green forest; yet another of those wondrous volcanic peaks set as sentinels along the Pacific coast, beginning far away to the north at St. Elias, and ending two hundred miles south of Portland at glowing Shasta; some still smouldering, their fires but lately burnt low; others cold and silent; all, clad in everlasting whiteness; all, lifting their immense cones from out of a vast sea of tree-tops. Over the valley of the Columbia and the Willamette Mounts St. Helens and Hood keep watch; at their base lies many a fair mile of country—meadow, copse, forest, and open glade. A winter not too cold, a summer fresh and bracing; peaks like Switzerland, pastures like Somerset; pines such as only Oregon can equal. Already Portland, set amid all this wealth of nature, rushes towards prosperity; and yet it is of this region that the infallible leader of the fourth estate in England pronounced only thirty years ago the following sapient opinion: "The Oregon Territory is really valueless to England and to America. The only use of it to America would be to make it an addition to territories already far too large for good government or even for civilisation. The emigrants to Oregon must pass through thousands of miles of unoccupied land, with a soil and climate far better than they will find on the shores of the Pacific. And when they get there, what will be the social state of a few thousand families scattered through a territory more than six

times as large as England and three thousand miles from the seat of government? They will mix with the Indians, and sink into a degraded race of half-caste barbarians. If she could obtain sovereignty over the whole of the lands west of the Rocky Mountains to-morrow, every wise American statesman must wish that the next day they should sink into the sea."

It was sunset when the two travellers wended their homeward way from the ridge from whose summit a single glance can read a bitter refutation to the opinion above stated; but the scent of white clover blossom, from the town lots which had yet to be built upon, was too sweet to permit even stupidity to be irritating. It was Sunday evening, and many people were abroad in the streets. Here and there groups of Chinese sat at open doorsteps, or stood chatting at street corners. Much of the neatness and regularity of the town, still more of the advanced state of civilisation in Oregon, had been due to this peaceful invasion of the yellow-skinned Asiatic race. The level roads, the wharves, the railways, the neatly finished woodwork of doorways and window-frames, all had been the fruits of the Chinaman's love of toil; yet was he hated here as elsewhere along this coast—victimised, ill-treated, and oppressed by the modern disciple of freedom, whose aspirations for equality have reference only to a set of beings above him in the social scale.

On the day previous to this a Chinese youth, who

had stolen an apple from a street stall, had received imprisonment for twenty days for the offence. It was not the mob alone who could play the tyrant. In this matter the utter absence of any prejudice of nationality on the part of the dog-traveller was very noticeable. He showed every indication indeed of cultivating friendly relations with the hated foreigner whenever he encountered him in the street. Did this spring from some long-forgotten time when some bushy-tailed ancestor had dwelt in the wild Yakoutsk waste, and had there known the Tartar races whose sons to-day hold empire in Mongolian realms? Or was it because of the more practical but less Darwinistic reason that every cook encountered by this dog since his advent to civilisation had been a Chinaman? Science alone can decide.

Crossing the Willamette River next morning, and taking their places in a railway car, the travellers continued their southern journey.

The line lay up the valley of Willamette. As the morning drew towards mid-day, the clouds gathered away into the mountains, and the broad country lying at either side of the road spread out its corn and fruit, its trees and flowers beneath the summer sun. By orchards which drooped with fruit, by forests whose flowering shrubs filled the underbush, through wide, far-reaching green meadows, over prairies where great herds of cattle stood, and troops of horses galloped in a vain race against the steam-horse, they held on through a long summer's day. Now and

again the line crossed some sparkling snow-fed river, and oftentimes, at the end of some long vista of plain or cultivated ground, a snow-clad peak of the Cascades rose towering aloft—the single Mount Jefferson, the triple-peaked Sisters, or nameless ridges whose pine-clad sides and icy summits guarded this "happy valley" of the Willamette.

Evening found the travellers at Roseburg, the end of the railway. Here a coach was to continue the journey for three hundred miles, until the railway system of the Sacramento valley would be reached at Redding. Before the door of a wooden building a coach stood ready for the road. The express agent, the driver, the clerk of the way-bill, and the numerous other loafing functionaries who form such an important feature in road transport in the Western States, were present either inside the building or at its door; an inner room contained supper for the passengers, who were duly admonished to look alive over the melancholy meal. Meantime the loafing community held debate among themselves upon the amount which should be charged upon the dog's passage to more southern lands. Various propositions were put forth and negatived for charging half fare, full fare, and no fare. At length the clerk of the way-bill spoke with the decision natural to his high and important office. "Charge him as extra baggage," said this sagacious functionary. The small hand-bag carried by the man was now placed in the scale, and the dog was induced to take his seat beside it, but no

sooner did the side on which he sat begin to swing to the adjustment of the weights than he was out on the ground again. Finally, the matter was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties: the bag weighed twenty pounds, the dog eighty; as the passengers were permitted to carry sixty pounds, forty was charged to the dog, and eight dollars duly registered against him. These matters having been settled, dog and man took their places on the box seat, and at eight o'clock on the evening of the 30th of June, the coach rolled slowly away from the village of Roseburg.

Darkness came down on the hills of Southern Oregon, and all the long night through the coach jolted along a road of intolerable roughness. Every twenty miles or so a stop was made to change horses, or take in some scanty mail-bag. Dreary and drowsy work it was, as the small hours were told off by the stars rising above or sinking beneath the dim circle of the hills. Day broke early; then, in the misty light, the coach stopped for breakfast. It was a mockery after such a night. "To be well shaken before taken" might avail for the medicine bottle; but the recipe was utterly futile when applied to the bad coffee, the greasy meat, and the damp bread of the Oregon wayside inn. Fain would the traveller have stayed his course and lain down to rest his aching bones and head; but the inn looked hopelessly uninviting, and the journey was resumed in the chance of going farther and faring better.

As mid-day drew near the hope of finding rest and

comfort became stronger. A place called Rock Point was frequently named by the driver as being remarkable for cleanliness and good living. The scenery, too, began to change; a peculiar red tinge became visible in the soil; great trees stood by themselves at intervals along the road; the sky grew to a more intense blue. At last the road passed a gorge between hills, and came in sight of a river running towards the west. "The Rogue River," said the driver. "And yon," he continued, pointing with his whip to a neat white house that stood on the left of the road, "is Rock Point Hotel."

Had the traveller even been less sick and sore than he was, he would still have welcomed the pleasant aspect of the place. Two lofty stone-pines stood by the roadside close to the house; a clear river ran in many curves through a valley in which patches of ripest wheat were set amid green groves of maple and madrono. Dark-leaved evergreen oaks grew by the road, hanging thick with large bunches of mistletoe. Here and there bright red bits of hill stood out amid the green trees and golden corn; over all the sun was bright, the sky intensely blue.

IV

AT Rock Point the man and the dog called a halt for the day, and the coach rolled away on its southern road, leaving the valley of the Rogue River in perfect peace. After the sixteen hours' jolting which the travellers had undergone since quitting Roseburg, the complete rest and unbroken quiet of this lovely spot were grateful to both man and beast.

Never was afternoon siesta more needed, never was it more enjoyed, than on that bright 1st of July when the tired man and the dozing dog idled away the warm hours of the summer's day in the roadside inn at Rock Point.

The western sun was beginning to get low on the red and green hills when a knock at the bedroom door caused the still sleepy travellers to start from their recumbent attitudes. The door opened, and the head of the hotel proprietor appeared.

"I ain't a man that bears any animosity agin dawgs," he said, "but that dawg won't agree with that carpet, and I'm bound to go for the carpet and not for the dawg."

The reasoning was sound.

"The dog," replied the traveller, "is an old and valued friend; he has not yet been denied admission into his owner's room by any hotel proprietors in Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia; nevertheless, if you think he injures your furniture I shall remove him, but his removal must be conditional upon a safe place, under lock and key, being provided for him in your farm buildings when the night has come." So much being said, the two travellers set forth upon an evening ramble ere the sun had gone down beneath the quiet hills.

It was one of those evenings, so perfect in colour and temperature, that fortunately for man they come but seldom to him in life, else the leaving of such a world would be all too terrible to think of. Strolling along the road the travellers stopped beneath the shadows of some tall stone-pines that grew by the wayside, in order to cast a fly upon the quiet stream of conversation which two denizens of the valley were maintaining. The theme was of Indian war. The remnant of a tribe, called Modocs, numbering about forty souls, had entrenched themselves amid lava beds some eighty miles farther east, and from thence had bidden defiance to some forty odd millions of white inhabitants of the United States. The forty odd millions in the United States had responded by moving up several battalions of troops, some batteries of artillery, and much military store. The fight had lasted three months; but the Modocs no longer held their lava burrows, and the valley of Rogue River had

to deplore the loss (upon brisk commissariat demand) of its farm produce, and exciting topics of conversation for its evening hours. As the traveller now stood listening to this wayside dialogue, he gathered many items of intelligence that threw light upon obscure points of Indian war. He found, for instance, that oats had advanced in price from thirty cents the bushel to one dollar in the valley, and that so long as these prices could be maintained war was rather a popular pastime to the peaceful inhabitants of the place.

As, however, this southern road will, in a day or two, carry the travellers nearer to the scene of conflict, the story of Modoc "war" must remain untold until Shasta is in sight.

Back through the long summer twilight to the inn, to find the preparations for the secure lodgment of the dog fully completed. Fear had evidently been the ruling passion that had dictated the arrangements in question—fear either that the dog would break loose in the night and devour quantities of farm produce, or else that he would turn the tide of his ferocity upon the human inmates of the hotel. The hotel-keeper, armed with two large keys, led the way towards a log-built barn. The dog was securely fastened to a beam, the two doors were locked, and the keys handed over to the man, who received them with a solemnity eminently impressive.

"He looks dangerous, he do," said the native of Oregon to the man, as, casting a last look through

the bars, the chained animal was dimly observable within.

"He has never been separated from me like this," gloomily replied the man. "I cannot answer for what he may do during the night. Which side of the house do you sleep?" he inquired, as if a thought had just struck him.

"On the near side," answered the innkeeper. "Me and my old woman are on the ground floor, next the kitchen."

"It doesn't much matter," went on the man, "we are sure to hear him if he is getting out."

In this assertion he only spoke a portion of the truth. The dog didn't get out; he remained in all night, but far and near he was heard all the same. It was a bright moonlight night, the air was very fresh, the odours of the trees very sweet, but all the same, Rogue River valley echoed with unceasing howls. The man's bedroom was situated at the side farthest from the barn, so that the lamentations of the captive fell muffled upon his sleepy ear. What was the effect upon the inmates on the nearer side morning alone could reveal.

Descending to breakfast next morning, the man inquired of the "old woman" how her husband had fared.

"He was tuck very bad in the night," she answered. "We sent off the waggon to Jacksonville for the doctor, but he hasn't come yet."

Under all these circumstances a continuation of

the journey became advisable, and a little after mid-day the travellers quitted Rock Point for the Siskyou and California.

It was a glowing July afternoon as the coach, now rolling along a good gravel road, held its way up the Rogue River valley to the city of Jacksonville. Although built of wood, Jacksonville was more addicted to masonry than any town the travellers had yet reached. The Fourth of July, now close at hand, promised to call forth some remarkable demonstrations from the masonic body of the city, as set forth in a printed programme posted in the hotel bar-room. According to this document, a national procession was to form at nine a.m. on the day in question. The grand Captain of the Host, a person of the name of Babcock, the Grand Principal Sojourner, a citizen named Shirtfill, the Bearer of Beauseant, represented by a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Biles, and the Guardian of the Temple, whose name has not been recorded, were severally and collectively to promote the interests of this remarkable "function" in a manner consistent with the high and mysterious titles borne by them in masonic life. Gentlemen bearing the names of Nolan, Niel, Kasper Kubli, and Nol Sachs were also to take a prominent part in the demonstration as orator, reader, and marshals of the day; while two orders of red men, together with thirty-eight young women representing the States of the Union, were to proceed on vehicles, on horse, and foot, to the rendezvous at Bylie's Grove, there to

celebrate, in becoming spirit, the Ninety-seventh Anniversary of American Independence.

Two days later, as the travellers were descending the Sacramento valley, many wobegone Guardians of Temples, Bearers of Beauseant, Principal Sojourners, and Chief Citizens were to be seen in different degrees of dilapidated sickliness along the stations of the Oregon and Californian railroad; but that was the day after the glorious "Fourth," and to-day, at Jacksonville, the Kasper Kublis, and the Nol Sachs, and the rest of the heroes have their drams and their headaches all before them.

Speeding along the upper valley of the Rogue River, the coach drew near the Siskyou range as the summer day began to grow dim. A long ascent wound up the hillside. The night fell, a brilliant moon rose over the scene, myriad scented things flung out perfume on the soft night air, the red stems of the madrono laurel glistened in the yellow light, the sheen of dew on blossom sparkled along the roadside. At length the crest was gained. Below, far stretching to the south, lost in a dreamy haze of moonlight, lay California the beautiful. The moon had risen high in the blue heaven, and under her lustrous light Shasta's cold white cone rose like a gigantic iceberg above the dim pine sea beneath.

On through the night. At a wayside stable about midnight there was a change of drivers, and there mounted the box D. M. Cawley, of Yreka, Cal. He was friendly with the man-traveller at once, he had

a dozen kind words for the dog, he had a hundred anecdotes to tell of road and State, of Indians and settlers. The moon set, and darkness was on all the land; there was just light enough to see that wild, bleak hills lay all around, and that the coach road had, at turns, steep slopes that dropped down into the darkness on one side and rose up into the hill upon the other. At length a black quick-flowing river lay across the road—it was the Klamath River. The coach and its four horses were ferried across upon a crazy raft, swinging to a cable from bank to bank.

It was after crossing this river that Mr. Cawley began a narrative of the "Modoc war," as the fight made by some few starving Indian men and women fifty miles higher up this Klamath River was known to the American people. It would not be easy to put into the original words the story of that war as the traveller here heard it from the lips of the stage-coach driver. Enough to say that no man had better opportunities of arriving at the truth than had this driver, whose knowledge of the district and its people —settler and savage—went back to times ere Californian roads began.

They were the scant remnant of a once powerful tribe. For generations deep beyond the coming of the white man, their fathers had dwelt around the base of Shasta—Shasta, the monarch mountain of the United States. Over a sea of pine-trees which offer a ceaseless melody around his feet, Shasta lifts his lonely head into unclouded skies; he stands alone, a

mighty, solitary mountain—not a crest amid countless peaks, but a single colossal cone, whose base springs from a circumference of sixty miles, whose summit lifts the light of its everlasting whiteness fourteen thousand four hundred feet above the sea-level.

Shasta, or "the Whiteness," they had named him; for wherever their tents were pitched, through the immense pine-trees, the sheen of his white splendour fell upon them as the glory of their home-land.

At the north side of Shasta there was a poor and arid region. The lava torrent had scorched from it verdure, and the sage bush alone grew upon the salt-encrusted soil. This region was given to the Modoc tribe as their reserved ground. They at first occupied a reserved tract on the Klamath River, under treaty with the United States; but incoming settlers hungered for this land, and the Modocs were moved by force into the wretched region just spoken of. It was a poor and arid waste. The people starved. The streams were without fish, the sage bush sheltered no deer, the Modocs killed and ate their horses for food, and then they starved.

One night they passed the line of posts set to mark the new reserve, and moved back into their old region along the stream, which they had named the Lost River. There were those amongst them who as boys had roved the entire country within sight of Shasta's lofty head, and found no mortal to dispute their right to it, for from the Pacific the land was theirs; and now, when they had killed their horses and their dogs

for food, the hungry band moved back into their old lost home, as the hunted hare will turn to seek her birthplace with the last effort of her strength, to die there.

Then came the usual Government officials of the United States, of many different degrees; and then, from Yreka, Portland, and San Francisco, soldiers and militia moved up to the Lost River.

Let us do these Government officials and United States soldiers justice. They do not want wars with the Indians. Like the petty savage wars of England, the fight is too unequal, its real causes too apparent to enlist the sympathies of the soldier. But behind wars of this class lie contracts, large demands for produce of land, increased expenditure and better prospect of robbing the State—all of which considerations go far to make war a popular pastime with the civilian and colonial mind. So it was determined that if the Modocs did not return to their barren reservation there would be war. The Modocs would not give up their old home, and the war began.

It would take long to tell how these few Modoc men and women held the wild lava beds by the Klamath lakes, from early spring to midsummer, against many hundred regular soldiers. "When we have killed each three white men," said the Modoc chief, "then we will die satisfied."

They began by killing the United States' commissioners at a parley; for from the first the contest, to the Indians, was a hopeless one, and to kill and

be killed was all they sought for. Meantime, very famous dispatches emanated from the generals commanding the United States' troops. Day after day accounts came of places stormed and Indians killed. Announcements in the newspapers appeared in which the strange names of the Modoc chiefs were seen in large capitals. Scar-faced Charley, Curly-headed Doctor, Boston Charley, Hooker Jim, and Bogus Charley—names bestowed on these poor wretches by the mingled ruffianism and civilisation of America—became prominent headings all over the States. Of course the slaughter among the Modocs was reported as very great. On one occasion a vigorous cannonade had resulted in the destruction of the Curly-headed Doctor; again, Steamboat Frank was disposed of by a cavalry charge; and finally, after a bombardment of the lava beds of several hours' duration, Bogus Charley's hat was picked up—a fact which pointed to the natural conclusion that the body of Bogus had been utterly blown into imperceptible fragments.

But the crowning triumph of this Modoc war was the fact of a new strategical phrase having arisen from it.

One fine morning two companies of United States' soldiers had advanced to storm some outlying position held by the Indians. The Modocs opened fire. "The companies, thrown into confusion," wrote the general, "received orders to retire; they obeyed, but failing to halt, &c., the field was abandoned to the enemy." Failing to halt! the good old man-

œuvre of "running away" never appeared in garb so delicate. To all future commanders in these warlike days the phrase should prove an invaluable addition to the dictionary of defeat. The Modoc war was over. Two mountain batteries, two regiments of infantry, many battalions of volunteers, had at length succeeded in cutting the Modocs off from water, and had thus compelled their surrender through thirst. But this had not been effected until four Modoc Indians had been induced, by large promises, to desert their comrades and reveal the hidden spring to the enemy.

Out of the lava beds, which they had held for three months, in spite of overwhelming forces, there marched fifteen men and forty-five women. The prisoners were sent down to Fort Klamath in waggons, bound hand and foot. This is what followed.

A company of Oregon volunteers waylaid one of the waggons on the road, cut the traces, ordered the small escort to alight, and deliberately shot the four handcuffed Indians as they sat in the waggon. The caitiffs who dared not face these wretched Modocs free, thus butchered them, bound and helpless.

The Anglo-Saxon race has never been remarkable for magnanimity towards a fallen foe. "Strike well these English," said Duke William, on the morning of Hastings, to his Normans; "show no weakness towards these English, for they will have no pity for you. Neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for fighting well, will be better liked by the English; nor will any be more spared on either

account." It has mattered little through history whether the foe was civilised or savage, or man or woman. The character given by Duke William has been verified throughout succeeding ages. For the two bravest women that ever stood in the path of our conquest we had nothing to offer but the stake and the infamy of shameful words. An English general spurns with his foot the dead body of the only African king who, whatever were his faults, was a soldier every inch of him; and three years ago a captive Zulu chief, brought prisoner through Natal, is spat upon, bound and helpless as the Modocs were, by the Anglo-Saxon colonist of the period. To return to the Modoc story.

They hanged the chief and his few remaining comrades: they met their end bravely. The day before the execution, Jack, the chief, was asked if he had anything to say. "I have nothing to say. To-morrow I am to die; but already my Indian heart is dead and cold, and all I ask is that Lizzie, my wife, may be allowed to sit beside me."

He might die contented. The last Modocs went from the shadow of Shasta; but they had sent three times the number of enemies into the deeper shade of death.

A dawn full of weird lights, of many-hued bars of clouds stretched horizontally along the eastern sky, of white vapours clinging to stream courses over a vast plain, and above the vapours sharp serrated cones rise to view, and still high above the cones one

grand mountain mass rears up into the pale green sky. A complete change had taken place in the character of the scenery and the land. The road lay across a level plain, covered with sage bush. Numbers of long-eared rabbits were to be seen hopping in and out of the low cover. In many places great heaps of gravel were visible—traces of gold-miner's labour in the days when first California was a magic name to the gold-seeker. But the one centre of sight was Shasta. Cold, white, and grand he rose to the south-east, holding aloft to many a long mile of the Pacific coast the signal of the sunrise.

At one hundred and one miles from Rock Point, a distance covered in eighteen and a half hours, the coach stopped for breakfast. The village was called Butteville. A stream of clear cold water, fed from Shasta's snow, ran by the little inn, and along it oleanders clustered thickly. The travellers, tired by the long night's journey, would fain have called here another halt, for independently of fatigue and sleepiness, at Butteville abided their good friend, D. M. Cawley, of Yreka, Cal. But ere that worthy driver had relinquished the reins to a successor, he had confided to the man a piece of advice as to lodgment.

"The next stage," he said, "is Sisson's. It's the coolest and best place on the line; right afore it is Shasta; all around it is forest. Sisson will treat you both well. Do ye know," went on the traveller's friend, "that dawg has come it kind on me. I'd like to know how that dawg got on in 'Frisco, I would; and

if ye'd have a spare minute, and just drop a line to D. M. Cawley, Yreka, California, I'd be glad to get it."

Some few miles south of Butteville the road began to ascend; soon it entered a deep and lofty pine forest, a forest differing entirely from the pine woods of Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia. Colossal trees stood at distances apart from each other, their lower trunks bare of branches to a height sufficient to allow a man on horseback to ride beneath; their tops tapering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the ground; their middle distance filled with dusky-leaved branches, through which the summer sun could not penetrate, and amid which a ceaseless murmur of soft winds sounded far away music night and day.

Beneath this glorious forest there was no gloom. The sandy soil showed bright amidst many a creeping plant; the morning sun shot down his rays here and there between the lofty trees, and fell on the massive trunks of dull red Douglass and darker-stemmed "sugar" pine. Through openings to the left Shasta was constantly visible.

It was yet two hours of mid-day when, amid a small glade in this great forest, Sisson's Hotel was seen by the roadside, standing full in front of Shasta, whose snow-white crown and colossal bulk rose from endless waves of tree-top.

A place of rest was Sisson's. Ice-cool water trickled along its little garden; from the gigantic pines soft murmurs and sweet odours came, and, as the long

summer day stole on into the west, such lights glowed on Shasta's splintered shoulders that the man-traveller, rousing himself from rest, looked out of the little window of his room and could not go to sleep again. The heat had been great, but it was eminently a bearable heat. The ground whereon Sisson's stood was three thousand seven hundred feet above sea-level; the snow upon the last four thousand feet of Shasta's mass made cool, at least to the eye, the clear bright atmosphere. Beneath the pines dark shadows slowly moved with the changing sun.

It was a rare good time for the dog; he squatted in the clear cold water-rills. He was an object of solicitude on the part of Sisson; but this feeling of friendship was traceable to the proximity of another large dog dwelling in the house of Sisson's rival, an innkeeper close by, and it was perceivable that Sisson regarded the newly arrived animal in the light of a possible annihilator of the beast across the road.

Evening came; the sun went down. Shasta seemed close at hand, every rock on his brown sides, each fissure far up amid his snow stood out distinct amid an atmosphere that had no trace of cloud or mist to mar its intense clearness. Twilight came; the sheen of Shasta's snow still glowed in the purple light; a low wind swept the lofty pine-tops; the hand of the night was stirring the old music of the earth, and the grand Californian forest was murmuring its melody at the feet of Shasta.

The snow that lies upon the crest of Shasta is as

old as earth itself; nor yet more youthful is that forest mantle spread around the giant's feet.

Here, since time began, the pine-tops have bent their lofty heads, the west wind has sung the Vesper Hymn at sunset, and back through all the ages, ere even the red man came, the crest of Shasta, wondrous church-tower of God, has flung its sunrise glory around six hundred miles of horizon.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

THEY have written much about it; they have painted and photographed it many times. They have made roads and bridle-paths to it, built hotels and drinking saloons in it, brought the cosmopolite cockney to it, excursioned to it, picnicked in it, scraped names upon its rocks, levied tolls by its waterfalls, sung "Hail! Columbia" beneath the shadows of its precipices, swallowed "smashes" and "slings" under its pine-trees; outraged, desecrated, and profaned it, but still it stands an unmatched monument hewn by ice and fire from the very earth itself.

So far as man civilised is concerned, its story has been a short one. When the gold had all been taken from the "placer" diggings of Tuolumne and Mariposa, the miner began to turn the surface of the earth for other gold than that nugget wealth he had previously sought on bed-rock and in water-ledge. The yellow wheaten harvest, the golden ripeness of the Indian corn, began to colour the level expanses that spread at the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada; and as the mining camps lessened amid the hills, the farmstead

and the stock *ranche* grew more numerous on the lower land.

But, close by the edge of the foot-hills in Tuolumne and Mariposa, there occurred ever and anon certain drawbacks to farmers' prosperity. Indians descended from the sierras, and swept cattle and horses from the *ranches* into the hills. When daylight revealed these depredations a hot pursuit usually began. Eagerly the trail was followed into the hills. Then, higher up, through winding glens and along the banks of torrents, into the sierras it led; sometimes a tired horse or a dying ox was overtaken, then the trail led still deeper into the tangled fastnesses of the mountains, until, in wild labyrinths of rock, precipice, and forest, it invariably ended—no man could tell where. In two or three days' time the party of pursuit would emerge from the sierras with provisions all exhausted, and with bruised or torn limbs.

Still the depredations went on. At last a party of farmers met together for a pursuit, and swore among themselves to stick to the trail, wherever it led, until their cattle had been recovered. They followed the old line through the foot-hills, up the rugged glens into the mountains. Tangled brake, steep precipices, places of indescribable ruggedness were passed; the trail seemed to lead everywhere at once. The place was a deep gloomy ravine, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent roared along an unseen course. Following up the valley, the path became lost amid

gigantic boulders. Climbing with difficulty the rock sides of this valley, the pursuers found themselves on a broken plateau, thickly forested. Wandering on, in the hope of again recovering the lost trail, they came all at once upon the edge of a vast depression. The oldest mountain climber among them had never seen such a sight.

Straight down beneath, how many thousand feet no man could guess, lay a fair and lovely land. It was not a valley. Its sides were perfectly steep, presenting to the eye, at the opposite side, a wall-like face of sheer dark-grey rock. It was not a chasm, because the floor appeared as a perfect level, carpeted with bright green grass, upon the surface of which stately pine-trees grew at intervals. Glen, valley, cañon, cirque, chasm—it was none of these things. It was a picture of a new and wondrous world, deep sunken beneath a rim of stupendous rock.

In many curves, bending from the farther wall, and lost to view under the nearer one on which the party stood, but emerging again into sight near the centre of the space, was seen a clear and beautiful river.

As the men crowded along the edge of the precipice that inclosed this wonderful fairy region, fresh marvels broke upon their sight. They saw many cataracts falling into the valley from great heights; some rolling over the opposing edges in vast volumes of water that broke into innumerable jets of spray, as they descended into the mid distance beneath; others making successive bounds from basin to basin as they

pitched headlong down; others again chafing into tiniest threads of vapour ere their long descent was done.

But to the rough farmers there was a sight even more wonderful than precipices or cataract or crystal river. Below, in the green meadow, they beheld their lost cattle and their stolen horses, appearing as specs of life in the immense distance beneath, but still clearly discernible in an atmosphere of intense clearness. Into this fairy land there must be means of entrance, this great rock wall must possess a door. They set to work eagerly to look for it; they followed the edge, and frequently essayed a descent, but everywhere they met the same sheer cliff.

Night came. They encamped on the summit, and with morning began again the work of exploration. They followed water-courses that flowed towards the precipice; but these ended in perpendicular falls of water that made the men dizzy to look down. Another night passed. Next day brought better fortune; they had now followed the precipice many miles along its edge. Fresh marvels had opened beneath them as they went, but in the absence of a means of entering the valley its wonders of scenery were little thought of. At last they reached a spot where the abrupt rock gave place to a descent shelving enough to give root and sustenance to a growth of pine-trees. Down this shelving bank they managed to travel for about a thousand feet; then the scarped rock was again met with. Descending through a kind of causeway

opening, cut by a water-course in this wall, they reached again a less abrupt escarpment, and finally, after many hours of excessive toil, found themselves on the floor of the valley.

Not far from where they entered, a cascade of immense height plunged in three great leaps down the wall of rock. Days afterwards, when these men had got back to the settlements, and were retailing to their friends the marvellous region they had visited, this cascade formed a chief topic of the story. "It falls," said one of the explorers, "one thousand feet." The neighbours shook their heads. One thousand feet! Impossible. Gauged since by actual measurement, this waterfall has been found to be two thousand six hundred feet in height. Perhaps this fact is as good a method of estimating the real nature of the Yosemite Valley as any other that can be stated. What is called the "vulgar estimate" of height or distance does not usually err on the side of depreciation. Waves in storm are said to be mountains high when they are only twenty feet, but this mountain wall was only reckoned at a third of its real height by the men who first gazed from beneath at its edge, clear cut, against the sky of California.

There was a farmer listening to this story who thought to himself deeply over the marvels of the place. "A waterfall," said he, "one thousand feet from top to bottom! Niagara is but one hundred and sixty feet, and yet tens of thousands of visitors flock to see it. I will go to the foot of the fall that is one

thousand feet high, and if I find there is such a thing, I will build there a hotel and make a fortune."

He was true to his word. Opposite the great fall of the Yosemite this farmer set his stakes and pitched his tent; and to-day, out of all the rest-houses, hotels, inns, restaurants, and places of entertainment for beast and man in the wonderful valley, that of Farmer Hutchings holds its own.

But to return to the party of explorers. They found their stolen cattle and horses resting quietly under the shade of the lofty pine-trees, and chewing the cud of contentment by the crystal waters of the serpentine river, whose banks were deep in grass and flowers. They found, too, some scattered bands of red men, who offered but a feeble resistance to the incomers, preferring to seek safety in the steep rocks of unnumbered "kloofs" and caverns that fringed the waterfalls, and lay piled beneath the precipices.

And thus, after long centuries of seclusion, this most wonderful secret spot of nature was revealed to the eyes of the tame man. Ever since the earth began, the sun and the eaglehad gazed into its great depths. The roving red man had pitched his lodge in its hidden meadows; the grizzly had made it his favourite home; but henceforth all was to be changed. The loafer, the lying guide, the man of the mint julep, the man with the camera obscura, the man with the unwashed hands and the diamond breast-pin, the English tourist in anxious uncertainty as to the identity of some particular waterfall, the man

going to Japan, the man with the paper-collar, the man who has been in the Holy Land, the male and female tourist of every degree—all are to eat, sleep, gallop, gossip, and guzzle in it.

The old Indian names of rock and waterfall are to give place to "Caps of Liberty," "Bridal Veils," and "Royal Arches," and through the murmur of waters, and within the roar of cataracts, petroleum, shoddy, and Saratoga will ride, rampant and unabashed. And yet they cannot spoil it. It defies even the united efforts of the British traveller and the Yankee tourist. Man in the Yosemite is no bigger than an infant in St. Peter's at Rome. He can crawl over the pavement, but the walls and the dome are beyond his reach.

All day long we have been working on into the range of the Sierra Nevada from the railway station at Merced. The coach-load is a big one, and fairly represents Californian society—a Britisher who is on his way round the world, evidently put out at not finding that his Club has been sent on just one day ahead of him; another Englishman, who is on his way from Japan, and is taking copious notes with a view to the publication of a work entitled "From Nangasaki to Niagara;" a Frenchman who is somewhat disheartened at discovering that his much-prized English is perfectly useless to convey or receive tangible thought in America; two Chinamen, silent, reserved, but good-humoured; an Irish-American, long resident in Asia.

With many twists and bends the road climbs the wooded foot-hills, and as the sunset hour draws near the height attained can be measured by the vast range of vision backwards over the San Joaquin Valley, and in the cool breeze that comes rippling along the glen-sides of the leafy foot-hills. It grows dusk as we reach the last stage for the day, a long, low, wooden building, with tiny bedrooms opening off a verandah running the entire length of the house; clean, cool beds in the little rooms, and cold water to wash away the hot, red dust of the San Joaquin, that enemy that hung so persistently upon our flying traces all through the long summer day.

When the evening meal is over the passengers group together in the verandah, and conversation becomes brisk. The Irish American has had wide experience. He has been American consul at Zanzibar, American ambassador at Pekin; he has seen something of life in most of the States of the Union, and the years have left him many a story to tell the travellers to-night.

The Chinese question, that burning one along the Pacific coast, is foremost on the list. "You treat the Chinese shamefully," says a traveller. "When I was in San Francisco a small boy belonging to the hotel used to look after my clothes and wait upon me. All one Sunday he was absent; late at night he presented himself before me. 'You have been away?' I said to him. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I had a bully day to-day. I first went to see the general buried; then I went to

the Chinese town, and threw bricks at the Chinamen all the afternoon.' 'Did not the police stop you?' I asked in my simplicity. 'The police stop me!' replied the juvenile, in a tone of half-contemptuous pity for my ignorance. 'I guess they'd heave bricks at the Yellow-skins as soon as I would.' And yet," continued the traveller, "your public men dare not make a stand against this monstrous tyranny of the mob. One evening I was at the house of a professional gentleman in San Francisco. I spoke of Chinese emigration. His drawing-room door stood open. Rising from his chair, he closed the door carefully, and said to me, 'I tell you what it is, sir: we better-class people could not live here at all if it were not for these poor Chinamen they so bitterly revile.'"

The Irish American follows. "Our people," he says, "dislike the Chinese for other reasons besides their interference with the labour market. They take our money, but they do not become Americans; they have nothing in common with us; they refuse our civilisation and reject our institutions."

"In other words," replies the first speaker, "you hate them because they are the only race under the sun who utterly triumph over you. The Spaniard and the Swede, the Frank and the Teuton, the Celt and the Saxon, all merge their national types into your social and political systems; even the Negro becomes a Yankee; the Red Indians disappear wholly before you; but this Asiatic, older than any, retains

unchanged the essence of his national life. He defies your power of assimilation, he uses you for his own ends; he builds roads, bridges, railways, wharves, but you cannot induce him to go this 'ticket' or that 'ticket' at your State elections. Greely and Grant are unknown quantities to him; nevertheless he knows the difference between a greenback and a 'shin-plaster,' and can beat you at a game of euchre or 'fives up.' He can live in comfort where you would die in misery, He takes your gold and gives you labour, but nothing more; in his secret heart he despises you. His heart and soul long for his own land again; and if in life he is not to see it, in death he is still to rest there. He is, in fine, the one human unit who utterly defies you, and you hate him because he is so."

Never before had such a view of the hated Chinaman been put before the mental gaze of an American. It was positively appalling in its novel audacity. The Frenchmen were delighted.

When the American had retired for the night one of the Frenchmen said—"Is it not curious—he is the first American whose English we can fully understand?" "Ah, yes," replied the traveller, "he is an Irishman, and he has lived in China for many years." The explanation was accepted.

Next morning the coach carried its load deeper into the mountains, and before mid-day reached another resting point seven thousand feet above the sea-level. Here the coach stopped, ponies were in waiting, and

those of the passengers who wished to visit the "big trees" that day set out for a further six miles through the forest.

Here, at an elevation varying between six and nine thousand feet, this hoary monarch of the great forest has sat throned through thousands of years.

This Californian forest reaches here its most magnificent proportions; not only are the "big trees" giants themselves, but far and near other pines almost as gigantic shadow the rolling sides of these beautiful Sierras; high above, between the far-reaching tree-tops, glimpses of bluest sky are seen. On the ground the horses' knees brush away the blossoms of the azaleas that cluster thickly along the pathway. There is no dust here, neither is there gloom; all is freshness, sense of health, sense of the ever-recurring life of nature.

Under yon hoary giant that has stood since Rome was founded grows some tender fern of last week's shower—blooms some bright flower whose life is but a summer.

On, beneath the great trees, the ponies amble in single file, and at last there is seen, a little way ahead, a dark russet tree-trunk, of girth surpassing anything we have yet come to. Assuredly a big tree, but is it one of the "big trees"? So many giants have stood along the pathway that we hesitate ere we call out to those who follow, "Here they are." Yes, it is the first of the big trees, and others follow at short intervals. Still it is difficult to take in all at once

the real vastness of these great red tree-trunks. It is only when we come to one fallen giant, and, dismounting, go up his side by a ladder, and walk the broad pathway of his upper surface, along a space wide enough for four men to walk abreast upon, that we realise the true nature of these gigantic pines. The "Fallen Monarch," they have named him. Almost every big tree has now its title—not always so apt as in the case of this prostrate giant. The political heroes of the Democratic or Republican parties in the Pacific slope, as well as the wider-known celebrities of the central government at Washington, have given names to these grand old trees, names terribly discordant with the scene. Rufus B. Crooks appears upon a brass plate on one tree; a little farther on, Colonel S. P. B. Scott is cut in a marble tablet hung against another; then President Grant, Longfellow, Stanton, and Mrs. Stanton meet the eye; the name of Cobb appears upon a seventh tree, and finally George Washington crowns the lot. We pass them all, and reach at last a wonderfully old tree—he bears the name of "Grizzly Giant." The guide tells us that he is two hundred and fifty feet in height; but that is only half what he must once have been, for his head and shoulders are gone, and no trace of them remains upon the surrounding ground. At a height of ninety feet above the ground there is a single branch which is eighteen feet in circumference; the tree itself, measured at two feet above the ground, is ninety feet around it. There are lumps and knobs encrusted

upon its bark as large as good-sized trees each of them. How pleasant it would be if the man who is bound for Japan would proceed there, if the man going round the world would continue his circum-exploration, if the guide and the rest of them would simply go away and leave us here alone to camp under this old giant, as we used to camp far away in the frozen North! Then we might look at him all to ourselves; then, perhaps, as the starlight was stealing over the Sierras, and huge trunks were growing dim in the lessening light, he, this wonder, might whisper forth his vast unutterable music; but now the trail of the tourist is over it all, the chicken-bone of yesterday's picnic lies amid the cones that hold the seeds of thirty centuries, and Time, in his thousands of years, as an American writer has put it, "looking down from the summit of this tree," is annihilated by the glance which the aforesaid tourist casts back into the tree-top.

From the foot of the Grizzly Giant we wander off to other big trees set along our return pathway. There is Pluto's Chimney, a vast ruined trunk, within the hollows of which a rider can turn his horse without touching the wood that is around him on every side, save the archway through which he entered; and there are many other old veterans more or less desecrated by that terrible civiliser, the Anglo-Saxon Yankee; for, be it ever remembered, that the highest extreme of American snobbishness is but the Anglo-Saxon vulgarity run to seed, precisely as the extreme

of British solidity and perseverance is found in the matchless energy and restless sharpness of the Yankee.

To cut here on this big tree the name of Rufus B. Crooks, in marble, is but the highest development of that cockney instinct which induces John Jones to carve his name on a bench in Richmond Park. If English travellers in America would but realise the great fact that America is only a semi-tropic England, minus the Norman Conquest, the germs of many curious expressions and apparently singular customs might be looked for nearer home.

Back to the comfortable wooden hotel for food and rest, and away again on pony-back early next morning for the Yosemite Valley. Three hours' easy riding carries us to another wooden shanty, where food awaits man and beast. All around is pine forest, but no dense, gloomy labyrinthine wood. Forest of stately trees growing at intervals, forest of brooks and streams, where water fills deep pools amid rocks and flashes over grey boulders of granite, and catches sunbeams that come slanting amid pine-tops; forest of spicy odours, of sweet scent, of the freshness of Summer Sierra, eight thousand feet above the sea-level.

But, as we ride along in the early summer afternoon through this undulating forest, there suddenly bursts upon us a sight unlike anything we have ever seen, unlike anything we are ever likely to see again until fate turns our steps towards the Valley of the Yosemite.

If the ground had opened suddenly before our ponies' heads the change could not have been more abrupt. All at once the trees in front vanish, the earth dips down into an abyss, and we find ourselves in a blaze of noonday light, grouped upon a bare rock, which, projecting out into space, has beneath it at one sweep of the eye the whole Yosemite. The Americans have named the rock Inspiration Point. It is an unfortunate title; the Rock of Silence would be a fitter name for it. The inspiration that prompts the reiterated utterance of "Oh, how beautiful!" "Oh, ain't it elegant!" "Did you ever?" "Ain't it romantic, now?" is not exactly the form of inspiration here needed; but it is, nevertheless, the one the wanderer will most likely discover among his inspired fellow-travellers, if he ventures to enter this valley in the company of his fellow-beings.

It is not easy to get nowadays to any of the beautiful spots of the civilised earth alone. In America, wherever the steamboat plies on the river, or the deep whistle of the iron-horse is heard, there the traveller has to take his scenery as he does his dinner —in company. Fortunately, once inside the magic circle of the rock wall of the Yosemite, one is free to wander alone through its countless aisles. This vast cathedral has, in fact, innumerable side chapels and cloisters, through which one can escape from the particular group or body of tourists to which a cruel fate, in the shape of a hotel captain or director of tourists, has consigned him.

But to return to Inspiration Point. Standing on the rock, and looking towards the north-east, the traveller, ordinary or inspired, sees as follows: A deep chasm or rent-like hollow, running about eleven miles amid nearly perpendicular mountains. Right in front, looking across this chasm, there stands a mighty rock, a single front of solid granite, smooth almost to polish. The top of this rock lies nearly level with the top of the rock on which he stands, the base rests amid green grass and dark pines far away below; from base to summit is three thousand one hundred feet. This is the "Tutuckanuba," or "Chief of the Valley" of the Indians, the "Capitan" of the white man. But measurements and names are useless to convey to the mind any fixed conception of this scene. The countless rocks that rise around the green cool-looking vale beneath have about them a strange aspect of solidity which no other mountains that we know of possess; they are rentless, jointless, unsplintered. Wherever ruin has come to them it has been in earthquake shape, cleaving at one single stroke some mighty cliff asunder, as a knife might sever an apple in twain, but leaving the sundered portions intact and unbroken. Looking up along the line of the southern rim, the great Half Dome is seen. Six thousand feet he towers above the valley, ten thousand above the sea. Its bald crown is as smooth as a skull, save for one solitary oak-tree, which has never yet been reached by man: but some vast shock has cut down the frontlet sheer into the valley, and,

steepest among all the steep sides of the Yosemite is the smooth face of this seamless rock. The effect of this entirety of rock, this smooth-polished surface of mountain, is striking in the extreme. It gives to these precipices a sense of greatness beyond even their own vast proportions; they are not, in fact, mountains, they are single rocks. El Capitan is but three thousand one hundred feet, but it is three thousand one hundred feet of solid single rock. The "Ma-tu" of the Indians, "Cap of Liberty" of the Americans, is another of these wonderful rocks; four thousand six hundred feet he rises sheer from the Nevada Fall, smooth, seamless, and glistening.

But it is time to begin our descent into the valley. It is a continuous zigzag. The ponies know it well; it looks nasty in scores of places, but the sure-footed beasts go steadily down. The descent is so steep that it takes less time to accomplish it than we could have supposed when looking at the valley from above.

We are on the level ground again, and push out from the base of the cliff into the more open meadow-land.

The evening is coming on. We hurry along a level, sandy track; around us are pine-trees, flowers, and ever-recurring vistas of water, clear, green, sparkling; a noise of falling water fills the air; the sunlight is streaming across the valley high above our head. We are in the shadow as we ride; but it is not sun or shadow, stream or waterfall, pine-tree or azalea-

blossom that we care to look at: it is the rocks. They rapt our gaze when we saw them from above, They do so ten times more strongly now—Cathedral, Sentinel, Three Brothers, El Capitan, Domes, Ramparts, call them what you will, they rise around us clear cut against the blue Californian sky, filling with the mystery of their grandeur the earth and heaven.

But it is not to its rocks that the Yosemite owes its greatest beauty. When that first party of exploration returned to tell the settlers in Mariposa of the wonderful valley which they had discovered, they spoke of a waterfall having a height of one thousand feet. It had in reality a height of two thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet, and yet that fall was only one among many. There are but few spots in the entire valley from which the eye cannot discern the sheen of water falling perpendicularly great distances, none in which the ear does not catch the roar or the murmur of cataract or rill. Go and look at the Bridal Veil (Pohono of the Indians): nine hundred and forty feet it casts its waters from a smooth ledge into a bouquet of pine-tops. "Spirit of the Evil Wind" the red men called it; for when its roar filled the lower valley the hot wind of the plains was blowing into the valley.

Go again to the Vernal, the Piwyack, or Wild Water of the Indians: you forget the Pohono in the newer loveliness of this broad sheet of snow, which in most exquisite curve drops three hundred and fifty feet. Then ride on higher up again: all at once you

are face to face with the Nevada Fall. It is seven hundred feet. Close beside it, steep as the face of a wall, there rises up a single solid rock which is three thousand eight hundred feet above the edge of the fall; the Cap of Liberty it is called. Can we put before the reader even a faint idea of this scene? From a sheer, clean, seamless rock, seven hundred feet above the spectator's head, a great body of water leaps out into space. Instantly it has taken the spring, innumerable bouquets of white lilies, jets of snowlike water, cast themselves forward from the mass, lengthening out into rockets of snow as they quicken their descent. At the left edge of the fall the rock is continued on more than three thousand feet into the sky. Bear in mind that this rock is not a mountain receding at even a steep angle from its base. It looks as directly over the foot of the fall as the cross of St. Paul's is over the pavement of the churchyard.

If the spectator feels inclined to doubt the narrowness of the base upon which this enormous rock stands, he has only to look around him to see a tangible proof of its closeness to him. There is a wooden shanty or rest-house standing not far from the foot of the fall. Some few years since a slight tremor shook the towering rock, and massive splinters fell crashing among the pine-tops. One went like a thunderbolt clean through the wooden house: the others are to be seen lying thickly about.

Bend back your head to the full limits of the neck and look up at the Cap. It is very far above; a

cloud sails down from the blue sky, touches it, clings a moment to it, and then trails away into space; there is not a trace of mist to hide one particle of the rock, the sunlight falls full upon it, and you mark many whitish specks far away near the summit. What are they? They are the spots from whence the earthquake cast its bolts. Thousands of tons of rock have come down from these white specks. The Rock Cap of Liberty has shown the earthquake lurking beneath it, and the tourist of the time has been almost as astonished as some idlers of the earth when, from beneath the Phrygian cap, the human earthquake called Revolution has thundered amid their ranks.

One item regarding the Nevada Fall deserves to be recorded. Some years back there stood on the very lip of the fall a single rock, which divided the water as it rolled over the edge into two portions; one contained by far the greater volume of water, the other was but a tiny stream which joined the main fall ere half the long descent was done. The single dark rock thus hanging, as it were, on the edge of the abyss, added not a little to the great beauty of the scene. But such was not the opinion of the State Commissioners who preside over the destinies of this valley, so long watched over by the eagles and by the sun. To these worthy men this single rock offered a chance not to be neglected of improving nature. Will it be credited that masons were engaged, a scaffolding was stretched over the smaller channel to the rock, a shaft was bored in it, dynamite did the rest; and in the

special accounts of the State of California there appeared in the charges for maintaining the Yosemite the following item, "To repairing the Nevada Fall."

Thinking of all these things, as here we stand at the foot of the "repaired" fall; looking at the repairer in the full tide of his holiday offensiveness, and then glancing aloft at the grim giant Cap, set high above our world, one feels inclined to say, "Some day thy thunderbolts will avenge the outrage."

AFGHANISTAN AND THE AFGHANS.

WEST of the quivering plains of the middle Indus, where the five rivers of the Punjaub meet in one common channel, there is seen a great mountain range, whose peaks prolong a broken outline along the horizon far into the north and into the south. When the sun sinks behind this mountain, in the days preceding the beginning of the cool season, masses of fantastic-shaped clouds are frequently seen piled above and beyond the loftiest peaks of the range, as though they reflected in the heavens a sea of billowy mountain set beneath them upon the earth. Yet the most fantastic images built by the evening vapours in the high atmosphere beyond the Sulimani range are not more rugged in outline, or more singularly interwoven in mass and form, than are the stern features of the land that lies beneath them. In fact, this range of the Sulimani marks one of the most abrupt transitions from level plain to rugged mountain that the surface of the globe presents to us—India, the land of plains, upon one side; Afghanistan, the realm of mountains, on the other.

Amid the confused mass of mountains extending from the edge of the Indus valley to the deserts of Khorassan and the valley of Oxus, it is no easy task to follow out even the simple physical law which makes the snow-fed rivulet seek the ocean. With the exception of the small stream of the Kurum, the great range of the Sulimani sends forth no river, large or small, to find the ocean. Roughly speaking, what Switzerland is to Europe, Afghanistan is to Asia; with this difference, however, that more than half the valleys of the latter country are of the same altitude as the Engadine, that lakes are almost unknown, and that the snow-fall is lighter. Time has wrought but little change in the lines of communication through this mass of mountains. As they existed in the days of Alexander the Great, and Mahomed of Ghizni, so are they to-day—rough, stony tracks, frequently following the beds of torrents, crossing mountain passes at high altitudes, passing beneath the shadows of stupendous precipices, or piercing desert wastes girt round with gloomy hills. Yet the broad features of their course and distance are easy to comprehend. If we imagine a huge capital letter H, we shall have a fair idea of the general plan of the two great high-roads and the connecting cross-road that have existed in Afghanistan since the earliest time. Place at the top of the left-hand line of the letter the city of Herat, at the base of the same line the city of Shikapoor; at the top of the right line the city of Balkh, at the base the city of Peshawar; put Kandahar, at

the point where the central connecting line intersects the left arm; place the fortress of Ghizni in the centre of this connecting line, and let Cabul mark its point of intersection with the right-hand line of the letter, and a rough idea of the main roads of Afghanistan, and of the position of the chief towns on the frontier and within the country, will be formed. The distances, however, between these points are great; the left-hand line is seven hundred miles, the right hand five hundred and sixty, the centre three hundred and twenty. Between these long lines all is mountain, savage solitude, gloomy valley, and rock-bound fastness. There are, it is true, other routes through the country besides those above mentioned, and there is a line by the valley of the Kurum, through the Sulimani range, but the practicability of all of these routes for the passage of troops has yet to be proved feasible.

Essentially a wild, stern land, a land filled with the shadows of dark mountains, echoing with the roar of tempest through impending passes; a land to which the changing seasons carry all the vast variety that lies between the snow-flake and the almond blossom; a land loved by its people through every vicissitude of its history, and clung to with a desperate tenacity which now dates back through one thousand years of recorded time. Of this people we shall say something.

For ages, stretching back into most remote traditions, a wild race has made its home in this lofty land. Greek conquest, Tartar horde, cloud of Khorassan

horsemen have swept by turns through those arid hills. All the wild spirits of two thousand years of Asiatic conquest have passed and repassed amid those stony glens and gloomy valleys, stamping each in turn upon the fierce Highland clans some quality of freedom, some faculty of fighting power. And ever as the tides of war and conquest ebbed and flowed around the lofty shores of those giant mountains, there was left, stranded in glen or fastness, some waif or stray of all that wild Toorkman torrent, which rolled its farthest limits to the walls of Vienna. Here, in these hills, Islam early built for itself one of its most redoubtable strongholds. About ninety years before William of Normandy invaded England, a renowned conqueror built himself a city and fortress upon a group of steep scarped rocks, set eight thousand feet above ocean-level. From here he spread his empire until it touched the Caspian upon one side and reached the Indian Ocean on the other. Amid the swift-recurring revolutions of Central Asia the wide dominion of Mahomed of Ghizni soon fell to pieces; Seljuk and Toorkman, Persian and Moghul swept by to transient empire and to final ruin; but, when the torrent had passed, these Afghan races—wild shepherds, hardy husbandmen, and reckless warriors—again sprang to independent life, and held their mountain homes on the old tenure of clanship: "content," as their proverb runs, "with discord, war, and bloodshed, but never content with a master." Fierce, fanatical, and revengeful, loving gold with

passionate rapacity, hospitable to strangers and to the poor, untamable to tyrants, the Afghans are to-day as they have been for a thousand years, stained by many crimes, but distinguished above all nations and peoples by a love of freedom and of country as fierce and lofty as the mountains that surround them. And thus through time Afghan history has ever been the same. Often overrun, but never conquered, the race which Mahomed of Ghizni led forth to conquest through the four great gateways of Afghanistan has retained through every varying phase of nine hundred years of strife the characteristics of its origin. Nay, farther off still, beyond every fragment of authentic history, hidden away in most remote antiquity, a glimpse comes to us of the strange nature of these mountaineers. It was among these savage solitudes that the Greeks placed the Titan whose indomitable will Jove himself could not subdue. Here on one of the icy crags of Bactria, Prometheus lay bound for ages, and still, where the great range of the Hindoo Koosh sinks down to meet the valley of the Oxus, a vast mountain cavern is called in Sanscrit lore the Cave of Prometheus.

So much for the past; let us now look upon the later and present aspect of this eyrie and its eagles. About the year 1824, a young Afghan chief, named Dost Mahomed Khan, held possession of Ghizni and its surrounding fastness. The Dooranee kingdom was a prey to civil strife; the chiefs of Cabul were in open revolt against Ullah Khan; a dozen

different leaders strove for pre-eminence in Kandahar, Herat, and Cabul, and each, gathering around him some portion of the roving spirits of the land, carried devastating war from Herat to Jellalabad. One day a caravan passing from Bokhara to India encamped beneath the walls of Ghizni. The caravan was reported to be rich in gold. That metal was scarce in the coffers of Dost Mahomed, in the rock fortress above. Why not replenish the exhausted treasury from the treasure-bags of the passing merchants? The question was eagerly asked in the citadel from whose battlements the fighting followers of the young chief looked down upon the travellers' camp. It was not proposed to take the money by force of arms; *to borrow* was the expression used on the occasion. So the word "to horse" was given, and the Dost and his armed train sallied out from the citadel to draw a bill at sight upon the travellers beneath. Suddenly, as the armed band rode down the rocky way, the leader reined in his charger, and turning to his followers he said, "Brothers, what are we going to do? God knows whether these poor merchants will ever receive payment of the gold we are about to take from them as a loan. But what are we to do with the money when we get it? Shall we buy dominion with the plunder of the unfortunate? God forbid! Victory is of God, and He conferreth glory and power upon those whom He will cherish. If so, it is better that we pass by this temptation of the devil, and wait for what heaven has to send us. Patience, though a

bitter plant, produces sweet fruit." Having spoken, he turned his horse's head and passed back towards the citadel. It was the afternoon hour of quiet. On an eminence by the roadside he alighted. Beneath for many a mile stretched a long valley, and at times the eye could catch the dry sand windings of the track to Cabul. As the Dost and his people looked over the scene, they marked the figure of a solitary horseman approaching Ghizni. He proved to be the bearer of strange tidings. There had been a revolution at the capital, and this solitary messenger carried an offer to Dost Mahomed of the sovereignty of Cabul. Dost Mahomed Khan bent his head in prayer. "God is great," he cried. "Behold how dominion is His gift. Blessed be the light of His name! Mount and away to Cabul!"

Ten years passed away. They were years of peace and quietude in Afghanistan such as the land had long been a stranger to. The wild roving chieftain developed traits of character little dreamt of by the turbulent factions whose voices had given him power. This mountain land, which for thirty years had known but little of the restraints of law, became the only state in Central Asia where the strong arm of authority kept free the roads, sheltered the traveller, and protected the weak. So marked was the contrast between Afghanistan and the neighbouring States that, according to Captain Burnes, the reputation of Dost Mahomed was made known to a traveller long before he entered the country, and he adds, "No one better

merits the high character he has attained." "The justice of this chief," he writes again, "affords a constant theme of praise to all classes. The peasant rejoices in the absence of tyranny, the citizen in the safety of his home and the strict municipal regulations regarding weights and measures, the merchant at the equity of his decisions and the protection of his property, and the soldiers at the regular manner in which their debts are discharged. A man in power can have no higher praise." But an evil time was drawing nigh. In 1834, while Dost Mahomed was engaged at Kandahar in opposing Shah Shujah, who had invaded Afghanistan by the Bolan Pass, a crafty old tiger misnamed Rungeet, or the Lion, Prince of the Punjaub, crossed the Indus and seized upon the Afghan city of Peshawar. It was the old story of Harold attacked by Tostig in the north, and William of Normandy in the south. The Dost having crushed one enemy at Kandahar, swept back to rescue Peshawar from the other. Issuing from the Khyber Pass he appeared before Peshawar with fifty thousand wild and fanatical followers; but the old ruler of Lahore knew too well the power of gold among the chiefs whose undisciplined warriors formed the army of Dost Mahomed. An envoy was sent to the Afghan camp, and so well was the work of bribery and intrigue carried on that, ere the day of his arrival had closed in night, ten thousand of the invading troops had deserted, and when morning dawned the entire army of horse and foot was in full retreat into the mountain fastness.

Peshawar remained to Rungeet, but its loss rankled deeply in the mind of the Afghan ruler, and he eagerly looked forward to its restoration. Here in this retention of Peshawar by the Sikh chief lies the key-note of the Afghan question of forty years ago. It will be necessary to bear it in mind in order to justly estimate the quarrel so soon to break out. Two years after this date, in 1836, an English traveller appeared at Cabul upon an ostensible mission of commerce and amity. Beneath the guise of commerce there lurked conquest, beneath the friendship annexation. It is impossible to read the history of this mission of Captain Burnes, and of the events preceding the outbreak of hostility between England and Afghanistan, without seeing in them a flagrant disregard of justice, of good faith, and of honour. That Dost Mahomed was a ruler with whom it was safe to conclude a treaty of friendship, and that his views were favourably disposed towards alliance with us, there cannot be the shadow of doubt. The published dispatches of Captain Burnes clearly prove it. Nevertheless, in the face of many written statements of his envoy, Lord Auckland states, in his celebrated Simla manifesto, in 1838, "that the Barukzye chiefs, from their disunion and unpopularity, were ill-fitted under any circumstances to be useful allies to the British Government, and to aid us in our just and necessary measures of defence." On only one point in these negotiations was the Ameer inflexible. It was Peshawar. Practically we might

do what we liked with him if we would only make Rungeet Singh surrender the city which four years before he had reft from Afghanistan in the hour of her trouble. This demand for the restitution of stolen property Lord Auckland terms "an unreasonable pretension, and one inconsistent with justice." In another portion of this forgotten but once famous document, the attempt of the Ameer to recover in 1834 his lost possession is called "an unprovoked attack on the territory of our ancient ally, the Maharajah Rungeet Singh." But enough of this wretched double-dealing; let us pass on to the active operations that followed.

Of the two great roads leading from India into Afghanistan only one lay open to us in 1838, when the army of the Indus was set in motion for the conquest of the kingdom of Cabul. Through the Bolan Pass enormous columns of combatants and non-combatants poured on towards Kandahar. Endless trains of camels toiled along the rocky tracks. There was no opposition—nothing to dispute the passage save the arid nature of the soil. Nearly forty thousand camels perished on this dreary road. Kandahar opened its gates in April, 1839, and Shah Shujah took up his quarters in the old palace of the Dooranee kings. The whole of Western Afghanistan had accepted the new order of things with scarcely a semblance of opposition. Never had presages of disaster been more utterly falsified. Never had prophecies of success been more thoroughly fulfilled. Two months' delay,

and the army moved out of Kandahar for a final advance upon Ghizni and Cabul. It was now mid-summer, but the mornings were deliciously cool, for the long winding columns had climbed six thousand feet above the sea-level, and the road was still ascending as it led on to Ghizni. Within the old rock fortress some two or three thousand Afghans still clung to the crumbling fortunes of Dost Mahomed, but even in this small garrison desertion was numerous; and when the army drew up before the citadel on the 22nd of July, every detail of the defence was known to the British general. A single gateway, that leading to Cabul, had been left unblocked by masonry. Under cover of darkness the army moved round the fortress and took up a position on the west or Cabul side. An hour before daybreak on the 23rd of July, a small party of sappers crept forward to the gate and laid bags of powder beneath the archway. The train was soon fired, the massive gate disappeared, the walls crashed inwards, and amid smoke and flame the stormers rushed into the fortress. Half an hour's fighting decided the fate of Ghizni. There is a story still told among the men of the 13th Regiment which deserves record. Amid the confusion following the explosion of the gunpowder, one of the engineers, passing back by the spot where the assaulting columns stood awaiting the word to advance, was accosted by the officer commanding as to the result of the explosion. "The passage was choked with fallen masonry; the forlorn hope could not force it." Turning to the

bugler at his elbow the leader ordered the "retire" to be sounded. The bugler, Luke White, was one of those stray peasant waifs which destiny flings to nations as though to point a satire upon their theories of high-bred heroism. "The 13th," answered the boy, "don't know the 'retire.'" He sounded the "advance," and the regiment moved on to the attack. With the capture of Ghizni the campaign, so far as fighting was concerned, began and ended.

The Ameer, indeed, advanced from Cabul to meet the invaders of his kingdom as they pressed on towards his capital, but his troops fell from him like leaves from a dying tree. In the valley of Muedan he resolved to make a last stand against his enemies. With the Koran raised in his hand, he rode among his faithless followers, calling upon them to make one final effort against the invader and the infidel. "You have eaten my salt," he said, "for thirteen years. Since it is plain that you are resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour in return for that long period of kindness. Enable me to die with honour. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan while he executes one charge against the cavalry of those Feringee dogs. In that outset he will fall; then go and make your terms with the new chief." Strange are the ways of destiny. Had his dastard followers but risen to the enthusiasm of their leader's words, his fate was for ever sealed—the cause of Dost Mahomed would have perished at Muedan, but in the great book it was ruled that this

dark day of defeat and desertion should be the midnight of his disaster. Henceforth there would be many hours of darkness, but they would all be shortening towards the dawn.

Over the wild pass of Bamian, Dost Mahomed passed, a fugitive, to the Uzbegs of Kunduz. A couple of thousand devoted adherents still clung to his ruined fortunes. To add to his overwhelming misfortunes, a favourite son was borne along with difficulty in the rapid flight, fainting with fever. The deserters to the British camp had carried these particulars of the last scenes of the Ameer's reign, and they found ready comment in the diaries of the day. The boldest and most turbulent of the Ameer's sons was sinking from disease. Akbar Khan would never again trouble the British cause in Afghanistan. So ran the prophecies. Just two years later the name of Akbar Khan had become a terror throughout the land, and all that remained of British power in Cabul lay at the mercy of this dying chief. Shah Shujah entered Cabul in triumph. He wore on his garments and sword-girdle many of the precious gems which his ancestor Ahmed Shah carried away from the camp of Nadir Shah after the murder of the Persian conqueror at Meshed. But one great gem was conspicuous by its absence—the famous "Mountain of Light," the Kohinoor, was not there. The legacy of sorrow which it had carried to its owners through three hundred years clung now in this hour of apparent triumph to the old Shah Shujah, but the stone itself had been lately surrendered by him

to Rungeet Singh, the Sikh ruler of Lahore. And now the work was over. The curtain had fallen upon the last act, the lights were being turned off, and the crowd pressed out in all haste to get away. If it had been so easy to conquer Afghanistan, the retention of the country must be a matter of still greater facility; so, at least, said the men who spoke with the seriousness of responsibility, and it must be allowed they were as good in deed as in opinion. Ere winter had come only two regiments of European infantry remained in Afghanistan. Two years passed away. Low ominous growls of rebellious thunder sounded at times amid the stern hills. Now it was the Ghilzies around Ghizni; now the Khyberees between Jellalabad and Peshawar; anon the Uzbegs threatened the passes of the Hindoo Koosh. Soon deeds of sudden assassination startled the cantonments of Cabul or Kandahar. But though every month revealed some new instance of that old Afghan nature whose untamableness had been a proverb over Asia for six centuries, no warning could be seen by the doomed men who in the daily routine of cantonment life pursued the easy round of Indian military existence. English ladies made their homes in Cabul, the band played, the evening ride was taken without the city-walls, the life of mess and parade went on as though the Union Jack had waved above the Bala Hissa for half a century.

All at once the storm broke. The envoy, the political agent, the general commanding the troops,

and many other heads of departments awoke one morning to find Cabul in revolt. To extreme confidence succeeded complete paralysis. From Bamian to Jellalabad, from Ghizni to Herat, the tribes had risen, content to let their mutual animosities rest awhile in the unwonted sensation of unity against the common enemy. Then began one of the most miserable chapters of British history. The winter had already placed his foot upon the hilltops, and was daily drawing nearer to the doomed garrison of Cabul. From glen and valley, in numbers that hourly became stronger, bands of fierce men poured forth to the holy war. There were men of gigantic form, and savage, though majestic mien—men who carried the sword and shield of the days of Timour, and others who bore the matchlock and rifle of more modern war; and to give point and direction to all this mass of ferocity there appeared on the scene that same son of Dost Mahomed, Akbar Khan, whose crippled state two years before had been a calculated factor among the chances of his father's capture.

But more fatal than hostile foeman or rigour of winter in this alpine land was the indecision of character and faltering purpose of the British leaders. It is needless to dwell upon the miserable scenes that marked the closing weeks of the year 1841—the capture of the commissariat stores, the assassination of the envoy, MacNaughten, the final treaty of evacuation. On one point, however, the assassination of the envoy, we may say, that although it is clear that the

deed was committed by Akbar Khan, it is also evident that it was not premeditated. To obtain possession of the envoy, and to use that possession as a hostage for the fulfilment of certain conditions, was the real object aimed at by the Afghan leaders. Had murder been meant it is evident that no attempt at capture was necessary; but the unfortunate envoy strenuously resisted, and in the struggle that ensued between him and Akbar Khan, met his death.

On the morning of the 6th of January the retreat from Cabul began. Four thousand five hundred fighting men and three times that number of followers turned their faces towards India, beginning the most disastrous movement recorded in English history. This retreat lasted seven days, and measured in distance about fifty-five miles. In those seven days every horror that human misery counts in its catalogue was enacted. The enemy and the elements were alike pitiless. Through driving snow and bitter blast the long column wound its way between stupendous cliffs, from any vantage point of which the *juzails* of the Afghans poured destruction. The night closed over the fearful scene, but the dark hours did their work more silently, though not less surely, than the daylight. Seven mornings dawned upon masses of men frozen as they lay—grim bivouacs of death. At length there were no more to die. Of all these thousands one solitary man passed out from the terrible defile of Jugdullock—he was all that remained of the army of Cabul.

The spring of the following year saw two armies again marching into Afghanistan, along the two great highways. Their work was to relieve beleaguered garrisons in Kandahar and Cabul, to avenge and to retire. The garrisons were relieved. For nine hundred years Mahomed of Ghizni had lain at rest in the mausoleum at Rioza. His tomb was rifled of its gates —in what manner this act of vandalism revenged the disasters of the Khurd Cabul is not apparent—and then the armies marched away, leaving Afghanistan to the Afghans. Twenty millions of money! twenty thousand human lives! three times that number of camels and horses lost! a name hated throughout the length and breadth of the mountain land—such were the results accruing to us from three years' wandering in search of a scientific frontier.

THE ZULUS.

THE vast disjointed dominion which upon the maps of the world bears the colour and the cognomen of British colonial territory has ever had strange methods of making its existence known to the mother country. For many successive years various portions of it will lie in a kind of moral and political torpor, giving forth to the far-away home land only the feeblest evidences of existence. Life, indeed, will at such times be very far from being extinct in these quiet dependencies. Ships will sail to and fro between the great maritime centres of commerce and distant ports in the southern hemisphere, all the work of life —the buying and selling, the birthing and the burying—will be carried on there; but beyond some chance allusion in the column of a newspaper to a change of ministry, to the appointment of a new governor, or to the state of trade, that world, which calls itself "the world," passes along its road utterly ignoring the existence of entire colonies, and serenely unconscious of political or territorial divisions whose superficial area would measure ten times that of Great Britain.

All at once, however, "the world" rouses up to a wonderful greed for knowledge upon some particular spot which has been British territory for half a century, but which Britons have never bothered their heads about. Some colony has suddenly spoken. A black king, whose name nobody ever heard of, has suddenly crossed a river, whose name nobody could ever remember, at the head of thirty thousand of his soldiers, whom nobody knew anything about. The excitement instantly becomes intense. Everybody has something to say about this black king, his thirty thousand soldiers, and the river which he has crossed. The illustrated papers immediately produce the very blackest pictures of this black king, the magazines have articles minutely describing the interior economy of his household, the number of his wives, and the habits and customs of his court. His fathers and his grandfathers, personages whom he himself may be said to possess indefinite ideas about, are reproduced in colours of lasting enmity to mankind in general and to Britons in particular. What is called "the popular mind" of the nation is educated into such a becoming frenzy of hostility against black kings as a principle, that the holders of spades and clubs at the evening rubber are half inclined to forget to call honours ere the trump has been turned. It does not matter much whether the black king has crossed the river into our territory in attempted rectification of some wrong which he has suffered at our hands, or whether we have crossed the river into his territory

upon the clearest and most conclusive testimony that his property and that of his subjects would be vastly benefited by being transferred to our hands.

If any person should attempt to enter into the justice of the cause of quarrel before this "devout consummation" had been arrived at, cries of unpatriotic conduct are quickly raised. "Shoot first and try afterwards" becomes the rule. While the black king's dealings towards us are weighed and measured by the strictest code of civilised law and usage existing between modern states, our relations towards him are exempted from similar test rules, and the answer is ever ready for those who would preach the doctrine of a universal justice between man and man, of the impossibility of applying to savage communities the rules and maxims of ordinary life.

Thus to-day in South Africa the stream of our empire rolls on by the same methods and the same laws that propelled it two centuries ago in North America, with this difference however: First, that in South Africa we are working up into a vast continent peopled by tens of millions of negroes, while our progress in North America was across a sparsely peopled land. Second, that while in America what we call the key-note of settlement, *i.e.*, the land grant to a settler, was struck at the modest figure of two hundred acres, in South Africa it has been fixed at twenty times that figure, and four thousand acres made the minimum amount of land upon which the pioneer of civilisation will begin his work. In these two differences lie most

of the difficulties that beset our work in South Africa. While on the one hand our settlers spread themselves farther and farther out in defenceless isolation from each other, peopling a territory as large as France with a population of a tenth-rate English town, the natives driven back into more compact masses outside our frontiers, or rapidly increasing in their locations within our own limits, are always disposed to try, after certain lapses of time, the chances of war against us. Nothing is more natural than that they should do so. Whatever may be the abstract justice of our laws, and the blessings of peace and security resulting from their application, it is impossible to prevent the intercourse between the white settlers and the aboriginal native from being one which is subject to frequent instances of manifest injustice. The brutal but heedless blow struck by the driver of a post-cart at some wayside wondering black man; the license of some diamond digger who, frequently a runaway from the restraints of law in his own home, would deny to the black man every vestige of human right; the inevitable greed for the possession of huge areas of land existing in the minds of all South Africans, and the consequent temptations to indulge in annexation —all these produce in the native mind a deep and widespread feeling of antagonism and resentment which every now and again finds expression in open conflict.

It will occur to many readers to ask how it was that the vast force which they have lately read of as obey-

ing the orders of the Zulu king could have been able to maintain themselves, in a land divided from our territory by the breadth of a river fordable in hundreds of places, without making their presence such a menace to our farmers as must, years ago, have caused conflict between them and us? Men may fairly ask how came it that this army of disciplined savages should have remained all this time at perfect peace with us, yet that the moment we declare war against them they show themselves strong enough to inflict upon our troops the greatest reverse sustained by us during the present generation? Let us see if we can reply to that question.

Fifty years from the present time Chaka, the first great king of the Zulus, died at the hands of his subjects near the banks of the Lower Tugela river, in the present colony of Natal. As he fell covered with spears he uttered words which still live in the memory of the Zulu nation: "You think you will rule this land when I am gone; but behind you I see the white man coming, and he will be the king." Six years after these words were spoken the white man came. He came trooping in long lines of lumbering waggons down the steep sides of the Drakensberg Hills, and, making his laagers along the broad valley of the Upper Tugela, he called Natal his home. These men were Dutchmen from the Cape Colony who, dissatisfied with English law, had wandered forth to seek their fortunes in the wilderness. Before a year had passed they were at war with the Zulus. For years, with

varying fortune, this war went on—now it was the Zulus who carried death and destruction among the laagers, anon it was the Dutchman who fought his way into the Zulu kraals, and laid in ashes the chief stronghold of the Zulu power. While all this went on another band of white men had established themselves on the coast of Natal, close by the Zulu kingdom. These people had come as friends of the Zulus, and not the least important link in the chain of friendship that bound together the successor of Chaka and the sea-coast colony was the knowledge that the white men who had crossed the Drakensberg and those who had pitched their tents by the surf-beaten shore were at enmity with each other. It would take long to tell the varying phases of that enmity between Englishman and Dutchman which made the early history of Natal one of conflict between these rival races. Enough for us to show that to the Zulu mind there was ever apparent but one real enemy—the Dutch Boer. It was against this foe that for thirty years the military instinct which Chaka had first fostered was sustained by Panda and by Cetewayo. In a form, that grew as it was fed, the earth-hunger of the Dutch settlers had gone on from year to year with more insatiable desire. Boer dominion had spread itself out farther into the northern wilderness, lapping round the Zulu kingdom on the west, and threatening its existence on the north towards Delagoa Bay. This republic, which numbered eight thousand families, and possessed a territory larger than France, was,

year by year, annexing, seizing, and confiscating some new slice of territory, driving back into remoter wilds Basuto or Batlapin, and pushing its frontier nearer to the tropic line. There had been encroachments made, too, on the side of Zululand; but these had never been enforced by arms. The beacon line, which the Transvaal Dutch claimed as their boundary on the Zulu frontier, remained a disputed territory, because both Zulu and Boer understood that England would not tolerate hostilities on her Natal frontiers. England was, in fact, to the Zulu his great hope against Dutch aggression. When the regiments mustered around the king's kraal for the annual training, the imaginary enemy against whom their evolutions were directed was on the western and not upon the southern frontier. If any rumour of Boer incursion reached the king's kraal at Udine, messengers were dispatched forthwith to acquaint "Somseu" (the Secretary of Native Affairs in Natal), and to ask advice and assistance from the English. The boundary line of the Tugela was, as we have said, only a narrow river, easily forded in the dry season in a hundred different places; yet for twenty years the sheep and cattle of the Natal farmers were as safe from Zulu raid or theft as though the farms had lain along the valley of the Thames. Six years have not yet passed since an English governor of Natal camped night after night for twenty days in succession along the Buffalo and Tugela boundaries of Zululand without a single armed man as escort, and with most of the

work of camp and transport carried on by Zulu hands.

Whence, then, came the change that has succeeded in transforming this state of friendly feeling into one of dire hostility and war? The answer is not far to seek. For thirty years the emigrating Dutch had acted as a buffer between us and the native races. By the annexation of the Transvaal Republic we removed that buffer, and placed ourselves face to face with the black man along seven hundred miles of frontier. Nay, we did more than that. We stepped at once into the possession of a legacy of contention, aggression, and injustice, from which it was almost impossible to escape, save by the exercise of a calm control, a clear and impartial judgment, and the employment of just and able instruments in our dealings with the frontier races. Not only did our annexation of the Transvaal expose us to a vast variety of difficulties with natives which heretofore we had been secure from, but it placed us in that position of difficulty at a moment when circumstances outside our control had carried the whole question of the relationship between black and white to a state of tension filled with the gravest outlooks.

Twelve years ago the discovery of precious stones and minerals in large quantities in the upper plateau of South Africa brought to the colonies of Natal and the Cape a new race of adventurers. The miner, the digger, the prospector—all those wild waifs and strays that the great game of gold brings together, flocked

into this upland country, and began to work beneath a sun, and under conditions of life, more than ever prone to set alight the ever easily fanned flame of passion and avarice. To the great pit where lay the rich shining stones flocked also many thousands of black men. From far-away tropic regions beyond the Limpopo, from nearer Basuto mountains, from Zululand and Kaffirland, came bands of twenty tribes, whose common brotherhood had been lost ages ago, amid wars and wanderings of times before the white man came. As, month by month, the great pit grew deeper at the delving of these countless negroes, deeper, too, grew the hostile feelings of the rival races —black and white. The great war of capital against labour had here added to it the older strife of colour against colour. In this vast school-room at Kimberley the prizes given were rifles and ammunition; the lesson taught was identity of interest against a common foe. Here, first of all, the black man learned that all white men were one against him, and that he, through his many subdivisions, was one against the white man. And he learned this lesson, too, at the hands of men, many of whom were turbulent and desperate, and some of whom he saw in armed hostility to English law and in open defiance of English government.

This view is not new to us. Six years ago, after visiting the diamond-pit at Kimberley, we recorded the opinion that the result of the coming together of the black races at the diamond-fields, and of the

distribution of arms and ammunition amongst them as wages for work, must produce war between the white and black races. It has been computed that more than four hundred thousand stand of arms, principally rifles, with ammunition, passed into possession of black men at the diamond fields. But more dangerous even than these arms and munitions of war has been the knowledge of which we have spoken, and the lessons of lawless opinion and defiance of authority imbibed at the same time.

Thus it will easily be understood how, at the moment of our annexation of the Transvaal, we were brought face to face with the culminated results of many circumstances, all of which tended to a war of races. But the question may be asked, with regard to the particular war in which we were lately engaged, "How came it that the annexation of the Transvaal caused a radical change in our policy towards the Zulus, seeing that before that annexation our frontiers were conterminous with those of the Zulus along one hundred and fifty miles of territory?" To this it may be answered that the annexation not only doubled our frontier adjoining Zululand, but it put us in all the inimical positions previously held by the Dutch, and made an escape from the vicious policy of our predecessors a matter requiring the utmost tact and caution.

We will not here enter into the question whether either of these attributes has been observable in the conduct of our dealings with the native races, or

whether the annexation of the Dutch republic was not a necessary consequence of the error which, in 1854, permitted the formation of foreign states beyond our frontiers. While holding for ourselves that the annexation was premature, and was entered upon in opposition to the opinions of the majority of the respectable inhabitants of the State, we nevertheless are of opinion that, notwithstanding that annexation, hostilities could have been avoided both in the Transvaal and in Zululand, and that it was possible to have inaugurated a line of policy towards the Zulus and other tribes which would have fostered the gradual disintegration of the dangerous elements of that power, and produced the final disappearance of tribal influence from the natives of South Africa.

Although the discipline and strength of the Zulu army has lately been made terribly apparent to Englishmen, its power is nothing new to the colonists of Natal. No one that has ever seen a Zulu regiment march, or heard the deep, terrible note of the Zulu war-step, could fail to realise the fact that the power which comes from numbers moving with one will and from one impulse was here existing to an extent but rarely seen even among civilised races. It has been usual for modern writers to trace the history of organisation among the Zulus to the time of Chaka; but there are strong reasons for believing that the institutions of Chaka were but the revivals of far earlier customs, and that we have to seek in the first records of African discovery south of the equator for the origin

of the warlike habits of the people whom to-day we call Zulus.

Four hundred years from the present time a great wave of black men swept southward towards the Cape of Good Hope from the vast interior highlands of equatorial Africa. At times the waves surged east till they touched the early Portuguese kingdom of Quillimane on the one hand, and west until they reached that of Angola and Congo upon the other. At each side the story was the same. The Gaigas, as this torrent was called, carried death and destruction wherever they went. They moved under rigid rules of martial law, their captains and common soldiers were trained under a terrible discipline, their bravery was undoubted, their ferocity struck terror even into the other cruel races with whom they came in contact.

The narratives of the Portuguese missionaries of the fifteenth century are filled with their ravages and conquests. A countryman of ours, by name Battel, a sailor, joined this conquering people, fought under their king, and became a leader among them. From his narrative most of our knowledge of them is derived. We know that, after ravaging during many years the frontiers of Angola and Benguela, they passed south towards the Cape of Good Hope, and then for nearly two hundred years they are lost sight of. In the vast wildernesses of the Orange River, in the glens and fastnesses of the Amatola, Maluti, and Drakensberg Mountains, the human wave that had begun its course where the green Soudan merged into

the grey Sahara, sunk at last to comparative quiet, and settled down to pastoral life over all that great wilderness of beauty which is to-day South Africa. That this human wave, which probably was first set in motion by the Arab conquests in North Africa during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, drove out the aboriginal races of Southern Africa—the Bushman and the Hottentots—there cannot be a doubt; and there is every reason to suppose that the wide human family known to us to-day under the appellation Kaffir—a name given by the Arab traders, and adopted from them by the Portuguese settlers at the Mozambique—that family, broken into its many subdivisions of Gaika, Galega, Khosa, Zulu, &c., dates its descent and inherits its characteristics of courage from the torrent which so long rolled its troubled course along the great central highland of the continent. The military organisation and the iron discipline introduced by Chaka into the Zulu nation were but revivals of the laws and institutions of which Battel tells us.

Of this military organisation it has been fairly said that it was impossible it could have gone on in close proximity to our Natal frontier without producing, sooner or later, an inevitable conflict with us. This view would be undoubtedly correct if the organisation of the nation into regiments had been founded upon any principle more lasting than the king's will; but the despotism of the Zulu monarch was of all despotisms the most exposed to the danger of over-

throw from revolt within itself. Chaka, and his successor, Dingaan, were both assassinated by their rebellious subjects. Cetewayo and his brother Umbulazi long waged deadly war upon each other; and only a few years from the present time the waters of the Lower Tugela were black with thousands of Zulus killed in a bloody battle between the two great sections of the army.

The elements of the destruction of Zulu power lay in Zululand itself, and another policy might long since have freed the people from the tyranny of the military system and broken the power of the chiefs from the Pongola to the Kei. It was not followed. Steadily through past years we have continued to uphold the principle of chieftainship. How much wiser would it have been had we adopted the communal system of the village, dividing the land in our native locations by villages or kraals, instead of by tribes! From this the transition to individual proprietorship of land would have been an easy one, the introduction of civilised habits, to say nothing of religion and morality, would have been possible, and the chance might still have been open to us of solving that inscrutable problem—the raising of this vast, fallen African race to light and hope.

And now let us look back at a page of well-nigh forgotten history. At the door of England lies the memory of a great sin. Three hundred years from the present time an English ship bore to the continent of America from that of Africa the first cargo of

slaves ever taken from that dismal shore. During two entire centuries that terrible trade was prosecuted by English capital and English enterprise to a far greater degree than by the efforts of any other nation.* Could the long catalogue of horrors that filled the continent of Africa with blood, and strewed the tropic ocean with corpses, be unfolded to-day, the nation might well stand aghast at the awful spectacle of human misery wrought by the "enterprise" of bygone Bristol and the "energy" of early Liverpool. Over the dreary surf-beaten shore, between the feverish forest and the yellow sand, there rise to-day along the pestilential West Coast of Africa huge bastioned castles, lonely and untenanted. Their work has long since vanished; their guns lie overturned, the gates are rusty, their vast vaults are empty; but still they stand the white monuments of a mighty crime, bearing testimony to the sea and to the land of a gigantic injustice. In these vast tombs the living dead were buried until the slave-ship was ready in the offing. There was the land-gate and the sea-gate. As the rusty land-gate swung in upon its hinges, home, kith, and kin closed with it; as the sea-gate opened towards the ship, toil, the lash, and death coiled closer around the negro's heart.

All these long centuries of crime are still unpaid for. The slaves set free by us fifty years ago were not a thousandth part of those we had enslaved. Yet the account is still open, and the wrong done by

* In the year 1788, 120,000 Africans were taken from the coast as slaves by Europeans; of which half were in British ships.

us during all these years in West Africa can yet be righted in the future of the southern continent. This, then, is the question which Englishmen have a right to ask: "What have you done with this people? Have you taught them nothing better through all these years than to exchange their assegais for rifles? Do you dare to tell us that in this land, which is larger than France, Spain, and Germany put together, there is not room for three hundred thousand white men and a million and a half of blacks? and can all your teaching, preaching, and civilisation evolve nothing better for this African than a target for your bullets?"

Notwithstanding the wide gulf which we fancy lies between us and this black man, he is singularly like us. He will cry if you stick a pin into him, he will be thankful for a gift, he will resent an injury, he will weep for the loss of a wife or child, he will fight for his homeland—he can even die for what he believes to be the right. And mark you this vast difference between him and the other aboriginal races with whom your spirit of colonisation has brought you into contact: he does not die out before us. He asserts the fact of his existence amid our civilisation. He increases upon every side. While the work of colonisation has been going on for more than two centuries, the black race to the white is still as six to one. Here, in South Africa, lies our chance of undoing the wrong done by Europe to the Libyan race in the past; here lies our sole hope of ever

shedding into this vast, dark continent the lights of faith and justice. Let us not imagine that by trade these precious gifts can be carried into the dim interior. The first principle of trade with the savage, whether it be trade in human heads or cocoa-nuts, is to outwit him. During four hundred years we have traded with the Gold Coast and with the Gambia, yet within a rifle-shot of the shore the fetish is rampant, the savage instinct is untamed. In South Africa the European constitution flourishes beside the negro. There it is possible to teach without death closing the schoolmaster's book ere the lesson has been learnt; there precept and example can go hand in hand together; there the limit is large enough for ten millions instead of two millions; there the capabilities of future extension are vast as the continent itself.

Ages ago, along the lofty plateau of the central continent, the hordes of savages pressed southward from the equator, darkening and devastating as they went. That same road now lies open for the reflex flood of light and truth. How is that tide to be set in motion? Not by wide-sweeping annexation, by trade in rum and rifles, by "commando" warfare, not even by zealous though missionary enterprise alone. But it may be done by other and gentler means. It may be done by lighting, even within sight of Cape Town, or of Port Elizabeth, or of Durban, a ray that has never yet been lighted in the black man's mind—the idea that he may be made an independent unit in a civilised community; the idea

that he will be protected against all injustice, whether from black man or from white; the idea that liberty does not mean idleness, and that the schoolmaster has a claim upon his little ones that cannot be overlooked; the idea that his toil, given for many centuries to the world at large, must now at last be given to himself; the idea that service of arm to his chief, or of muscle to his master, must be changed to service of mind and body for his one wife and for his children.

These rays, once lighted, can never be put out. Northward, year by year, they will travel into regions where never yet the white man's foot has rested. "Good Hope"—thus they named this lofty sea-girt promontory far down in the Southern Ocean. It rests with England in the future to fulfil the aspiration of those brave Portuguese sailors whose eyes first looked upon that rugged frontlet. Surely it is a brave and noble toil, and well worthy of our nation's manhood.

If from the wretched scenes lately enacted, and from the selfishness and strife which culminated in this most deplorable of our Kaffir wars, there arises in the minds of Englishmen a fervent resolve to attempt a new beginning, then may even our past

Sin itself be found
A cloudy porch that opens on the sun.

NOTE.—The writer of these pages is fully aware that the idea of breaking the tribal system, and establishing individual ownership in property, has been frequently advocated in the past, particularly by Sir George Grey, but its adoption has never been even attempted. The outlay necessary to start the machinery which might effect the change has always been refused, and while thousands have been deemed too great an expenditure in the cause of humanity and progress, millions have been freely lavished on the old, hopeless lines of punishment and repression.

SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

FAR up in the mountains of South Africa, where the peaks of the Drakensberg and the ridges of the Malutis attain their loftiest level, there lies a region but little known even to the people who dwell in its vicinity.

It is a land of jagged peaks and scarped precipices, of torrents and rocks, of secluded valleys, and great wind-swept hills. Snow rests for many months in the year upon its rugged hilltops; grass grows rank and green in its many valleys. A thousand crystal streams flash over rocky ledge, and ripple through pebble-paved channels, and, all the year round there is a sense of freshness in the air, for the breeze that sweeps the land blows over peaks set ten thousand feet above the sea-line.

This in Africa—that land of heat and sun, of swamp and forest? Yes, even in Africa lies the region just pictured; this Switzerland of South Africa, mountain Basutoland.

The clouds which the Indian Ocean sends to South

Africa linger over this region of mountain peak, and shed their showers upon it through the months of summer; but in winter the skies are clear, the sun shines over the land, and the clouds which occasionally gather upon the peaks float away, leaving them clothed in dazzling snow, and seamed with ice-crusted cataracts.

Many rivers have their sources in this mountain region, and east, west, north, and south streams flow forth from it into a lower set land. Streams of small size and of large, streams which soon swell into mighty rivers, and become yellow and muddy as they roll towards far-separated oceans, forgetting the pure traditions of their birth among the snow-hills, in the turmoil of maturer life.

Looked at from its many sides, Basutoland presents always to the traveller a sight filled with a sense of freshness and of pleasure. From whatever point he regards it, he must ever look up to it; east or west, north or south, it first rises before him in the outline of a stupendous mountain, whose summits yield to the eye, long wearied of the leaden level of interminable plain, that cool draught which is fresh as water to a thirsty wanderer in a desert land.

But if from all sides it is grateful to the eye, from the east side it is something more; spread beneath it to the east lies a fair and fruitful land, a land whose highest level is fully four thousand feet lower down, and whose plains and hills lie outlaid at his feet, like a vast sea beneath a lofty shore.

This land of lower level is Natal; where Natal ends on the west, Basutoland begins on the east, and begins in a line so abrupt, so rugged, so scarped into precipice, and turret, and pinnacle, that it would seem as though nature had upraised a mighty wall of rock to mark for ever her line of separation between the mountain called Basutoland, and the meadow called Natal.

There are not many sights in South Africa which linger longer in the traveller's mind than that which can be seen almost every morning from the eastern ridge of Basutoland—the Drakensberg.

It is sunrise over Natal, up from the haze which hangs over the Indian sea—the haze which has turned to varying green, and gold, and crimson, as he drew nearer to the surface—comes the great blood-red sun, flashing on the rent pinnacles of the mountain wall while yet the region far below is wrapped in purple mist. No towns, no hamlets, no homesteads stud the vast plain beneath; but scores of rivers wind through great grass-covered valleys, and from their unseen beds, long rifts of snow-white vapour float upward towards the growing light, and wreathe themselves along the feet of hills, and cling to kloof, and catch upon their upmost billows the light in which they are so soon to die. And as the light grows stronger, and the flying remnants of night, prisoned at the base of the great cliffs, are killed by the shafts which the day flings into "krance" and cavern, there lies spread before the eye a vast succes-

sion of hill and valley, table-topped mountain, gleaming river—all green with grass—dew-freshened, and silent. This is Natal.

Far away, beyond all, a vague blank upon the horizon, the unseen sea is felt by the sight, where, at the furthest verge of vision, the Indian Ocean sleeps in space.

But there is another sight which the traveller sees just before nightfall, when from the meadow of Natal he looks up to the lofty ridge of Basutoland. The day has done its work; the sun has gone down behind the great western barrier; turret, dome, and rent mountain pinnacle are clear cut in snow and purple against the green and saffron curtain of the sunset; the wall of rock is dark at its base, indistinct in its centre, sharp and lustrous along its serrated summit; the night gathers at its feet; the day lingers around its head; there is a shade of untold beauty in the sky, a green, such as one sometimes sees in *Sèvres*, and which I have never seen in sunset save in Natal. The night deepens, and the light dies but long after nightfall, that glorious light still lives in the western sky, and the unnumbered peaks, and jagged spires, and pinnacled turrets of the Drakensberg stand in lofty loneliness as though guarding the slow retreat of day into some far-off world.

This great range of the Drakensberg, called by the natives Kathalama, runs nearly north and south along the west frontier of Natal; but near the twenty-

ninth parallel of south latitude, its direction changes suddenly from north to west, and culminates in a vast mountain mass, known as the Mont aux Sources, from which many subsidiary ranges and innumerable streams descend into the surrounding countries. If one can imagine a large letter A laid with its apex to the north, the right-hand arm would form the Drakensberg, the apex flattened out would be the Mont aux Sources, and the left arm would be the Maluti range. Between the arms of the range are several minor ranges and clusters of mountain, a great sea of peaks; and from the Mont aux Sources, flowing from a labyrinth of cliff and cataract, springs the Orange River and its many tributaries.

Three other large rivers rise in this impenetrable fastness, the Wilge, or south fork of the Vaal, the Caledon, or north fork of the Orange, and the Tugela, the principal river of Natal. These many rivers flow from the Mont aux Sources, south, east, north, and west; the Orange, as we have said, springing from between the arms of the letter A, the Drakensberg and the Malutis; the Caledon having its source outside the Maluti range, and between it and the lower range of the Rhode Berg; the Wilge River rising on the north face of the Mont aux Sources, and flowing down into the Orange Free State to join the diamond-famous Vaal; and the Tugela, which, also waking from the same bed, leaps suddenly from its cradle on the summit of the Mont aux Sources down the perpendicular verge of the Drakensberg, as though, overjoyed to

turn its steps to the fair region of Natal, it cared little for the three thousand feet of ledge that lay beneath it and that green meadow land. All these rivers carry to the Atlantic or Indian seas the tribute which the mountain monarchs send to the ocean from which they once rose.

So far for the rivers and the mountains of the land. Now for the people who have made their dwellings in this lofty region.

Many years ago, when the present century was in its cradle, a young Zulu warrior came riding from the south along the base of the Drakensberg. He held a northern course. He was accompanied, or rather carried, by an animal never before seen in the land; at times he appeared to the astonished eyes of the beholders as a portion of this animal, at other times he was separated from it.

The young Zulu was a long-banished exile returning to his home on the Tugela from a far southern land; the strange animal he bestrode was a horse, the first of its kind ever seen in these great wastes of South Africa; but he brought with him from the white man's home other and far greater secrets than the strange animal that carried him—he brought the idea of unity where there had been disunion, of discipline and combination where all had been petty tribal war and internecine confusion, of the strength which lies in organised numbers against the weakness of the individual. He had seen the regular soldiers of the white man, had caught in a vague way the outline of

their organisation, and now, as he sought, after a lapse of years, his Umtetwa people, it was with the hope of moulding the scattered power of his tribe after the manner of the white soldiery in the infant colony to the south, and he succeeded.

His people received him as their chief, named him Dingiswayo, or "The Wanderer," and listened to his counsel and his plans.

Soon the youth of the Umtetwa were formed into bodies, fighting under distinct chiefs, and subject to the will of one man, Dingiswayo. This army of the Umtetwa was not a mere plaything in the hands of its chief, and ere a year had passed, the neighbouring tribes had felt the power of the new organisation; small tribes became incorporated with or subject to the Umtetwa, and many restless spirits among the young men of the country beyond the Tugela joined the army of Dingiswayo, to push their fortunes in the new field which he had opened to them.

Among the adventurous spirits thus drawn to the service of the Wanderer, there was one of no ordinary genius. Chaka, the son of Senzangakona, chief of a small tributary tribe called Zulus, entered as a common soldier into one of the regiments of Dingiswayo. His bravery soon pointed him out for leadership; he learnt the lesson of organisation and discipline even to greater effect than had his master; and when his time of chieftainship had come, a new power had dawned among the scattered tribes of South-Eastern Africa.

Some time about 1814, Chaka began his career of conquest. Everything went down before him. He changed the mode of fighting in the field—of movement in the campaign. To throw the assagai was forbidden: a shorter-handed weapon was instituted, and it was to be struck into the enemy, not cast at him from a distance. "Wait until you see the whites of the enemy's eyes, and then strike hard," was the order of the Zulu chief. His spirit was caught by his soldiers, and they closed with their enemies only to conquer.

An immense territory soon owned the dominion of the chief of the Zulus, but he conquered only to desolate and to kill. From the far Limpopo to the southern St. John, from the Indian Ocean to where men now dig diamonds by the swift-running Vaal—all that portion of Africa lay prostrate at Chaka's feet. The lower countries were a vast waste; famine, pestilence, and death had swept the land; and only in remote glen, or wooded kloof, or impenetrable fastness could be found a remnant of the desolated tribes.

It was in the year 1828 that the conqueror's career came to a close. He was assassinated by some of his own people at his kraal south of the Lower Tugela. Seeing his end inevitable, he cried out to his murderers, "Ye think when I am gone that ye shall rule this land; but behind ye I see a white man coming from the south, and he and his shall be your masters."

As he spoke they struck him with their assagais, and the greatest conqueror of Zululand was no more.

The scattered tribes that had been unable to oppose the Zulu chief had withdrawn into remote countries. One powerful band, attacked in the open country, had retreated along the Vaal, and by the fastnesses of the Drakensberg, into what is now called Basutoland. They were without cohesion. A dozen chiefs claimed their obedience, and it was only the rugged land and the natural defences of their new home which enabled them to preserve even a shadow of their power.

About the time of Chaka's death there arose, in this Basuto nation, a man differing in every respect from the Zulu conqueror. He was a shrewd observer, apt in council, held peculiar views about the white man's dominion, and had more faith in the power of the tongue than in that of the assagai; yet he was a brave and skilful soldier. The name of this man was Moshesh. From a petty chief he soon became a powerful leader, and ten years after the death of Chaka he was the acknowledged paramount of all Basutoland, and had moulded together into one nation all the tribes which dwelt around the Mont aux Sources, and along the upper waters of the Caledon.

At the period we speak of, this region of Basutoland, the great level now called the Orange Free State, and the meadow of Natal, were all unknown to the white man. A few travellers or hunters had penetrated north of the Orange River, but the great mountain fastness had resisted all attempts to pierce its mysteries; and nothing of Natal, save its half-tropic

shore-line, was known to the outside world. A vast unmeasured solitude was this land beyond all the Orange River. From the rising of the sun until its going down, the traveller beheld an endless plain. At times a flat-topped hill rose abruptly from the level; loose rocks of sand or trap cumbered the base; the sides were scarped, or steep and overhanging near the summit; and upon the top a perfectly level table surface was cut clearly against the sky line. Perchance the hillside held a straggling growth of bush. For the rest—hill and level, plain and precipice—were clothed in a short green grass in summer, a dry brick-coloured clay in winter; but at all times it was a land of life.

Across the endless plain, upon the table-topped hill, in the dry dust-coloured valley, there moved and grazed and galloped innumerable herds of wild animals. Springbok and blessbok, wilderbeeste and hartebeeste, eland and quagga, roamed in countless numbers; and the traveller saw when the sun shone over the land the light reflected upon the glistening sides or striped foreheads of tens of thousands of graceful antelopes, careering in circles round the track, or stopping in their prancing gallop to gaze in wonder at the stranger's presence.

But at length the great wastes north of Orange River began to know a change.

About forty years ago there came in long succession from the south a vast troop of waggons; men rode on horseback by the waggons; twenty coupled oxen

drew each ponderous load; there were fully nine hundred waggons, and across the dusty plains crept the monstrous cavalcade.

It passed slowly on. Some tarried here, some there, others wandered on further into the wilds.

There is a tall mountain which stands out by itself in this great plain. It is rugged and lofty, and can be seen from a great distance; fifty miles away it still seems near at hand. Is is called Tha-banchu, or the Hill of Night. Near this dark hill many of the new-comers halted. They were white men, who had long dwelt in the regions to the south, and they now sought this northern waste, not because their own lands were becoming over-peopled, or because fresh arrivals pressed them from without, but from a restless longing to escape from law and civilised restraint, and to establish themselves in a kind of patriarchal freedom in the remote interior. They had but a faint idea of the geography of the earth, and not a few among them looked upon this migration as a counterpart to the exodus of the Israelites of old, and had some dim expectation of finding a Promised Land beyond the deserts of the treeless Karoo.

Some halted within sight of the Hill of Night, others pressed on to the north and east. Moshesh held many parleys with them as their slow lumbering waggons jolted along the plains of what is to-day the Orange Free State; but he did nothing to oppose their progress, and they passed along his rugged frontier to where the ridge of the Drakensberg breaks down from the

Mont aux Sources, and a steep decline leads into the pastures of Natal.

They reached the ridge, and looked down upon the fair land below. It was a sight which woke even in the dull nature of the Dutch onlooker a sense of enthusiasm. Here was their promised land, here was their possession. Slowly the long cavalcade wound down the steep descent, and took possession of Natal.

Moshesh had built his kraal at the base, and upon the summit of one of these innumerable flat-topped hills called table mountains of Basutoland; the hill was named Thaba Bossiou, or the Dark Mountain. It stood some six miles from the Caledon River. Twenty miles to the east, the great range of the Malutis rose in dark blue masses; around them lay a perfect network of table mountains, deep winding valleys, abrupt sandstone precipices, and every variety of intermixed hill and kloof, vale and ridge.

Moshesh's name had widened out over a broad area of fame; many tribes of Griquas, Amonquanis, and Zulus had tried the strength of the Basuto nation, and felt the power of the crafty chief who dwelt in Thaba Bossiou. Once, a large horde of Griquas (Dutch half-breeds), attacked the mountain kraal under a certain Hendrick Hendricks, and of his doughty followers not one escaped. Again, Palarita led the Amathlubi tribe into Basutoland, and left his bones and theirs to whiten the hills of the Caledon.

But Moshesh was crafty in his victories. He kept to his mountain fastnesses; repelled all attacks upon

his territory, and took counsel from a few foreign missionaries who had sought his country.

Time went on. The Dutch were not to have quiet possession of Natal. Chaka was long dead; but a tyrant almost as cruel, though with but half his cleverness, reigned in his stead.

At the base of the Drakensberg, amidst the kloofs and glens of the Upper Tugela and its tributaries, there dwelt a chief named Sikkunellya. This chief had made a foray into Zululand, and carried off cattle from the people of Dingaan, the murderer and successor of Chaka. The Dutch restored the captured cattle to the Zulu chief, and asked in return for a cession of Natal. The request was acceded to. It is easy to give away that which is not ours, and all Natal was given by the tyrant's murderer to the new-comers—all Natal from the Tugela to the Umzimkulu, from the Drakensberg to the Indian Sea.

At the king's kraal by Umkinglové this cession was made. Dingaan placed his sign-manual to the document, and the Dutch leaders Maritz and Retief affixed their signatures in due form. It may be presumed that this later operation was one of no little difficulty to the Dutch commanders; for to these modern Israelites a pen was a stranger weapon than a gun; but somehow or other the names were affixed and the Dutch commanders prepared to withdraw.

At evening there arose a great uproar in the camp; there was a cry of treason through the Dutch laager;

thousands of naked Zulus crowded among the waggons; there were random shots and fierce shouts, and much stabbing and glint of assagais, and when daylight dawned again, Retief and his comrades all lay weltering in their blood.

It would be long to tell of the scenes that followed; how the Zulus swept down into Natal upon the scattered laagers of the Dutch by the swift-running Tugela and the Bushman Rivers; how these brave savages rushed the laager by the Bushman River drift, and carried such destruction through the camps, that to-day an immense tract of country bears the name of "Weenan," or the place of weeping; and then, how the Dutchman rallied and bore back the savage tribe, and in a great battle by the Blood River destroyed the king's kraal, and broke the power of the Zulu tribe.

But while all this wild work went on in the lower country, along the base of the Drakensberg, up aloft in Basutoland the crafty chief Moshesh held quiet possession of his glens and table-topped ridges. Five years earlier a small group of white men from a distant country had come to Basutoland. They came to teach, not to fight; they were French missionaries. Moshesh received them with favour. He gave them land in many parts of the country. Hard by his own stronghold of Thaba Bossiou they built a mission station of great beauty: it was in a valley between two steep rugged table-hills; a stream ran below it; great cliffs of basaltic rock stood like sentinels around

it, and in spring the scent of almond blossoms filled the air and the thatched eaves were white with jessamine flowers.

But Moshesh, though he encouraged the missionaries, and counselled his people to attend their teaching, did not himself adopt their faith. "He was too old to change; the young people might learn; but for him it would not do." So has it been in these times of ours all the world over. The days have passed when savage kings and chiefs adopt the cross at the teaching of the missionary, and with Xavier that power which penetrated the hearts of peoples, and changed kings and nations, seems to have vanished from the earth.

But though Moshesh took small heed of the teachings of the Frenchmen in spiritual matters, in temporal ones he gave full attention to them. Beware of war; resist when attacked; make friends with the white man: these were the chief tenets of the worldly creed they taught him, and under such teaching Moshesh grew in power, and Basutoland became rich and prosperous.

But a great danger soon began to menace Basutoland. The wave of the white man's domination was beginning to surge against the mountain fastness of the Mont aux Sources. South Africa had not a white population equal to a third-rate English town; nevertheless, an area as large as Germany was found too small to hold these fifty thousand white men, and the thin but restless stream was already beating

against the remote regions of the Malutis, and flowing away to the mighty wilderness where the Vaal washed from its gravelly shores in summer floods the yet unknown shining stones called diamonds.

The Dutch Boers who had crossed the Orange River proceeded to establish themselves as an independent community among the wildebeestes and the blessboks; there were no Englishmen in that part of the world, and the establishment of a Dutch republic met with no opposition at our hands. Those of the Dutch, however, who crossed the Berg, and went down into Natal, met with different treatment.

Far away by the Indian Sea, at the port of Natal, a small English settlement had taken root. After defeating the Zulu king and destroying his kraal in the upper country, the Dutch adventurers had drawn nearer to the sea—to Araby or Jerusalem or the Jordan, as they fondly imagined. All at once they found themselves face to face with the English settlement. "Curse these Englishmen!" doubtless cried the Boers; "here they are safely settled in Jerusalem before us." Still, there was peace between the rival settlers for a time, and, in the face of the common enemy, war would have been dangerous.

But after the victory over the Zulus things changed. The Dutch attacked the English settlement, and for a time had matters their own way. Beaten by superior numbers the English commander shut himself up in a hastily built fort, composed verses to the Southern

Cross, and bid defiance to the Boers. Months passed away; help came to the British camp from Cape Colony; the Dutch were beaten back; they moved into the upper country again, and more than half their number recrossed the Berg to seek for Araby in other lands. Natal was English; but by a fatal error the line of British boundary stopped at the Drakensberg; no claim was made to the great plains north of the Orange River—no claim, at least, for six years after.

In 1847 a man was appointed to the governorship of Cape Colony who, whatever might be his other qualities, knew the true policy of England in the wilds. There was to be no boundary to English possession in South Africa, save such as ocean set. Boers might migrate here or there; but whenever the time should come that English civilisation reached the confines of the country in which they had settled, then, too, had come the time for the establishment of British dominion in that land whether Boer, or Basuto, or Bosjisman reigned or roamed in it. South Africa was British by every right of conquest and privilege of possession. The Dutch, dissatisfied with our abolition of slavery, might "trek" where they pleased, but they must still remain British subjects, by the self-same law which made the Mormons citizens of the United States after they had placed sixteen hundred miles of wilderness between them and the last outpost of Yankeedom.

In 1847 there arrived at the Cape of Good Hope a

new governor; he had been a dashing leader of dashing men. British power, as represented by a few squadrons of British cavalry, was, in his eyes, irresistible. Dutch Boers setting up a republic of their own beyond the Orange River—the thing was absurd to the last degree. "Forward the Cape Corps. March away the Rifle Brigade. We'll soon see who is to be the ruler in South Africa."

So across the wilds of the Karoo, and up to the banks of the Orange River, went a small force of regular troops. Some little distance north of the river, a "commando" of Boers had taken its post amidst rocks and stone-covered hills nigh a place called Boomplatz.

The victor of Aliwal, brave to rashness, rides forward in advance of the little army. Shots ring out from the rocks, a few of the staff fall, an escort of Cape mounted men run away; but the brave old chief reins in his charger where he is, and cursing the runaways, calls out to the Rifles to advance. They come up at the double, spread out into the hills, and move straight up against the rocks. Suddenly the puffs of smoke cease. "This is not a proper way to fight," say the Boers; "we came prepared to lie here quietly for a few hours among the rocks, and here these fellows come running up to us as if they were our friends."

So, in order to escape being shaken by the hand or perhaps by the throat, the Dutchmen scramble into their saddles in yonder hollow, midst the hills, and

gallop away to northern wilds, their brave leader, one Prætorius by name, never drawing rein until sixty miles lay between him and the Boomplatz.

The Orange Republic was no more. Moshesh heard with joy, up in his mountain, the tidings of Boomplatz, and he marched out from the hills, with his army, to greet the English Governor, and to show his respect for the Queen's authority.

They met at Winburg. It was a novel sight. The Basuto army numbered about five thousand men, mostly mounted on shaggy or wiry ponies. Sir Harry Smith was in high spirits. "Moshesh was his friend and brother," he said. "The Basutos and the English would ever be friends."

The English general called out in his deep voice, whether there was any trooper in the ranks who could perform the sword-exercise in front of the line, for the edification of the Basutos. A trooper rode out and began to cut and thrust about his horse's ears. Sir Harry waved him back with a gesture of disdain. Another essayed the feat; again the old general cried out, "That is not the sword-exercise."

At last, an Irish soldier rode to the front; he cut and thrust, and whirled and slashed, and jerked about in his saddle in such a frantic manner, that the Basutos roared with delight, and Sir Harry Smith declared his satisfaction. Then came some cavalry manœuvres, and finally the review was over.

It was now Moshesh's turn. He attempted a charge; but a great part of his cavalry was suddenly

transformed into infantry by the simple process of being sent flying over their horses' heads. The horse was still a new-comer in Basutoland, and the monkey-like seat which now cannot be shaken, had not then been attained.

A war-dance wound up the day. The whole Basuto army danced like demons, Moshesh capering at their head. At one period the excitement became so intense that it is said the old general caught the infection, and, seizing Moshesh in his arms, danced round and round with him.

Moshesh went back to his mountains. The English governor pursued his way to the Drakensberg. On the ridge overlooking Natal he met the Boers in council. They were flying with their flocks and herds from Natal, to escape from the British government once more: Araby and the Promised Land were to be sought somewhere else.

It would have been better for Natal if the English governor had allowed the Boers to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

To make the earth a waste and to call it a farm is the first rule of Dutch agricultural practice in South Africa. Six thousand acres are still known as "a small farm"—no fence, no tree, no shrub, no sign of agriculture breaks the terrible monotony of an up-country Dutch holding: far as eye can reach there is but a wilderness unmarked by man.

In the council on the top of the Drakensberg, Sir Harry Smith offered to the flying Dutchmen the most

liberal grants of land in Natal. In many cases these grants were accepted, the Boers resumed their former places; the system of vast farms became perpetuated in a country whose conditions of soil and climate were in perfect keeping with a system of small agricultural holdings, and the opportunity was for ever lost of planting on the African continent the germs of the only European settlement which can ever ripen into a prosperous civilisation.

Time went on. A new governor was sent to the Cape; war, fierce war, had broken out among the Kaffir tribes of the Kei river. Moshesh kept to his mountains; but ever and anon the Boers, who had settled in the plains, cut off some slice of Basuto territory, ran the survey lines of farms further towards the Caledon, and set up beacons nearer to the blue Malutis.

Then there came raids upon cattle, horses disappeared from the farms: the Basuto said it was but fair retaliation; the Boers called it unprovoked robbery.

Following the affair of Boomplatz came the establishment of British government north of the Orange River. An English resident dwelt at Bloemfontein, a small garrison occupied the fort. The resident took the views of the farmers, got together some tribes of Barralongs and Bechuans, and moved against Moshesh. The Bechuans and Barralongs made a poor fight: Moshesh was the victor, but he knew better than to push his advantage against the British.

Towards the middle of 1852 the war on the Kei was over, and the English governor, Sir George Cathcart, bethought him of a new move. He ordered the assembly of a field force on the Orange River in the month of November of that year, and, crossing the river early in December, moved along the right bank of the Caledon. He had with him the finest force ever seen in South Africa—a regiment of lancers, a battery of artillery, and four regiments of light infantry.

About mid-December the little army reached Plattberg, on the Caledon; a few miles across the river lay the mountain fastnesses of Thaba Bossiou, and from the ridge of Plattberg could be seen the hills and rocks of Basutoland stretching from the river side to the Malutis.

On the 19th of December Moshesh came to the English camp in considerable alarm. The interview between him and the British commander was a curious one. Cathcart demanded ten thousand head of cattle and a large number of horses as a fine for the misdeeds of the Basutos. Moshesh expostulated, declared the number was out of all reason, begged for time, spoke parable after parable, dealt in metaphor by the hour; but all to little purpose. "Peace is like the rain that makes the grass grow," he said, "war is the hot wind that burns it up."

At last, finding neither metaphor nor entreaty of any avail to prevent the lessening of the fine imposed upon him, he asked the General what would happen

if the whole number were not forthcoming on the third day. "In that case I will go and take them," was the reply. "War is bad," answered Moshesh; "but even a beaten dog will bite." Then he went back to his mountain.

The 20th of December came. At daybreak the army moved from its camp at Plattberg, crossed the flooded Caledon on pontoons, and held its way towards Thaba Bossiou. It was a dull overcast morning: now and again the vapour broke into rifts, and between them could be seen the steep sides of cliffs hanging abruptly over winding valleys, and at times, perched on some craggy point, a Basuto scout was visible, keenly watching from his shaggy pony the moving column beneath; all else was quiet.

From the centre of the valley through which the column marched a large hill rose abruptly before the troops, and stood like a great island in a stream, the valley separating at its base and throwing out arms on either side. The hill that rose between these branching valleys was high and table-topped; its sides, scarped into perpendicular "krances" near the summit, sloped down at a steep angle near the base, where lay piled together a *débris* of crag and boulder, long since ruined and shattered from the rock frontlet above.

The hill was called the Berea. At the spot where the gorge or valley divided into branches, Cathcart divided his little army too. The lancers followed the valley to the left; the infantry took the hill of

the Berea in front; the artillery, the general and his staff, and half a battalion of foot, kept along the valley to the right.

It was a strange disposal of the little army. The valleys along which the wings moved diverged further and further apart — mist, fog, crag, and precipice intercepted the view; nothing could be seen of the table-topped hill save its scarped sides and rugged "krances"; troops in the valley could render no assistance to troops on the hill; nor was it possible to communicate from one valley to another, except by a long circle round the base of the Berea. It is difficult to climb these table mountains, but it is ten times more difficult to come down them again; for the rugged path which zig-zags through the cliffs can be traced from beneath, but is altogether lost from above.

On the summit of the Berea Hill Moshesh had collected together a vast number of cattle and horses; these the cavalry had orders to capture. Through a rough and broken incline, which wound through rocks and shingle, the lancers reached the top of the Berea. On all sides there spread around them a level expanse of sward, upon which Basutos galloped to and fro endeavouring to urge to greater haste huge droves of cattle. The lancers rode in among the cattle; the Basutos fled into the fog. For a time all went well; but the work of cattle-driving was not a military manœuvre much in practice among the cavalry, and the troopers riding to and fro soon became detached

into broken parties of a few men lost in a maze of terrified animals.

All at once through the fog there came a dense mass of Basutos riding down upon the scattered troopers. The cattle broke in every direction—in vain the lancers tried to rally; from rock and crevice, from the sharp edge of the precipice where the flat-topped hill dipped all at once out of sight, the shaggy ponies and their naked riders came sweeping through the wreaths of mist—the right, the left, the north, and the south had all become to the English soldier a hopeless puzzle; some fought singly against many foes; others, endeavouring to reach the main body, became only further separated from it; others, pent between their enemies and the wall-like precipice edge, boldly charged into the Basutos. In a few moments a score of the finest cavalry in the world had been killed, their horses taken, their gay trappings torn off, and then was there seen the singular sight of these monkey-like negroes, arrayed in scarlet coat and leather over-all, flourishing bright-pennoned lances aloft as they galloped hither and thither over the table-land of the Berea Hill.

While this wretched scene was being enacted on the left, the centre column of infantry pushed its way up the precipice and gained a footing on the summit. A mounted staff-officer was with them. Riding some distance in advance of the front of the column, he thought he discerned in the fog the helmets and pennons of the lancers. Galloping up to them, he

suddenly found himself surrounded by Basutos dressed in cavalry uniform. Faunce is said to have surrendered his sword, and asked for a few minutes' grace before his death. Some hesitation appears to have been felt by the Basutos at the final moment. There were those among the savages who would have spared the life of the prisoner; but while some clamoured for his life and others sought to preserve it, news came that the white soldiers had killed Basuto women at the base of the Berea Hill, and these tidings decided the captive's fate. He was killed on the spot.

The day wore to a close. Cathcart spent many an anxious moment. Dark clouds of Basuto horsemen hovered around the English army. At length the infantry descended from the hill; the clouds of horsemen seemed to increase. For a moment, it is said, the English general deemed himself lost. "Let us die like English soldiers," he exclaimed to some of his staff.

"Die!" exclaimed the fiery-spirited Eyre, who had just arrived, maddened by the result of the day. "Give me leave, sir, and I will soon answer for this black rabble."

But night was already closing; and as the daylight darkened over Thaba Bossiou, the Basutos drew off into the mountains.

Next morning Cathcart withdrew his forces to his original camp on the Caledon. The troops were wild to avenge the disasters of the Berea. Such an army foiled by such a foe! They must advance again and

storm Thaba Bossiou. But ere the morning wore away, messengers came from Moshesh. That crafty chief knew well what would be the result of his transient victory. His soldiers might deck themselves with the lancer trophies, but the triumph would be short-lived if he did not at once make peace; so, with many protestations of submission, the old chief offered cattle and horses to the General he had beaten but the previous day, and besought the clemency and forbearance of the vanquished.

It was a sagacious move. Moshesh blazoned forth his triumph far and near to Kaffir, Zulu, and Bechuana; for many a day the lancers' pennons flew gaily above some Basuto kraal, tokens of Basuto victory over the white man. But by his crafty submission Moshesh saved his kingdom from destruction; and if to-day there is a native state called Basutoland in South Africa, it is because the old chief knew how to build a bridge for a baffled foe and to pay him handsomely for crossing it.

This battle on the Berea Hill was fought in December, 1852. Ere a second December had passed the old English general had fallen on a far-off Crimean field, and the hill named "Cathcart's," in memory of him, was furrowed deep with the graves of England's bravest sons who had died "like English soldiers."

II.

AN evil day was drawing nigh for British interests in South Africa. The Orange River sovereignty was to be given up. British troops, flag, and government were to withdraw from it, and a boundary was to be set to a dominion in whose possible future might even then have been read, in legible letters, a realisation of that old name given two hundred years before by the Portuguese discoverer, the "Good Hope" of a great empire set in the lonely ocean beneath the Southern Cross.

It is easy to be wise after the event, to say what should have been, to picture what might have been, to point where empire has been lost and chance misused; but in this case of Orange sovereignty abandonment, such wisdom could have been gathered then quite as easily as it can be gleaned now. Nay, even nature taught the lesson better then than she does to-day. At that time, far as the eye could reach, the vast plain of the Free State was a shifting scene of light-limbed antelopes, and millions of wild animals drew rich sustenance from that grass so green in summer, so brown and sere under the winter's sun.

"It is a desert," writes one English governor in 1852 or 1853. "It is richer than any part of Australia," writes another, just four years later. Yes, it was a desert in the sense that man was a stranger there, that no fence crossed the land, no homestead was to be seen. It was a desert such as the rover poet Pringle loved to sing of as he wandered at will through its solitudes. Here is a picture of this desert as he painted it :—

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deers' haunt, and the buffaloes' glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeeste graze,
And the gemsbok and eland unheeded recline,
By the skirts of grey forest o'ergrown with wild vine,
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared by the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the "vley" where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

True, there was one real desert in it, a region where water was scarce and grass was scant, a spot looking over which the traveller might exclaim, "This is worthless." Yet even there, in the centre of that waste of red, brick-dust plain, one day a herd-boy caught the gleam of a pebble that sparkled like a star, and now on that spot twelve thousand men are digging deep into the earth in the richest diamond mine the world has seen.

There is nothing worthless under the sun; if the

wealth of nature lies not on the surface, it is only because she has hidden it in her bosom.

In 1854 the abandonment of the Orange River sovereignty was consummated. The story of that abandonment, as it is told to-day in the Orange Free State, is pitiable enough. It is said that the majority of the inhabitants were hostile to the change. Many settlers had established themselves in the territory, and British power had taken root. The more turbulent Boer had fled into wilds more remote. Settlements were springing up.

All at once the scene was changed. A commission arrived from England to surrender the sovereignty to the Dutch. For a long time no one would accept the surrender. Meetings opposing it were held; resolutions were adopted declaring the unalterable attachment of the inhabitants to the English flag; petitions were presented, but they all mattered little; the act had been already decided on, and it was to be done one way or another.

At last a party was got together willing to receive over the territory. They were obscure individuals; but on paper their names, when finally inscribed, looked formidable enough. It is widely asserted to-day in the Free State that this risky feat of penmanship was only achieved by the Boers after a liberal offer of English gold, "to defray the expenses of the transfer," had been made to them by the British authorities.

At length the deed was ratified. The birthright of

Britain in this southern world was signed away, and a document was launched into life which, as time goes on, becomes more vividly injurious to English interests, and year by year grows into a more fatal instrument against British power in South Africa, following out but too truly the law which gives to political error no final resting-place. Let us run rapidly over the succeeding twenty years.

The Free State grew. Another large republic arose still farther off to the north. Where the Free State ended at the south shore of the Vaal River, the Transvaal Dutch Republic began on the north shore, and ended no man could tell where. One ambitious President fixed the northern boundary at the Crocodile River, another said it must be at the Limpopo, another would claim the Zambesi, the tropic of Capricorn, or the Equator. If the natives objected, a "commando" soon settled matters. A commando was merely a new name for an old thing. It was war without any of the usages or restraints which civilisation has imposed on war. It meant night surprise, destruction of crops and cattle, no prisoners, cave-smoking, killing of women, &c.

Here is Lord Stanley's opinion of "commandoes": "They are frequently undertaken," he writes, "as a means of gratifying the cupidity or vengeance of the Dutch or English farmers; and further, they are marked by the most atrocious disregard of human life."

But further off, towards the remote north, they

meant more than this. There was in the Transvaal an institution called "apprenticeship." Young negro children, without parents, could be apprenticed to farmers for a term of years. Orphans are not more numerous in the neighbourhood of the Limpopo than they are in other parts of the world; but when orphans are at a premium, it becomes possible to improve upon nature, and to make them to order. It rests upon authority not to be disputed that women were butchered at their kraals in the north of the Transvaal Republic but a few years ago, for the sole purpose of enabling their murderers to carry away orphans to Prætoria, the capital of the republic.

All this is very horrible, and many men reading it in South Africa will perhaps exclaim against the writer for here placing it on record; but it is better that these dark things should be brought face to face with the light of day—better for us in England, as well as for our cousins in South Africa; for, strong as we imagine to be our sense of justice, of honour, or of courage, it is well for us to know that it all rests upon a frail foundation, and for those in savage lands to realise that, no matter how remote may be the region wherein these dark deeds are done, there will come a time when, even to the short-seeing eye of man, they will be laid bare.

But to return to the Orange Free State and our mountain Basutoland.

Some years after the withdrawal of British power from the north of the Orange River, war broke out

between the Boers and the Basutos. The conflict ended favourably for the natives. The Dutch farmers could with difficulty be held together; as yet the infant republic lacked the spirit of nationality or of cohesion, and Moshesh proved fully a match for his white enemies.

Peace was made, leaving matters much as they had been before the struggle.

In 1866 war broke out afresh. A new President had assumed the direction of the Free State Government. He was a man trained under the influence of British institutions, although a thorough representative of Dutch traditions. His energy and determination soon made themselves apparent. The Basuto war was carried on with vigour. Hitherto the table-topped fastnesses south of the Caledon had been deemed impregnable. In 1867 Makwai's mountain was attacked and taken, and soon after Tandtgiesberg was carried and the chief Pushili killed.

The following year saw the Boers in possession of Qumi, the mountain stronghold of Letsia, Moshesh's favourite son; and the same year beheld the celebrated Thaba Bossiou, Moshesh's mountain, invested by his enemy. The fight around this rugged hill was long and varied. Several times the Dutch attempted to storm the steep stronghold, and as often were they forced to relinquish the assault. Englishmen mustered strong in the Dutch army, and English breechloading rifles, and Armstrong and Whitworth guns, were plentiful too.

The Free State complained bitterly that we aided the Basutos with arms and ammunition, and sympathy; but every rifle fired at Thaba Bossiou, and every shell flung on the rocky ledge where old Moshesh battled bravely against his foes, came from an English arsenal or an English factory; and when, once, a Boer column did make a temporary landing on the scarped ledge by the summit of the beleaguered rock, it was an English officer who led them on, fighting for hours alone upon the ledge from which his followers had retreated. If our sympathy went with the Basutos, something more practical than sympathy was given to the Dutch.

Thaba Bossiou was never taken. Reduced to direst famine, shelled and shot at, the rocky ledge still held out; and before famine could complete its work, British intervention saved the mountain State. Basutoland was declared British territory, Moshesh was taken under the protection of the English flag, and the Free State was told to stay its hands. It was full time for our intervention. More than two thousand Basutos had fallen; all the cattle, horses, waggons, ploughs, even clothes belonging to the natives, had been destroyed; the kraals had been utterly demolished; the wretched women and children and old men had crowded into dark and loathsome caverns in the rocky hills, where, bereft of food and covering, they perished miserably from fever, cold, and famine.

Of course there were loud denunciations from the Dutch for this saving from utter annihilation of the

remnant of their foes. They had already annexed the greater portion of the fertile valleys north of the Caledon; they hungered still for the rugged hills and steep glens which lay between the Caledon and the blue Maluti Mountains; and to-day, through the Free State, one often hears, heading the catalogue of crimes recounted against England in South Africa, her merciful preservation of old Moshesh and his mountaineers from the rapacious destruction of the Dutch Boers.

In the foregoing pages we have sketched the history of this native mountain State, not because of any importance to-day attaching to its existence, or of any influence which it exercises upon the communities surrounding it, but because it is, geographically speaking, the keystone of the South African structure, the fountain-head of its water system, the summit of its surface; and as from the Alps one looks down upon France, Italy, and Germany, and by a single turn of the head takes mental grasp of half Europe, so this rugged land of peaks has beneath and around it a sweep of horizon which embodies almost at a glance the entire topography of South Africa.

To catch from mere description the outline of a continent, to see mountains and rivers, plains and valleys, as they lie in the vast inanity of nature—to behold that wonderful view over the outspread earth which the eagle sees when he is a speck in heaven, that "bird's-eye view" which we so often speak of

but so seldom realise—this, perhaps, is the most difficult task the reader has to learn from the writer; for it is a lesson hard enough for the man who has himself looked upon the land which he would fain portray; and it is also a lesson without knowledge of which all other knowledge of the people or policy of distant lands is unfinished and incomplete.

In the preceding pages we have looked, as it were, from a lofty height, upon that part of South Africa which contains to a greater extent than any other portion what may be called the future of the continent.

Coal, iron, gold, diamonds—these are great treasures; and these lie locked beneath the lands we have just surveyed, to an extent the knowledge of which is still in its crude commencement.

There is an angle of the meadow which we call Natal, where four States all meet together at one point. Through a vast rolling plain many streams and rivers run eastward from the Drakensberg; a few ostriches still stretch their long necks above the hill horizon to watch the passing traveller on his way; the oribi bounds from the yellow grass before the horse's gallop; a herd of hartebeeste watch warily from afar at waggon or rider. The place is called the Newcastle Flat. It is well named, for frequently one sees, when the yellow clay has been washed and cut into deep channels by summer floods, huge dark seams of rock-like coal thrust up between layers of trap and sandstone lying but a few feet from the surface. It is a curious sight. Here, unworked, un-

heeded, unborn, lies a mighty future; this is the great coal-bed of South Africa. As the rider now draws bridle by one of these breaks in the yellow clay, he sees only the great stretch of plain, the wild deer on the hilltop, the sun going down blood-red through the smoke of distant grass-fires; he hears nothing but the rustle of wind through waving grass, and the drip of water down the sandstone channel; and, as he looks upon the quiet wilderness, there crosses his mind a vision of great factories; of tall chimneys pouring forth dark streams of smoke, blurring the sunlight and blotting the sky; of men and women, and children, from whose faces the light of heaven has also been blotted out and blurred; of the flare of gas on pallid cheek, and the roll of steam along iron road, when, in the fulness of time, this dark deep seam shall be followed into the bowels of the earth, and flung forth to feed the furnaces of the world's toil.

We have already spoken of the diamonds of the Vaal River. We will now endeavour to place before the reader an image of the gigantic pit in whose depths ten thousand men are delving deeper year by year.

We have said before that the Vaal and Orange Rivers, both springing from the range of the Drakensberg, approach each other some three hundred miles from their sources, and joining their waters in the midst of a vast plain of brick-coloured clay, on which the thorny mimosa grows, gnarled and stunted, in

scattered clumps, pours westward a constantly decreasing volume through the sands of Damara and the arid plains of the Kalaharri Desert.

In the angle formed by the two rivers, at about eighty miles from their point of junction, a strange scene rises suddenly before the traveller's eye.

In the middle of a great plain—a plain so vast that its hills and undulations, its trap eruptions, "kopjes," and salt-pans are all merged by distance into a uniform sense of level—there is seen an immense assemblage of huts and houses, tents and flag-staffs. High above roof or flag-pole a huge, irregular mound of earth rises from the centre of this city on the plain, and as the traveller approaches the city he sees that it is built around the base of this great mound, which shelves down at that steep angle which is formed by the labour of the navvy-mound builder working from a higher level.

Without design or order, the huts and tents rise confusedly on every side; corrugated iron and canvas are the materials from which dwelling-house, church, drinking-saloon, store, and shed have been built. The city of Kimberley, or Colesberg, or New Rush, as it is variously named, is a city of tin and tent. But if the materials with which man has built this town in the desert be simple, the builder-man has been compound enough. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia have all sent their representatives to Kimberley. The African delves in the mine; the representatives from the rest of the world buy, sell, and

drink in the town. When the water deepens in the great pit the two first avocations are considerably curtailed, and in their places are substituted politics. Two great factions then appear in the city of diamonds; they are "loyal men" and "rebels."

On the latter side one finds the usual curious combination; there is the German malcontent, there is the English malcontent, there is the Irish malcontent, and, in addition to these units of European disaffection, there is also found here the malcontent of Natal.

First take the Teutonic upholder of liberty. He has two prefixes to his name—Captain and Von. It is needless to say that he possesses only that claim to either title that arises from almost unlimited capability of consuming beer and tobacco. He has a popular reputation, however, for having seen service, and there are certain hints thrown out by his immediate friends of his being closely connected with Von Moltke, whose portrait (taken from an illustrated paper) is hung conspicuously in his tin house.

Captain Von Drinckhishfils commands a following of about forty men; they are all Germans, and have, like their leader, acquired, rightly or wrongly, a reputation for arms; some are Bavarians, some are Saxons, some are pure Prussians; all are imbued with a high spirit of independence, discordant wind instruments, strong waters, and tobacco. They do not wash much, and whether in the mine or in the glass, hold water in low estimation.

Von Drinckhishfils and his company are reported

to have shown considerable military knowledge at a recent rescue of a "rebel" storekeeper from the hands of four constables who were conveying him to jail, on which occasion they took up a strategic position in an extinct diamond pit, a position which was as menacing to the four representatives of tyrannical oppression as it was secure from any stray bullet which might happen to be abroad.

The English malcontent is quite another kind of being; his antagonism to the government at the fields is based chiefly on opposition to the principle of universal equality of black and white men. He is of that type peculiar to the middle and lower class Anglo-Saxon, whose ideas of universal equality have reference only to a set of beings *above* them in the social scale, and who would substitute repressive superiority whenever the sentiment affects a lower or a differently coloured race of men.

He takes his stand, he will tell you, upon the inalienable right of every born Briton to make, frame, and adjust his own law, and as he individually has not made, framed, or adjusted the law by which native Africans are graciously permitted to dig on African soil for African diamonds on their own account, he is determined to resist to the utmost such a manifest injustice.

And now, having glanced at some of the human dwellers at the base of the great mound of Colesberg, let us ascend the steep bank itself, and gaze at the curious scene which opens before us.

A big pit! at top twelve acres of superficial size,

two hundred feet deep at its deepest, its floor cut into innumerable squares, its sides falling steep from a clear cut edge. Around that edge rise, tier over tier, three rows of wooden platforms, from which wheels and pulleys, and iron ropes run downwards into the yawning abyss below. Thick as black men can swarm, on these wooden platforms stand nearly naked negroes, working wheel and pulley, bucket and rope. Looking down into the pit one sees thousands of wire ropes crossing and recrossing each other, stretched "taut" from "the claim" beneath to the platform above. There are six hundred whole claims in this mighty pit; but claims have been split into halves, quarters, eighths, and even sixteenths.

Down below black figures, dwarfed by distance, are digging, picking, and filling into leather buckets a dark bluish clay, half stone, half marl; when the bucket fills, a signal to the men on the platform above is given from beneath, the wheels fly round, and along the wire rope runs the load of "diamondiferous" clay to the pit edge aloft.

Beyond all attempt at number are these ropes and lines of wire; buckets come and go along them with puzzling rapidity. A mighty whirr of wheels fills the immense arena; a vast human hum floats up from ten thousand throats. Such a sight must the great tower by the Babylonian stream have presented; but assuredly nowhere else could the eye have taken at a single glance such an accumulation of labour, all tending to one toil and one effort.

Let the man be who he may; let him have seen all

the world holds best worth seeing in the work of man, old or new; let him have grown tired of wonders by land and sea; still we will venture to assert that, as he climbs the side of this clay mound, and looks from the edge of the bordering rock into the Colesberg "kopje," he will stand for a moment riveted to the spot, in the first impulse of a new astonishment.

But there are many questions which the reader will require answered, ere he can see even faintly the pit and its mode of work. How is the dividing line kept between claim and claim? Where is the clay put that is taken out of the pit? How are the diamonds extracted from the clay? Is the clay all of this bluish marl-like description? How are the sides of the pit kept from falling in? These, and many more questions, will arise to the reader's mind as he scans what we have written.

The pit sides are cut steeply down. Nature has faced them for the most part with a lining of rock. This lining, called "the reef," forms the boundary of the diamond mine: one foot outside that boundary reef there are no diamonds. At times the reef hangs dangerously over the pit, and then it has to be taken down, and the edge sloped off at a greater angle.

For a great depth now the work has been carried through nothing but this blue marl-like clay, but it was not always so. At first the soil was a reddish gravel; it was rich in diamonds. All at once the red gravel gave place to yellow clay. Men said, "There will be no more precious stones, the red gravel is all

gone;" but men, as they often are, were wrong, and the diamonds went on as before. At last the bluish soft rock was reached; again the wise people said, "Now there is an end to diamond digging." But diamond digging went on in the bluish marl rock, as it had gone on in the other clays and gravels.

When this clay, or rock, or gravel is brought to the surface, it can no longer be piled, as of yore, around the edge of the great pit; there is no room now, and already the heap is high and vast enough. So hundreds of horses are employed in carting away the diamondiferous soil, and placing it in various parts of the great surrounding plain. Here the action of sun, and air, and cold night soon causes the half-solid mass to disintegrate, and then, when it has softened, begins the work of washing.

To pick out the precious stones was for years no easy matter; the apparatus was rude and incomplete, and many a valuable gem slipped through and was lost in the *débris* clay. Now all that is changed, a closer scrutiny is possible; and so perfect has become the means of sifting, that the old *débris* of former years is being worked over again, and many a rich gem taken from its vast accumulation.

People will naturally ask, "Must there not be great robberies practised in this immense pit?" The answer is unquestionably "Yes"; but let us not run away with the matter all at once. These frequent pilferings of stones are the chief causes of the white man's antipathy to his black labourer at the fields; but when-

ever we have heard the negro denounced for his diamond-stealing, it has always occurred to us to ask our righteous white friend, "How do you think you would fare if you employed twenty white men instead of these twenty Zulus or Bechuanas? Do you think the pilfering would cease? Not a bit of it; it would be ten times greater." We unhesitatingly state our opinion that if the present system of diamond-digging were attempted with the ordinary white labour of the world, be that labour British, German, or American, it would be simply impossible to continue it, so wholesale would be the stealing. It is only with the black man that there is left sufficient honesty to permit the continuance of profitable digging.

The term "digger," as it is frequently used at Kimberley, is a delusive one. In the papers, over the doors of shops, in political placards, one sees the "digger" prominently put forward. There are "digger associations," "digger saloons," "digger meetings," even "digger drinks," but the real digger is the negro. The proprietor of the claim is no more a digger, in the American or Australian sense of the term, than an English railroad contractor is a navvy.

Some years ago, when the diamond excitement was at its highest point, an English illustrated journal published a view of the fields. In the background of this picture many negroes were at work, picking and grubbing in the earth; in the foreground there stood the figure of a white man with an umbrella over his

head; he was busily engaged in kicking a large negro; both parties seem dissatisfied with the occupation. Matters have changed since then. The competition for negro work is now very great, and masters have to be more careful how they kick.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb. Give a master a bad name and his work hangs, is a patent truth in South Africa.

It is curious to note what a strange variety of opinions one hears throughout the country relative to black labour. "He [the negro] is the laziest brute on earth," one man will tell you. "I can get as much labour as I want," will confide to you the next comer.

To-day, in the Free State, it is almost impossible to obtain labour on a Dutch farm. Go a few miles off, to an English holding, and you will find labour sufficient and to spare.

We do not mean to assert that the negro works for the sake of work. Who does, the wide world over? But we do say that in Natal, in the Orange Free State, and at the diamond fields, labour can be obtained by those who go about it in the right spirit.

In South Africa no white man works. There are white artisans and skilled workmen, it is true, but they are at enormous wage. They make more in a week than many London office men make in a month. At the diamond fields they obtain £2 per diem, and in Natal £1 or more; but the white labourer, pure and simple—the man with the shovel, the stone-

breaker, Hodge in a smock and with a hedge-clipper —does not exist. There is no hiding the fact that labour is at a discount; some will tell you it is because of the climate, but in America we have seen white labour carried on unceasingly, under conditions of heat and exposure more trying than those of South Africa. The real cause is to be found in the fact that black labour is possible to obtain.

What the black man does in this matter his white cousin must not do. "The nobility of labour" ceases to bear patent when the African has to be raised to the peerage through it, and the "long pedigree of toil" becomes considerably shortened when its tree has its root in the "midriff" of the negro.

III.

TO revert to the question of diamond-stealing at the fields.

Let us think for a moment how facile is the theft. Peter, good Christian Kaffir, Nehemiah, excellent Basuto, Manyougootoosoo, pure original Kaffir, or Whatdooyoocoolum, admirable Corrana, are at work, individually and collectively, in claim No. 555, belonging to the firm of White, Mann, & Co. All at once a small bright stone sparkles in the clay, close to the great outspread foot of Whatdooyoocoolum or Nehemiah. The respected members of the firm of White, Mann, & Co. are absent. White is lunching at the Craven Club, Mann has gone to look for Namaqua partridges towards the Vaal River, the Co. is at his usual post in black letters in the mining register. Well, then, what happens? Only this. Whatdooyoocoolum places for a moment his great toe upon the little gem, and a moment later quietly transfers the brilliant pebble into his mouth, or under his wool, where it rests safe and sound until the evening has come, and up from the vast pit stream countless negroes to scatter for the night over the dusky plain.

And now for the market where this stolen diamond finds sale—that is white. The black man does the stealing, but it is the white man who generally gets the stolen gem. Sometimes the stolen stones are not disposed of at the fields, but are taken back into the interior by the returning negro. The chief Lo-Benguela dwells far away by the water of the Limpopo. When he gave permission to fifty of his young men to visit the diamond fields as labourers, he stipulated that, in addition to every man bringing back a rifle and twelve pounds of ammunition, they were also to give him one diamond each man.

Six or eight months later forty-eight men trudge homeward along the weary road which leads to the Limpopo; a bucket falling from the reef edge of the pit settled for this world the account of No. 49; 50 had his thick head split in a row with the Amakosae Kaffirs, so forty-eight go back to their northern kraals, carrying forty-eight muskets, a goodly store of ammunition, some red rugs, and forty-eight bright little stones carefully hidden away.

When they arrive at their destination they hand over the forty-eight diamonds to the chief Lo-Benguela, who drops them into a little earthern vessel in which many others already lie snugly; and every now and again he takes the earthen cup between his hands, and shakes it until the stones rattle and glisten, and then he says, "See! this is easy to carry. In a day I can walk a long way with this. Not so with lands or rivers. I cannot carry them away, and when the

white man comes to take my land, as come he will, he will get my land; but then I take up this little earthen bowl, which will by that time be full of shining stones, and I will walk away with more in my hands than land, or river, or cattle." And the chief grins as he thus develops his little programme, and rattles his treasure-bowl again and again. All this showing clearly enough that Lo-Benguela is wise in his generation with the wisdom of the white man.

Diamond-stealing is on the increase. The negroes are yearly becoming more dishonest. It is a sad fact, but a true one. What produces this result? Unquestionably it is contact with civilisation. It is one thing to tell this black man that it is wrong to steal; it is another thing to let him see, day after day, white men buying stolen stones; Jews and Christians, and men who are neither Jews nor Christians, prowling round the pit, offering money at random for the morning's find. But the negro learns other secrets than diamond-stealing at the great pit of Colesberg. Kaffir from the Kei, Amaponda from the St. John's, Zulu from the Umfolosi, Swasi from the Maputa, Matabilli from the Limpopo, Basuto, Bechuana, Corrana, or Bushman, all learn here the great fact that they are brothers in labour, confederates in servitude; the old jealousies of race begin to disappear before this bond of a common sympathy, and at last before the black races of South Africa stands out the patent truth that they are opposite in interest, object, desire, in every line of life and thought, to the white man

who has come among them, and that the old dream of a time drawing near, in which the black and white races would share together their rival inheritances of possession and knowledge, is only destined to develop a reality in which knowledge and possession rest with one race.

And in this we touch the real obstacle to what is called the civilisation of wild or savage races. We often marvel why the conversion of the heathen becomes more difficult as time goes on, and yet a moment's reflection will suffice to show us that the reason of the thing is patent enough.

When the wild man or the negro gives up his Great Spirit, his fetish, or his idol, and adopts the teaching of Christianity, he also adopts the social customs and the social standards of what we call civilisation. Where does he find himself in that new scale? At the very lowest point, somewhere between the beggar and the pauper.

In nine cases out of ten we have taken, or bought, or tricked his land from him; we have killed or chased away the wild animals that roamed over it; we have shouldered him out into the remote mountains or regions unfitted for our present wants. He learns our knowledge after a time; but that is only as a light held out to show him how miserable is the position he has accepted—the position of a Christian pariah.

He has been told a hundred times that this new religion meant brotherly love; that before God colour

vanished and race was not known; and if he has believed the teaching, how bitter must be the sense of disappointment with which he learns the real nature of the *rôle* he has accepted in the new creed and social state; how startling the discovery that this beautiful theory of the white man's love and brotherhood and charity to all men means, in the hard logic of fact, the refusal of a night's shelter under the same roof to him; means the actual existence of a barrier between him and the white race more fatally opposed to fusion, more hostile to reciprocity of thought, mutual friendship, or commonest tie of fellowship, than that which lies between civilised man and the dumb dog that follows him.

Long years ago the red man of North America realised this fact, that civilisation meant to him servitude or death. He chose the latter. America, said to contain at the period of its discovery fourteen million Indians, to-day does not hold four hundred thousand.

But with the African it is different; he does not die out before us. Nay, if we give him the common condition of room he multiplies amazingly; he multiplies, but he does not come to the surface. He is always beneath, deeper, thicker, denser, it may be, but always below. It is a curious problem this of the African, and the more we study it the more difficult it grows. He will not die, he will not disappear. We will not have him as an equal; we cannot have him as a slave. What then is to be the outcome? Time will answer,

as he always answers; and, meanwhile, this big pit at Kimberley promises to hasten the answer.

We said before that the black toilers in the pit carried away with them when they returned to their homes arms and ammunition, in addition to a certain amount of dangerous knowledge. We will now give a significant fact. More than three hundred thousand stand of arms, chiefly rifles, have passed from the hands of white traders, at the diamond fields, into possession of South African negroes during the last seven years. "A man has worked for me," a trader has said to us, "until he has had money enough to get a rifle, and the regulated amount of ammunition, six pounds or thereabouts; he has then gone away to take home his rifle and powder, and after a lapse of a couple of months he has come back again to work for more ammunition." It is not too much to suppose that more than three hundred thousand natives have been armed and equipped for war at the diamond fields.

What is it all for? Ah! that is the question. Some will tell you that it is for the chase; others for war between tribe and tribe; others, again, see in it what it is, in all human probability, a preparation for war against the common enemy, the white man. The struggle will be as hopeless as it ever has been. Snider and Martini-Henry and Whitworth have quadrupled the weight with which the white man "crushes" these efforts of the savage to keep him out; but all the same, there will be much bloodshed and misery

yet experienced ere the white line of conquest is pushed home to the Limpopo.

Now let us say one word about the diamond itself, ere we quit the "field" on which it is found. We cannot believe for a moment that this pit at Kimberley, or the two or three other spots at Du Toit's Pan and De Beer's, are the only diamond mines in this great plateau of South Africa; many others must exist.

Nothing marked these rich places of the earth; the mimosas grew their thorny stems there as elsewhere; sheep grazed on the stunted "karoo" bush; spring-bok filed in long peaceful lines across the plain. All at once the glistening stones are found, and in seven years ten millions' worth of diamonds are unearthed.

It is not yet twenty years since the first diamonds were found on the banks of the Vaal River. They were water-washed stones of a lustre far surpassing those now discovered in the big pits at Kimberley; but they were few and far between, and the river banks where they were found were soon worked out. It was evident that they had been washed in bygone times from some spot higher up the river, and deposited on the outer slopes of gravel banks formed by eddies in some vast volume of running water. This brings us naturally to the question of what was originally the aspect of this plateau. It was, without doubt, a mighty lake. At some age in the earth's history all this red plain, this grass-covered rolling table-land, now so dry and at times so arid, lay deep beneath an inland sea.

If a traveller lands on any portion of the coast of South Africa, from the tropic to the Cape of Good Hope, and journeys inland from the sea, he soon comes to a range of mountains. These mountains run nearly parallel to the coast, and are at varying distances from it; sometimes thirty, sometimes one hundred and thirty miles from it.

Ascending this mountain range, and gaining the top, one stands on the rim of the extinct lake; the ground falls again, but only falls to a third of the original extent. This inner plateau is, in fact, the lake-bed of South Africa. What has become of the enormous volume of water that must once have filled this vast basin? The lower lands, between the rim and the sea, tell that plainly enough; the dry bed of the lake tells it too. The waters rolled away in mighty floods. The lake bottom was raised from beneath, or the rim was worn down; but at any rate the great flood poured forth and swept before it, not the mere rock and *débris* of earth, but the surface of the earth itself—the hills and plains that lay before it.

South Africa is a land of table-topped hills. These curious flat wall-like mountains, with hard sandstone sides, are the wrecks left by this mighty flood; they are the island fortresses that resisted the rush of water; around them the softer rock and looser earth was carried away; their iron sides stood the fierce rush of the waves, and at last, when the era of erosion had passed, they remained to still carry on their smooth summits, sometimes set three thousand feet above

what is to-day the surface of the country, the level of the land in bygone ages. But before the waters were pushed over the rim of the vast lake mighty changes had taken place beneath its waves. The fires of the earth had broken forth, and through the soft silts of cycles, and through the layers of sand, and mud, and submarine vegetation, the molten trap had forced its way in many fiery fissures.

In all human probability it was during these struggles between water above and fire beneath that the diamonds were formed in the funnel-shaped bed, where they are found to-day, at Kimberley. That they came floating from beneath is evident enough. Here and there, scattered through the pit, are found detached masses of rock. These boulders are called in the language of the mine "floating reefs"; on the tops of such rocks diamonds are scarcely ever found; at the sides, sometimes; beneath, they often lie. As bubbles seek the surface, so in bygone ages might these carbonic bubbles have floated from the furnace raging beneath through the funnel opening under the lake, where, kept down by the weight above, they crystallised under conditions we cannot define.

This explanation of that curious question, "How are diamonds formed?" was first put forth by one who has long watched with observant eye in South Africa the story told by the rocks to man.*

That these three or four earth-openings, under the

* Sir T. Shepstone, K.C.M.G.

bed of the extinct lake, were not the only ones is evident enough, and it is impossible to believe that there are not many other such mines scattered over the plateau, which, as time goes on, will be found as rich, perhaps richer in these bright carbon crystals than even the big pit of New Rush. Karoo and mimosa cover them to-day.

A word now as to the quality of stones found in South Africa.

The diamonds first found along the Vaal River were of exceeding brilliancy, fully equal in lustre to the finest stones of Golconda or Brazil; but in the pits of Kimberley, De Beer's, and Du Toit's Pan they are nearly all "off-coloured," or yellow. In the one case they have been washed by the river, and exposed to the action of air at some period of the world. In the other, they lie deep in the bowels of the earth, and first see light when the digger's pick disturbs their rest. Many of them crack and flaw when the light first comes to them.

And now as to the value of the diamond, and its probable future.

It is scarcely possible that the gem can retain the place which it has so long held, if these South African diggings are to continue. Large brilliants must become common. Fifty, eighty, one hundred, even two and three hundred carat stones have been unearthed in these dry diggings. We have already stated our opinion that many other pits will be found in the vast dry bed of this extinct lake; and then fashion,

easily frightened at profusion, will take alarm, and the emerald of Central Asia or the ruby of Upper Burmah will perhaps supplant the long-throned supremacy of the easier found diamond.

Turning from the diamond field itself to the effects of such discoveries upon the social and political aspect of South Africa, we find much food for reflection.

Every branch of trade, commerce, and agriculture has derived fresh life and new impulse from these fields. The land deemed a desert twenty years ago has become of great value. A farm in the Orange Free State means a great tract of land of not less than six thousand acres in extent. It is not too much to say that land in this Dutch Republic is worth to-day as many pounds per acre as it was worth pence five and twenty years ago. Six thousand acres form a single farm; but some men are in possession of five and six such farms in the State, and once it was our lot to ride over a Free State farm of two hundred and sixty thousand acres. What a possession! It lies on the top of the lower range of the Drakensberg, over the plains of Newcastle, some six or seven thousand feet above the sea-level.

Grand beyond description is such a possession. Hill, vale, plain, and river, all lie within its limits; and from the rising of the sun to his setting the traveller canters his tireless Cape horse between the beacons of this single ownership.

If we in England would wish to realise the effect of this increase in the value of estate in the Orange Free

State, let us suppose a country as large as England changing in the actual value of its soil from one penny per acre to ten shillings in the short space of twenty years; and yet the value of the land gives but a faint idea of the value of its products. These are, in many instances, at famine prices; all vegetables, dairy produce, &c., are worth three and four times what they cost in London. It is a subject of jest to-day in South Africa because the historian of the Tudors drew a moral in Bloemfontein—the Orange Free State capital—from the price of cauliflowers sold in the markets; yet that one straw was a better index of the difference between demand and supply in South Africa than ten thousand theories.

It is only a little while since that we witnessed the sale of a large waggon-load of cauliflowers in the Kimberley market at two shillings and sixpence each vegetable. The load contained about two thousand cauliflowers.

There is no fitter soil or finer climate in the world for the production of these things than that of this Free State and Griqualand. Give it water and it will grow anything; and the water is there in abundance if man will only "turn it on." Before the discovery of diamonds and gold all these things were drugs in the markets; suddenly a vast demand arose for them. Europe sent its steamships to supply what it could, tinned things of all sorts; but the Africanders did little—the more adventurous ones flocked to the fields, the lazy ones sat idle at home.

Diamonds were to be gathered in garden or dairy far away from those wonderful fields where men so often lost their little all; but few thought of so gathering them. People said the demand had suddenly come for all these things and would as suddenly die out, and meantime they did nothing; and famine prices became the rule in a land ever ready to yield to man "the full fruits of his labour."

It has been said of South Africa that it is a land of samples and of nothing more; that its cotton, coffee, sugar, and wheat, everything save its wool, is excellent, but limited; that it can produce the first specimens for an exhibition, but the last for a continuous export trade. All this is true; but all this only proves what we said before, that the people will not work.

If the land produced from itself wheat or sugar as the sheep produce wool, wheat and sugar would find their way to Europe; but at present wheat is brought from Australia, potatoes, butter, and vegetables are carried from England.

Take the bill of lading of any steamer sailing away from South Africa. The cargo consists of wool, a few bales of antelope and ox hides, a few packages of ostrich feathers and parcels of diamonds and gold. It is scarcely too much to say that, with the exception of wine, the manufactures of South Africa are confined to two articles—Cape carts and Cape waggons, both excellent in their way, but not enough to make even the semblance of an industry.

We do not mean to assert that idleness is universal in South Africa. All professional and commercial life goes on there as elsewhere; but out in the country people do not till the land as they till it in America or in Australia, and it is but too evident that the occupations of husbandry are not congenial to the habits of the Dutch farmer in any shape or form.

Hitherto, in these sketches of South Africa, we have said but little upon a subject usually associated in men's minds with the upper plateau of which we have been treating—the wild animals which have become so familiar to us in past descriptions of hunters and travellers. Well, the last few years have made sad havoc in these once-crowded ranks. The larger game has "treked" into the remote north. The lion, the eland, the koodoo, the rhinoceros, the quagga, and the buffalo, are all gone from the Orange Free State; the more remote Transvaal holds them still. In the dry wastes of the Kalaharri Desert, in the feverish swamps of Zululand, and the valleys of the Limbombo Mountains, these grand specimens of wild nature roam and range. The elephant is further off still—all save one great herd preserved in the dense forests of George, nigh the southern extreme of the continent. Natal, once the favourite home of every animal, from the lordliest lion to the tiniest antelope, is to-day nearly denuded of game.

But if the larger animals have retreated into the wilds, the antelopes are numerous enough still in the Free State and in the more settled portions of the

Transvaal. In the great grassy plains of the middle "Veldt" hundreds of blessbok and springbok gallop and gambol under the bright sun of winter, but they, too, are fast disappearing. Six years ago they existed in numbers impossible to reckon; they devoured such quantities of grass that the Boers killed them as people kill vermin.

It is said that a few years since a member of the "Volksraad" wished to preserve the game from the ruthless destruction of the farmers in the north and east of the State; but he was told that if he did carry a measure to that effect, another law would be proposed by the eastern farmers to protect the locusts of the west from destruction. Myriads of quaggas were ruthlessly hunted down; springbok and blessbok, and wildebeestes, were shot and stabbed and galloped over precipices, where they lay smashed and heaped over one another, until at length the land was cleared of them.

A few wild ostriches are still to be found in Natal and in the Free State. As usual, the law has stepped in to save when there is hardly anything left for saving; but the domestic ostrich has now become a regular institution in South Africa, and thousands of pounds have been invested in "ostrich farming." It is probable that there are far more ostriches in sight of Cape Town to-day than when the Dutch first raised, on the shores of Table Bay, the old castle, and the lions roared so loudly round it at night that the quaint chronicler of the time tells us, "We thought

that they (the lions) would have taken the post by storm last night."

It may appear strange how it came to pass that this great quantity of wild animals should have been able to exist upon the plateau of South Africa in the midst of the natives who dwelt there fifty years ago; but the answer is easily given. Around each native tribe there lay a wide cordon of uninhabited country. To pass from the country of the Matabili to the country of the Zulus or the Bushmen, one had to traverse vast unoccupied tracts where game multiplied with incredible rapidity.

The conditions of savage life are the same all the world over, and have been in all times and in all places. We read that in ancient Gaul the septs or tribes dwelt far apart from each other. Contact meant war, and it was only by putting space between them that the periods of peace, necessary for the rude work of agriculture, which they carried on, could be maintained.

Thus, too, has it been with the numerous warring races of North America; and we find that in the far west and north-west of that great continent, as well as upon the vast plains and plateaux of South Africa, these neutral grounds became the homes of countless wild animals, which roamed the wastes in a glorious freedom from the common enemy nowhere else found on earth.

IV.

IT was into such a waste that the great "trek" of the Boers led in the years from 1834 to 1840. Then began a change among the wild animals as great as among the wild men. For years, however, few English hunters penetrated into the wilds. Captain Harris, an English officer, was the first. His graphic account of sport and his sketches of the wild animals met with form, perhaps, still the best work among the many now existing on African wild life, as among the animals the one which he discovered and named "Harrisbok" is the most beautiful.

Then at long intervals followed Oswald, Cumming, Andersen, Shelley, and a host of others; of all these men Oswald's name lives longest in the native mind. "He would put three bullets in the pocket of his waistcoat," they say, "and riding close to an elephant shoot him in three shots. He did not stand firing at him from afar."

Yet long before hunter had entered the wilds, missionaries had gone into Damara and the desert. The veteran Moffat, Edwards, and Campbell formed stations far into the interior before a Boer had "treked" over the Gareip.

In 1812 Campbell visited the city of Latakoo, and the chief Maraka, or Moroko, of the Morolongs. Moroko has only lately died. He was probably the oldest man in South Africa.

This tribe of Barrolongs, as they are called to-day, deserves some notice at our hands. More than forty years ago Campbell induced the chief and his people to move from the Vaal River to the hill we have already spoken of, which, standing in the midst of a vast plain, is called the Hill of Night.

Around this lofty hill, in the many valleys which lie at its base, the Barrolongs made their homes. Beyond them, to the east, lay the Basuto country, and from Thabanchu to the rock kraal of Moshesh, at Thaba Bossiou, was not more than fifty miles.

Moroko paid an annual tribute to Moshesh, and acknowledged the Basuto as his paramount; but when difficulties arose between the white men and the Basutos, Moroko sided with the white men.

His territory, consisting of nine hundred square miles of fertile land, was given by him (we presume) in trust to the Wesleyan Society, of which body Mr. Campbell was a missionary.

At the end of the struggle between the Dutch and the Basutos, this Barrolong possession was an isolated native reserve, surrounded on all sides by the Orange Free State. What is to-day called in the Free State "the conquered territory" lay around it upon three sides. Moroko, however, remained on his location; around on every side Dutch farms sprang up; and

with the usual forgetfulness of the fact that the Barrolongs were in possession of their ground at Thabanchu long before a Boer had planted a beacon nigh the Caledon, many a hungry eye is now turned to this country of Moroko's. This land hunger seems a disease, which grows the more it feeds. Men in South Africa are not content with the already vast tracts in their possession; one hears constantly in the Free State of a man having two, four, or six farms each of six thousand acres, some of which he has never even looked upon, and yet the cry is more, more, more; and year after year pretexts are found for bringing to sale the scant remnants of native possessions in the remote "Hoeks" of the Vetteberg or the Rhodeberg, where yet lingers some scattered race of Zulu or Basuto.

And now, having dwelt a long time in these mountain and upland countries of South Africa, let us descend, ere leaving altogether the land, and dwell, if only for a little while, in the region heretofore hardly looked upon—the meadow we have called Natal.

The people of Natal call the great range of the Drakensberg their garden wall. Hitherto we have looked upon the garden from the top of this wall, and if now we descend from that summit and gather fruits and flowers, with a few weeds too, in the garden beneath, it will be as fitting a "last look" at South Africa as we can give that glorious region in these pages.

Men, white men, first found Natal on a Christmas

Day. The Cape of Storms had been passed—the terrible sea whose waves rage in what seems an eternity of tempest around that lone promontory where Afric's southmost shore rises, lion-shaped, defiantly to confront the widest and the wildest waste in the globe—had been left behind, and now the long-tossed caravels were sailing north into sunnier seas.

It was the summer season in this southern hemisphere. The sea-breeze, laden at times with moisture, carried coolness and refreshing showers o'er the land, and the land-wind came at eventime seawards, bearing on its wings the scents and soft perfumes of myriad flowering things which had quickened into life beneath the mingled sun and shower of a half-tropic clime.

One bold point covered deep in flowers and foliage marked the otherwise even line of the coast; inside this point a deep curving bay stretched between hills tree-covered to the water's edge. Along the outer shore a wild surf broke in ceaseless thunder, but in the sheltered bay within the sea rose and fell in waveless ripple; and the many-hued foliage, thick with flowers, fringed at flood-tide the bright blue water, or bordered, when the tide had ebbed, a strand of velvet softness.

Well might these weather-beaten mariners have hailed with delight a vision which must have recalled to them their own sunny shores by far-away Lusitania, and pointed them forward, too, to the richer goal of their great enterprise—the hitherto fabled Indian land.

But long years had to pass ere this fair region of

Natal saw aught of white men save some stray sail far out to sea.

The great captains sent by Portugal to found her empire in the east held for the most part aloof from this south-eastern shore of Africa; for its strange currents, and harbourless coast, and savage peoples, had proved fatal to many a caravel and crew; and Diaz had perished off the Cape which he had discovered, and Alvarez had lost his fleet, and Lopez his life, among the wild seas and wilder savages of this scarce-known land.

But men came at last. It was about the time when the ruthless career of Chaka had reached its close. Around the vast circle of the Zulu dominions there lay an immense tenantless waste. More than four hundred thousand human beings had been swept away, and silence reigned, save when broken by the wild beast's cry, from the Bay of Natal to the Mont aux Sources.

The white man came. Chaka, dying, had taunted his murderers with a prophecy of the advent, and the tyrant's expiring vision was soon fulfilled.

We have already sketched the earlier scenes of this foundation of civilised dominion in Natal. It lies only a few years back. Men still live in Natal who witnessed the fierce struggle of Dutch and Zulus in "Weenan," when first the emigrating Boers moved down to take possession of their Promised Land.

Whatever we may think of Dutch civilisation, of

Dutch native policy, of the power of Dutch colonists to develop the resources of a country, upon one point we must accord them our unqualified admiration. Where they settled they made a home.

The "fountain" was turned down the street; the oak-tree was planted along the dusty thoroughfare; the orange grew before the doorway: and if, perhaps, there was not altogether that improvement in farm or that comfort in dwelling-house which nineteenth-century civilisation has taught us to regard as indispensably necessary to existence, we must remember that it is seventeenth-century ideas which we have to deal with, that it is the Holland of Alva and the France of the Huguenots which is here preserved in these wastes—preserved cut off from intercourse with their fatherlands, and exposed to contact with savage peoples; bereft of nearly all that can soften, surrounded by nearly all that can harden, and wonderful in still possessing certain characteristics of solid determination and love of independence which seem to have fossilised amid the wild and stern solitudes of South Africa.

One day the writer of these pages found himself on the crest of one of the innumerable hills which lie in strange confusion at the base of the great Drakensberg range. He was alone; the camp had not yet been struck, and he had wandered out in the chance of finding an antelope in the dry grass of the valley, and the certainty of seeing from the hilltop the proud Drakensberg unfold itself from north to south in snow

and purple, as flinging from it stray streaks of vapour it bared its broad breast to the uprisen sun.

Below the hill from whence this view was visible there stood a solitary house; dark-green trees grew around it, and a limpid stream of water, taken at a higher level from the river which ran through the valley, flowed close to the garden. Riding along this brook the traveller drew near the house; an old man came forth.

"Would the stranger off saddle?"

"No—it was too early in the morning; but he would alight, tie his horse at the door, and sit awhile in the parlour."

It was not difficult to turn this old man's thoughts into channels worn deep by time into his memory. Forty years before he had formed one of the great "trek" into Natal, and this was the story of that time as he now told it.

"At the laager on the top of the Berg we were nine hundred waggons. We had journeyed for two years from the old colony. We were tired of the dry plains and short grass, and we looked down upon Natal from the mountain and said to one another, 'We will go down and make our homes there.' We went down; it was slow, slow work: no road, no path, nothing save the mountain wall; but we could take a waggon over any ground an ox could scramble on. We got down at last, and made laager here and there over the country.

"Not far from where I now talk to you there dwelt

a chief: he had stolen cattle from Dingaan the Zulu king. We sent messages to Dingaan. He treated them well, and sent them back to say that if we recovered the lost cattle, all the land south of the Tugela should be ours.

"Well, we followed the 'spoor' of the cattle, and brought them back to Dingaan. I did not go; but many of our best men did, and we never saw them again.

"The Zulus fell upon them in camp when everything looked fair, and not a man escaped. I was in a laager near the Bushman's River when news came of this slaughter; many did not believe it, but soon we knew that it was too true. From the north a great force of Zulus came to destroy us. Our laagers were scattered, and some of the outlying ones were stormed and our people were killed.

"One morning I left the laager to go and look after the oxen out-spanned. It was yet early when I returned, and never shall I forget the sight which I beheld from the top of the hill over the Bushman River, near which the laager was pitched. For an instant I thought the whole valley was full of cattle; white and black, red and dun oxen seemed thick as they could stand, but I only thought this for an instant; it was the sunlight on thousands of ox-hide shields carried by the Kaffirs, and soon I saw the flash of the assagais through the shields, and heard the shouts of the Zulus as they swarmed about one of our laagers which they had cut off from the others.

"I was mounted on a good horse, a young animal which I had brought from the old colony. I had trained him myself, and he knew every touch of my heel and every turn of my wrist, for I had hunted game with him for two years on the upper plains. I called him 'Zwart,' and he knew his name as well as a dog. I had my long gun with me, a bag of bullets, and a flask of powder.

"Well, I did not stop long on the hilltop to think; my laager was yet clear of Kaffirs, and in five minutes I was inside it.

"But, meantime, it was going hard with our people in the farthest laager; the shots from the waggons were getting fewer, the shouts of the stormers getting louder. Old Jacob Van der Sell was in command of our laager; the old man was watching the fight and talking to himself as he watched. 'Oosthousen,' he said suddenly to me, 'You have got a good horse under you. Boy, there's a bag of bullets and a keg of powder in this waggon; they want lead and powder in the laager yonder; strap the bag and the keg behind your saddle and carry them to the laager. You'll save the lives of all of them there if you can get in.'

"I did as he told me, got the keg and the bag well fastened to the saddle, said 'Good-bye' to a few of the people standing near, and rode out from the waggons.

"There were only a few scattered bands of Kaffirs near our laager, for our turn had yet to come, and nearly the whole army was at work at the laager to

which I was going. I took Zwart at an easy canter across the valley, and it was a minute or so before the Kaffirs noticed me; but they thought little of one horseman, and kept charging up towards the waggons and falling back again from the shots.

"I rode up to within one hundred yards of the hindmost rank of them, and fired into the crowd. Many of them yelled and turned at me; but I could just play with them as I liked, and I kept Zwart in a hand-canter back and forwards, up and down, firing and falling back to load again.

"I fired thus twenty or more shots into them, and rode right round the outside edge of them, before they seemed to know what I was doing. Sometimes they would charge me in detached parties, and I had to keep my eyes well round me to watch that they did not get too close from behind while I was engaged with others in front, for at fifty yards the long-handled assagai goes swift and sure from a Zulu's hand. But they never touched me; round and round, in and out, I went, firing and reloading, while the Zulus yelled like demons, stopping every now and again when my long 'roeer' gun sent its bullets among them, and some brave rolled over, shot through his ox-hide shield.

"Zwart seemed to relish the work as much as I did, and more perhaps; for all the time it seemed only sport to him, while I was thinking of the work that lay before me of getting through the dense mass of Zulus into the hard-pressed laager.

"The Zulus themselves seemed to know what I wanted; and when they found that they could not catch me in the open, it occurred to them that if they opened out a lane for me through their ranks, they might succeed better in entangling me amongst them; so they fell back for a space on both sides, leaving a passage free towards the laager.

"When I saw this open lane leading in to the waggons, I knew it was the sole chance I had of getting into my comrades; but I kept wheeling Zwart about, as if not too much in earnest of trying it. At last I put a big, big charge into the 'roeer,' turned the horse's head full for the opening and drove both spurs into his flanks. He had been well within his pace all the time, and now he had lots of it left for the last moment. He flew like an arrow up the lane of savages; never after wildebeeste or quagga or ostrich did he go like that day. Once we were in the thick of the Zulus, they were afraid to fling, so close were the opposite ranks. As I neared the laager, a crowd of savages rushed out yelling, with shields and stabbing assagais. I levelled the 'roeer' full on them, and drove the horse after the pellets, through shields and smoke and savages; and then, with a couple of assagais in Zwart's flank, and one through my leg, I was inside the laager—keg and bag of bullets safe.

"We fought them for an hour afterwards, and beat them off in the end; but they stormed two of the laagers, and killed all our people in them. Ah! that

was a night, if you like—such a night! Women had lost their children, husbands their wives, men their brothers; every one was in sorrow. The Zulus spared nothing. All through the night the wail of women was to be heard, and when morning came we gathered the remnants together into one laager, buried our slaughtered people, and sat down to plan revenge.

"Six hundred of our kith and kin fell that day. Well may all that region bear the name of 'Weenan,' the 'place of weeping.' She was a child (pointing to his wife) in that laager."

Thus the old man told his story, while his wife (who had appeared at an early stage of the narrative with a plateful of golden oranges) sat listening to the one great event of her life, now told, I dare say, for the one thousandth time in her hearing.

When I rose to depart, the old couple came out, stuffing the oranges into pocket and holster; and as I said "Good-bye" to the simple old Dutch farmer, I thought how many men carry "the cross of valour" for half that gallant morning's work by the laager on the Bushman's River. What Goldsmith wrote of

> The rude Carinthian boor,
> Who 'gainst the homeless stranger shuts his door,

cannot be applied to the South African Dutchman. If rude he has ever been hospitable, and the stranger had always a welcome at his gate; but latterly he has become changed in this respect, and with good reason.

The rich treasures of gold and diamonds found in the far sheep-pastures of Boerdom have caused many

a European scoundrel to migrate thither, and in the simple and unlettered Africander the educated villaindom of Europe and America has found a rich field for exploit.

As one travels now through upland South Africa a hundred stories can be gleaned of how some unfortunate Boer fell victim to cunning and duplicity; how men came and purchased his sheep from him and then paid him in ten-shilling Cape notes. He, simple soul, seeing only a large figure "10" on the face of the paper, never dreaming that the number referred to shillings, took but a shilling in the pound for his herds, and only discovered his mistake months later when he journeyed to the nearest market town, sixty miles distant, to cash his imagined treasure.

Of the outside world the Dutch Boer knew nothing. Suddenly the outside world came to him to cheat and to lie, and it is natural that he should shrink from it in alarm.

Not long ago there came a Boer from up-country to Pietermaritzburg, the chief town of Natal. He had three thousand pounds in notes and gold in his waggon. People told him there was a bank in the town in which care would be taken of his money. He took his long-hoarded wealth to the bank and stated his case. The official counted the money and said, "There is three thousand pounds here; we will take it and give you every year four pounds for each one hundred pounds. For the whole you will get one hundred and twenty pounds a-year."

"What is that you say?" answered the Boer. "Give me one hundred and twenty pounds for looking after my money and taking care of it! Oh, no—you must be a great robber to say such a thing. Give me back my money; you are a great rascal! Had you asked me to pay you for taking care of my money, I would have trusted you; but now give me it back again." And he took his gold to the waggon.

We were once a passenger in an up-country post-car. A Boer had stopped the car a few days before, and asked the driver to bring him, on the next trip, a small bottle of English porter. The driver did as he was asked, and now the bottle was forthcoming. "What is the use of one small bottle?" asked the driver. "Oh, it is for my wife," answered the Boer. "The doctor has ordered my wife porter, and I am going to give it to her in teaspoonfuls."

When diamonds were first discovered at Kimberley, the farm on which they were found was in the possession of a certain De Beer. As may be presumed from his name, "Old De Beer," as he was called, was a Boer among Boers. He sold his farm for six thousand pounds and moved away to the north. It chanced that in time men looking for diamonds came to "prospect" his new farm. He went angrily to them. "Now look, my friends," he said, "I don't want any of this diamond-finding on my farm; I have had that sort of thing before. If you find diamonds about here I'll only have to move away again. I don't like people coming around, and I don't like them diamonds

that make people come around; so you just stop your digging and go along somewhere else."

The Boer is a fearless and practised rider and an unerring shot. Life in the "Veldt" is familiar to him in all its aspects. He can rough it with any man, tame or wild, the world over; nevertheless he is not a soldier; he will fight Zulu or Bechuana or Basuto, but then he will have the long flint "roeer" against the arrow or the assagai, or the Westley-Richards breechloading rifle against a rusty musket. He is ever ready to take the field: his rifle and gun are in the room-corner, his ammunition-pouch is ever full; his horse (knee-haltered or in the stable) he can turn out at short notice. Nevertheless he is not a soldier and he never will be one.

In one of the many boundary disputes arising out of the diamond discovery a party of Boers and Englishmen met in opposition near a place called Hebron, on the Vaal River. As is frequently the custom in such cases the anxiety for battle diminished with the distance between the opposing forces, and a parley was proposed by the respective leaders when the hosts came within shooting proximity.

There happened to be in the ranks of the English party a native of Ireland, who naturally did not at all relish the pacific turn affairs seemed to be assuming. While the leaders debated the settlement of the dispute Pat left the ranks of his party, and approaching the place of consultation, demanded of his chief (now busily engaged with the Boer commandant in smoking

and debate) if he and his friends on the hill might be permitted to open fire upon their opponents before any further discussion on the cause of quarrel was proceeded with?

The Boer, alarmed at this sudden proposition to defer diplomacy to war, asked the meaning of such a bloodthirsty request.

"The boys want the word to fire," replied Pat, "because they are so mortal hungry."

Not altogether perceiving the force of the reasoning, but deeming it wise to remove such an evident *casus belli*, the Boer commander at once sent forward a sheep and an ox to appease both the food hunger and thirst for blood of the opposite side; and as the map of South Africa presents Hebron on the Vaal River without those two crossed swords indicative of a field of fight, it may be presumed that matters ended with no greater sacrifice of life than that of the animals which Pat led back in triumph to his hungry comrades.

Many are the stories told against the Boer to-day in South Africa; they are all, or nearly all, of the same kind. Modern civilisation in its first contact has burned the Boer, and we need not be surprised if he now sometimes dreads the fire.

Fifty years ago such stories were current in New York and the quaint villages along the Hudson; the tide of immigration has long since swept away these old memories, and the bellow of the steamboat and the whistle of the railway engine have broken "the

long sleep of twenty years," and scared from the Catskill the ghosts of the old Dutch Mynheers; but they have not all passed wholly away.

While yet they lingered around the old familiar haunts a master-hand caught the outlines, and to-day we have in England a picture so full of poetry, so perfect in its union between simple joy and sorrow, pathos and humour, that "Sleepy Hollow" and its dead Dutch denizens will live in the world's recollection when many a huge mushroom city of the western continent will be forgotten.

Meanwhile we have wandered far from Natal, and space warns us we must make ready to take leave ere long of scene and subject.

We have said before, in speaking of Natal, that its history is a recent one. In an old book of travels, published more than a century ago, there occurs a passing notice of the "Terra Natalis." "Ships went," says this old chronicle, "from India to Natal for ivory. More than two years were occupied in the voyage; the country abounded in wild animals of every kind"; and there was in this land of Natal, in the year 1718, "a Penitent Pirate"—delicious alliteration!—"who sequestered himself from his Abominable Community, and retired out of Harm's way." This is the first notice which we possess of white colonisation in south-east Africa.

The Penitent Pirate had probably as good a time of it in old Natal as any retired buccaneer ever enjoyed. Plenty of game, a delicious climate, at that time

peaceable people, and no police! What a premium such a superannuation would have proved to piracy, had it been generally known! The world has grown too small for these things now, and soon there will not exist in the wide circle of the globe a spot where one can, in the language of the old chronicle, bid farewell to pleasure, piracy, or politics, and gracefully "retire out of harm's way."

"What is the climate like in Natal? What can you grow there?" will ask the reader who has followed us through these pages, intent perhaps on the practical aspect of the subject, and caring little for early history or future outlooks.

Well, first as to climate. When the sun in December is with us low down in the southern horizon at mid-day, he is nearly in zenith power over the great plains of South Africa. Man's shadow falls short on the hot ground, and oftentimes a dry and fevered wind sweeps along the red and sultry earth. But in Natal the rain all falls during this season of summer, and the reason is simple enough. The burning plains of Griqualand and the Kalaharri Desert, and of the wild region lying west of the Transvaal Republic, cause the heated air to ascend. To supply the vacuum there is a rush of air from the Indian Ocean heavily charged with moisture; this air, driven rapidly up the steep surface incline of Natal, is soon four thousand feet above the level of the sea; precipitation quickly follows; fierce thunderstorms shake the hills, and at times torrents of rain descend upon

the land. But all this changes as the sun begins to travel into the northern hemisphere; the thunder ceases, the clouds clear away, the sky is blue and bright, the nights grow colder and colder, a delicious freshness fills the morning, at night the stars gleam in many-coloured brilliancy, and the sun at morn and even looks his first and last upon the earth in colours which would make the long-*dying* Judson actually expire in an agony of unimitative rage.

South Africa knows two different seasons at the same time. During the dry cold season in Natal, it is the wet cold season at the Cape and along the southern coast; but Natal possesses one feature in its climate peculiar to itself. It is everything in a few miles. It is sub-tropic at the coast; snow crowns the Drakensberg during seven months of the year; perpetual vegetation reigns along the Indian Sea; fifty miles inland hoar frost has yellowed the grass ere the last month of summer has come. In the limits of a single day's ride one passes from the coffee and the sugar cane to the oak and the pine tree. If one wants a lazy sensuous climate, the ridge of the Berea Hill over the Bay of Durban yields it to perfection. The atmosphere is heavy with the scent of tropic jessamine; the breeze is soft with the odour of the Indian Ocean; eye and ear are rested by lulling sound and contrast of shore and sea.

Over the tree-tops, where cluster the many-hued trailers rich with flowers, the white line of the surf sends ceaseless music to the forest hill; far out the

sea and sky, which so long have been conducting themselves with "perfect propriety," mutual mirrors at a distance, approach each other when nearly out of sight of land, and join hands together in a soft and dreamy haze, like two lovers who think themselves unseen; but suddenly the early sunrise steals upon their union, and along the forehead of the sky and over the bosom of the deep there flushes a great crimson blush to find their love-making revealed to the prying shore.

But how shall we describe the freshness of the atmosphere, the keen exhilaration of every sense, in the great plateau country, one hundred and fifty miles from the sea?—ah, that is difficult! It is easy enough to sketch the soft and sunny clime, the air laden with almond flowers or jessamine, the glitter of southern moonlight, the murmur of warm tide against tropic strand; but the great prairie or plateau o'er which the wind comes, the sole world's wanderer freshened by every league he has travelled bearing to you the vast freshness of space, fanning you with the breath of the mountain peak, breathing upon you a spirit distilled from dew and starlight, and all the endless freshness which dwells six thousand feet above our lower world—how can all this be put into word shape? Yet ere we wander into such a subject there still remain a few practical matters to be spoken of, and these we will first turn to.

We have already said that the climate of Natal presented strange varieties—a corresponding antithesis

of soil exists throughout the country; rich and poor, good and bad, fruitful and arid, are to be found twenty times repeated in the compass of a day's journey. The soil is what Western Americans call "spotted"; along some sloping hill, or narrow valley, the "tambookie" grass will grow level with a horseman's head; close by the pasture will be short and crisp, and rocks will stud the surface.

In the Western States of America, a farmer says: "Settle only where the Indian corn ripens, for there nearly every other plant will be found." If the saying be a good one, then Natal is a land eminently suited for settlement; for the "mealie" ripens as well there as in any part of the globe. It forms, in fact, the staple food of the large Kaffir population, numbering more than three hundred thousand souls.

If one wishes to see grouped in a small space every tree, shrub, and bush, flower, fruit, and vegetable, which nature usually scatters far apart over the world, there is a spot in the neighbourhood of Pietermaritzburg where that wish can be realised. It is a nook set round with hills. Eight years ago it was as wild a waste as all the ridge and valley land around it. To-day it would tire one to enumerate the varieties of tree and shrub, and fruit and flower, covering these sixty acres.

The Wellingtonia, and the Douglass, the Deodora, the Insignus, and the Norfolk Island pine already lift their graceful heads thirty or forty feet above the ground. Tea, coffee, orange, lemon, guava, grow

thick and rank; pine-apples, mangoes, grenadilloes, flourish side by side. Strawberries are ripe all the year round; the northern fruits are there in profusion, and the rose the whole year through in a perpetuity of bloom.

This oasis in the wilderness is the result of only eight years' labour. An English judge, well known on the South African bench, has taught South African farmers what their land can do. In other countries men see only in their old age the tree planted in their youth attain to size and growth; but here, in Natal, in less than a decade of years, the pines of America and the gums of Australia are forest trees in bulk and height. The natural indigenous trees of South Africa take centuries to mature. High up in the "kloof," bordering the sides of mountain streams, and covering some steep hill-face, the "yellow wood" the box, the Protea, and the countless other evergreens grow almost imperceptibly year by year. The timber is very valuable, for it is hard almost as the giant boulders which cumber the ground whereon these forest patches grow, and old as the hills to which they cling.

In the foregoing pages we have tried to put before the reader a general idea of South Africa, past and present. The space at our disposal has been limited, the subject has been extensive, and it has often been no easy matter to condense into the form of connected narrative the widely scattered elements we have had to deal with. But to the reader who has followed us,

three epochs or groups of events will be apparent, and these we will now briefly recapitulate.

The first epoch has been marked by a spirit of organisation and aggression manifesting itself on the part of the natives of Zululand, a spirit which in turn acted upon all the tribes of Southern Africa, forcing the different races of Zulus, Basutos, and Kaffirs into contact with each other, and afterwards into contact and conflict with the white man.

The second epoch saw the great "trek" of the Dutch Boers from the limits of the old colony into the northern wilderness, and the consequent development of the interior region of South Africa. Indeed, this event has been pregnant with greater results than any other event in the whole history of the country. It is still bearing fruits. Even to-day there are veteran Boers steadily holding their northern way eleven hundred miles from the Cape of Storms deeper into the wilds. The old dream of Araby has not been abandoned, and a New Jerusalem has arisen on the shores of Lake N'Gami, founded by the quaint and dauntless Kruger.

Before this steady stream of white men the fighting Kaffir has fallen back. Fifty years ago the dreaded Matabili dwelt upon the Vaal. Twenty-five years ago their outposts were on the Crocodile; now their kraals are built on the southern tributaries of the great Zambesi.

Thus the tides of race flow back upon the heart of Africa. Will the Fever Zone stay the progress of the

white man? We think not. The Fever Zone did not stop the white man in America, neither will it in South Africa; for, independently of the natural impulse to extend, there is in the case of South Africa an inducement to the white race to spread itself to the north which is the most potent of modern times, we mean the inducement of great mineral wealth; and this brings us to our last event or epoch, the discovery of precious metals and stones in the countries north of the Orange River.

This last event, or rather series of events, has recast the political destiny of the Southern continent, and has given to the English race the future possession of that vast region.

Wherever gold has been found in this nineteenth century of ours there the English tongue has taken root, there the English idea has triumphed; but though English, not necessarily England. Republicanism grows apace in soils turned by the gold miner, and it is possible that Dutch South Africa, in accepting the inevitable language of the miner in gold or diamonds, will still keep intact the form of its political life.

It is a curious paradox, but still a true one, that modern aristocratic England is too democratic for many of her colonies. The equality of all men in the eyes of the law finds poor favour in the sight of an English colonist in countries where black and white men are thrown together.

To too many of our race the sentiment of equality

has reference only to a set of beings above them in the social scale; apply it equally to all, let it affect a dark race or another people, and the sentiment instantly changes to one of repressive superiority.

Thus to-day, though the English tongue becomes yearly more and more the language of the Dutch states of South Africa, the bond of connection with England does not grow stronger.

To a student of history it sometimes appears strange that thirteen distinct colonies of Dutch and English America banded so readily against the mother country just a hundred years ago; but to any one who watches the germs of political thought in the various South African states at the present time, the question ceases to perplex.

As to the future of South Africa that is assured. This southern hemisphere is yet only a new world. It is not anywhere four hundred years old. Much of it has not been known to the world more than seventy years. In dry land it is not a sixth of the northern hemisphere. In wealth of precious metals it yields to-day four-fifths of the world's gold. Its coal, iron, and copper, of which there are vast deposits, are almost untouched—men pass such things lightly by while gold, diamonds, and silver are to be found; yet the time for these things will come too.

Set midway between the great continents of South America and Australia, South Africa, even had it been destitute of mineral wealth, must eventually become important from its geographical position. The em-

pires called into existence fifty years ago in South America have hitherto signally failed to fulfil the destiny Canning foretold for them at their birth; but their future is certain of success. These immense valleys of the Amazon and the La Plata, these fertile plains of South Cordova and the Rio Negro, must yet yield to overcrowded Europe the same outlet for surplus population which the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the prairie land of Illinois, have already given. Then the wealth now deep-bedded in these unknown mountains, where the Apurimac and the Upper Madeira have their origin, will be poured forth to the world, and from that wondrous system of inland water will spring a commerce which shall call to its aid the coal products now lying uncared for in the central continent of the southern hemisphere—Africa.

This continent of South Africa labours under many drawbacks. Its rivers are utterly useless to commerce; its railroad system is in its crude commencement; its harbours are, with few exceptions, dangerous and shallow; its distances are great; its population scattered; its highways and roads are bad. But it has soil fruitful to labour, splendid climate, varied productions, scenery, a hardy healthy race, great mineral wealth, precious metals, and unlimited space. This last item is not often fully understood. The condition of space is even more essential to a new country than to an old one.

South Africa is capable of almost indefinite expan-

sion. Like the term North or South America, it means in reality a continent. Too long we have sought to restrict the meaning of that term to the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, and the Orange Free State. Large as the aggregate of these states is, it is only small compared with the possible future of the South African empire.

Twenty-five years ago English statesmen sought to stay the dominion of England in South Africa at the Orange River. Events have been too strong for their efforts, and already the tide has flowed far away over the Orange River into lands which a score of years hence will be looked upon as lying far within the limits of civilisation. The natural pathway to the dim interior lies not through the feverish swamp of Zanzibar, not through Congo or Angola, but along the lofty plateau which spreads far north from the regions we have been describing until it merges into the half-fabled Mountains of the Moon. This range of the Drakensberg is prolonged throughout the entire length of Eastern Africa. Its summits guard Tanganika and divide the Nyanzas; and from some other Mont aux Sources, far to the north of this culminating ridge of the Drakensberg in Basutoland, springs, in all human probability, the parent rill of the long-sought Nile.

Already news has come which should cause men in England who have at heart the old honour of the land to feel prouder of their race and time.

A white man has crossed the vast dim continent from shore to shore. It is a noble story, and one

which will ring clearer down the pathway of the future, for time prolongs the echoes of such deeds in louder tones than those in which contemporary history first utters them.

The veteran explorer had sunk at last, a worn-out skeleton, in the midst of a vast unending marsh; but as he sank, the banner which he so long had borne was seized by the young sailor, and through the great wilderness, by lake and swamp, across the dim interior continent unknown to white men, he bore it, until at last, three thousand miles from the start-point, he heard the hollow roar of the Atlantic billows beating on the sands of Benguela.

When the story of South Africa is fully told, when the white wave rolls no longer to the north, it may be found that these wilds, which first heard the faint echoes of civilisation in "the tread of the Cameron clan," lie wholly within the limits of a dominion whose southern extreme is marked by the Cape of Storms. To-day all is dim in that vast interior. Far back the immense continent sleeps in sullen savagery; but as this lofty Drakensberg first catches the ray of morning on its summits, when over the Indian Ocean the sun rises from his sea-bed, so, in the far future, along these lofty highlands the dawn of life will touch hilltop after hilltop until it lights at last those central summits which overlook the mystery of the Nile.

A PLEA FOR THE PEASANT.

IF men desired to lay before their fellow-beings a treatise upon the mode of arriving at perfection in the production of grain, or if their objects were to discover the most certain methods of attaining excellence in the cultivation of forest trees, they would seek first of all to lay the foundation of their theories in the earlier stages of seed-time and of selection. They would not rest content with propounding methods of milling, or of examining strength and durability; they would endeavour rather to trace the successful result of the autumn harvest to the primary principles of the spring seed-time, or to prove the toughness and size of the timber to result from the conditions of air, space, and soil in which the young tree had first taken its root. And yet, though this ordinary course would force itself upon the attention of all whose object was the dissemination of knowledge on these subjects, it is singular how readily people forget to apply such first principles to the great questions of our national defence; how prone they are to develop theories regarding the strengthening of our military system, or the perfection of our national defence, based upon the acceptance of the private soldier as an unalterable

quantity thrown to our service by the hazard of his social condition, that social condition being poverty or disgrace; instead of diligently seeking out the lines of life of the classes from which our soldiers have been drawn in the past, and are now being drawn, and seeking also to discover the conditions, not only of the market in which these soldiers are bought, but, far more important, what is the seed from whence these soldiers are produced.

We have recently had,* both in the pages of magazine and newspaper literature, many articles and letters upon the strength, military and monetary, of England. We have been given a formidable array of figures to show that our material prosperity is greater than it ever has been. Equally formidable statistics have been produced to demonstrate that the offensive and defensive force of the nation is to-day in a far higher state of preparation than at any previous period in our history. In these pages we propose to show the intimate union existing between the land, the peasant, and the soldier in all modern countries; to endeavour to look upon the question of the military strength of Great Britain and Ireland, not as a separate piece of mechanism totally unconnected with anything outside the questions of organisation, drill, and discipline, but as an integral portion of that great fact in the lives of all peoples—the land on which they dwell.

So long as the military armaments of Europe were

* 1878.

confined within the limits reached during the eighteenth century, the difficulty of filling up the losses caused by war was not practically brought home to any nation on the Continent; still less was it made apparent to England, who, from her connection with Hanover had always available the mercenaries of the small German States. Nor did the early wars of the French Revolution call forth a necessity for seeking in the ranks of the nation itself that strength which had been looked for in all nations among the idle or the ill-fed classes of the community. The wild burst of enthusiasm among the people of France at the close of the century filled the ranks of the republican army with voluntary soldiers. Half-trained, ill-armed, and undisciplined though they were, there burned within these volunteers that fierce fire of enthusiasm which through all time has so often made the recruit and the old soldier enemies worthy of each other.

But the blue-coated youths whose hymn of the "Marseillaise" filled the fog of the November morning at Jemappes, were in reality the first offering of peasant France to the cause which had given them liberty. The astounding victories of the Napoleonic wars, the successive occupation of every European capital, have eclipsed in the eyes of history these early campaigns of Republican France. To the military genius of Napoleon has been attributed all that long catalogue of victories, and men have been too prone to forget that all Europe had been signally defeated during four years' campaigning, Belgium

and Holland had been overrun, French dominion extended beyond the Rhine, ere Napoleon had appeared upon the scene to really take in hand the conduct of this new resistless power—the peasant soldiery of France.

It was long before there dawned upon Confederated Europe a real insight into the causes which underlay the failures of their own armies, and gave such formidable power to the new system. Four successive coalitions had been defeated; every European capital, save Moscow and Constantinople, had been occupied by the French troops ere it occurred to the mind of a foreign minister that there was something in all this marvellous career of conquest besides fate and generalship.

"A battle lost is sometimes progress gained," has said a famous French writer. Jena fulfils the apparent anomaly, for it is in the complete overthrow of the Prussian kingdom in 1806 that we must look not only for the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815, but also for the preponderance of North Germany to-day among the nations of Europe.

It has been the habit of many writers to speak of Scharnhorst as the author of the reforms in the Prussian army which began after the Peace of Tilsit. Scharnhorst was the amplifier, not the author. It was the genius of Stein that first realised the great fact that it was necessary to imitate the work of the French Revolution before that Revolution could itself be vanquished. The Prussian peasant planted on the

Prussian soil might yet defeat the French peasant whom the Revolution had called to life. The work of Stein deserves more than a passing notice. Called to that hard task, the reconstruction of a fabric ruined by the incapacity of others, Stein began in 1807 the work of giving his country a fresh existence. Two facts were of transcendent help to him. First, the defeat suffered by his country had been sufficiently overwhelming, the disaster had been vast enough to still into almost complete silence the voice of privilege, and to stifle even the utterance of faction. Second, his early training had given him a keen insight into the working of the land, the mineral resources, the revenue, and the whole social system of his country. He had passed the prime of life, but his years had run, not in the groove of a profession, not under the influence of the traditions of a department or the teachings of a social caste, but along the broader lines of thought and amidst conditions of life from which alone those principles touching all classes, and centering in the true welfare of the State, can be evolved.

Four days after his hand had grasped the helm of the shattered vessel his ordinances were proclaimed. Serfdom in every shape ceased, peasants and burghers were given the right to become owners of land, the rights of municipalities were secured to them, and large portions of the vast estates of the nobles were divided amongst the peasants.

Stein, soon after driven into exile, left to other

hands the completion of this great work. It was completed. The foundations of the present military system in Germany were laid deep by Scharnhorst in the land policy of Stein, and, quickly catching root, there arose from that fruitful soil a tree destined to overshadow the whole continent of Europe. No nation felt so bitterly as Prussia the power of Napoleon; in no country was defeat brought so thoroughly home to prince, peer, and serf; and in no country did the policy following upon defeat result so completely in brilliant triumph.

Truly was Jena lost, Prussian progress gained. But many years had to pass ere another nation learned the great secret that the cradle of an army is the cottage of the peasant. Again the lesson was learned in the dark hours of defeat. With Sebastopol fell the serfdom of Russia, and to-day,* ere half a generation has passed, Europe beholds in mingled admiration and terror the free peasants of the North moving with a power which no obstacle of man or mountain could oppose upon the long-coveted prize of Constantinople.

"We have thirty thousand army-soldiers," said an American to an English traveller in the United States, about twenty years ago, "and we have two million five hundred thousand fighting men." The Englishman laughed, thinking the answer only a Yankee boast, but it was literally the soberest truth. Ere ten years had passed the two million five hundred thousand men were arrayed in war against each

* 1878.

other; but not until the farmers of the North-Western States, the men of Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and Minnesota, had poured from their one hundred and sixty acre freehold farms was the great civil war brought to a termination.

France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and America, all have long since recognised the fact that the only army which can be relied on in the hour of peril is that army which springs from the people, the people planted upon the soil.

In England the same fact would long since have been acknowledged if war had ever been brought home to the British nation as it has been brought home to the countries we have named. Thanks to the "silver streak" we have been enabled during two centuries to play with war almost as we liked; the real bitterness of defeat, the terrible indignities of invasion, have died out from the very imaginations of the people. All our perceptions of war are summed up in an expedition sent somewhere, increased taxation, so many pence on the income tax, and something in the papers." Of the real principles on which modern Europe is organised for war, of the great fact permeating all continental countries—namely, the intimate union between conscription and land tenure—we know nothing. We speak about conscription being antagonistic to the spirit of freedom in every British heart, of the impossibility of making Englishmen see it in any other light save as a violation of the liberty of the subject. Certainly it is this so long

as it is levied only upon the dregs of the population; but conscription, as it is practised in Europe, is nothing more than a tax laid equally upon all classes, falling chiefly, by reason of their numbers, upon the peasant proprietors of the soil, who in paying it feel that they are the persons most interested in its continuance.

In fact it may be laid down as a rule that conscription can only become a permanent success in a country where the chief part of the population is settled permanently upon the soil. The artisan, the labourer, the men of the trade or of the loom, will all quickly realise the fact that their labour or trade can easily be removed to a place of security out of reach of the conscription. The weaver, the carpenter, the miner, can carry their respective avocations to New York, to Montreal, or to Melbourne, and pursue them to better advantage even than they did in England; but the man once settled upon the soil—the peasant, the owner, or even the tenant-owner of ten, twenty, or fifty acres—is a fixture. The state has given to him something more tangible than a name, and the hostage for his service in return lies in the land he calls his own. This brings us to the part of our question which would endeavour to look upon the military strength of the British Empire as a thing intimately connected with the condition of land tenure, and to show the impossibility of Great Britain engaging in a war of any duration or magnitude under the system of voluntary enlistment now existing.

It has been the habit of those who recently turned their attention to the military strength of the empire to take two or more periods in our history, and to prove by comparison of figures the growth of our resources and the extension of our power. It is not our intention to call in question either the accuracy of the statistics so quoted or the relevancy of the deductions which have generally been drawn from them. But when two periods such as the Peninsular war and the Crimean war are cited as examples of the working of our military system, it will be well for us to go back to those periods and to examine into the voluntary enlistment at that time. In doing so we propose to show that the drain upon our population by what is called the French war was vastly less than is usually supposed to have been the case; that, insignificant as it was, that drain was enough to put the severest strain upon our resources of men, and to necessitate the adoption of a most extravagant rate of bounty and levy money; and finally, notwithstanding high bounties and rewards for recruits, that it was only through the assistance of our Celtic peasants, Irish and Scotch, that our armies were able to achieve victory.

It was a glorious epoch, that of the Peninsular war! Nine-tenths of the names embroidered in golden letters on our regimental colours were won in the five years intervening between 1809 and 1814. The story of that time has still power to recall to us memories full of the glory of battles won from Napoleon's

greatest captains, of sieges in which the valour of our soldiers was pre-eminent, of marches and feats of endurance never paralleled in our modern history, before or since. But though the battles of the Peninsular war, and still more the crowning victory of Waterloo, are household names among us, we have wholly lost sight of a fact that at the time did much to influence the national joy over our victories; that fact was our long-continued failure in any portion of Europe to oppose the legions of the Republic or of the Empire. On the coast of France, in the Low Countries, in Flanders, in Sicily, in Corsica, in Naples, at Genoa, we had utterly failed to maintain our expeditions. In Egypt alone had our land forces been successful, and in Egypt every element of success was on our side. From 1793 to 1809 we had not a single result to show on the Continent of Europe for the three hundred millions sterling which we had added to the national debt in that period. Our expeditions to France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Italy, Corsica, had all ended in complete failure. It was on this account that the victories of the following years appeared so glorious. The nation's faith in its army had reached its lowest ebb, and the reaction of victory was proportionately great.

But the greatness of the success in Spain and at Waterloo did much towards hiding from view then and since the actual losses we sustained. When we here state that our entire loss in killed in Spain, Portugal, and Flanders, including all the battles, engage-

ments, skirmishes, sieges, and sorties, did not amount to the loss in killed suffered by the Germans in the two battles of Gravelotte and Sedan, we state a fact which will doubtless astonish many readers. Yet it is nevertheless true. A statement of our actual losses during the years from 1808 to 1815 inclusive, will be read with interest in these days of breechloaders :—

1808,	including	Rolica and Vimiera	192
1809,	,,	Talavera	777
1810,	,,	Busaco, &c.	159
1811,	,,	Barossa, Albuera, &c.	1,401
1812,	,,	Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Burgos, &c.	1,990
1813,	,,	Vittoria, Pyrenees, San Sebastian, Nivelle, and Nive . . .	2,234
1814,	,,	Orthez, Toulouse	672
1815,	,,	Quatre Bras and Waterloo . .	1,829
			9,254

But from this total must be taken 1,378, the number of foreign soldiers killed in our service, leaving 7,876 as the entire loss in killed during the whole war in Spain and Portugal, together with that of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Six thousand men killed in the entire Peninsular war! Not half the Russian loss at Eylau, less than the Russian loss before Plevna, less than half the French dead at Waterloo. Here is a fact lost sight of, and worth repetition many times.

Bearing in mind these numbers, we will now inquire into the strain put upon our system of voluntary enlistment during the period of the Peninsular war.

In the years 1809-10 there were recruited in the ordinary method 20,815 men, and by volunteers from the militia 23,885, making a total in these two years of 44,700; in 1811, 22,925; in 1812, 24,359; in 1813, 30,530; and in 1814, 11,239, giving an average of 22,876 recruits each year for the six years.

The average annual losses during the same period, 1809-14, were—deaths from all causes, 12,356; discharges, 3,618; desertions, 4,579; total, 20,553. During the six years the average effective strength of the army stood at 173,000 men; the bounty in the same time ranged as high as £39, including the rewards to recruiting parties. The difficulty of obtaining recruits was so great that commanding officers were allowed to enlist boys under sixteen years of age at the rate of 100 per regiment of 1,000 men, and, quoting the words of Dupin, an eminent authority, "the hulks were drained and the prisons emptied more than once to supply the want of soldiers."

We will now compare these figures with the increase and decrease during the years from 1871 to 1876. The effective strength averaged 179,496. The annual increase by recruits joined was 21,176. The average yearly decrease stood as follows: Deaths, 2,163; discharges, 13,152; desertions, 5,158 (of these latter, however, 1,866 rejoined the ranks annually); from causes not classified, and from men given up as deserters from other corps, the loss was 1,076; and, finally, to the Army Reserve there went 908. Thus the total yearly decrease amounted to 22,457 men.

From these figures it will be seen that we have required yearly about 22,000 recruits to maintain our army at a strength of 180,000 rank and file. But that number will not suffice in the future, because of the increasing action of the short-service system. If we put the annual drain of men at 30,000, we shall be within the actual number. This, be it remembered, represents the waste of our army only in peace. In war the waste through deaths would of necessity greatly increase; instead of standing at 9 or 10 per 1,000 it would probably touch 100 per 1,000, which would give an annual decrement by deaths alone on our present effective strength of 18,000 men.

We will now consider what would be the requirements of our army raised to a war footing, and how far we might expect voluntary enlistment to meet these wants. Let us assume as a fact that the present strength is necessary for the security of our Home, Colonial, and Indian necessities, we should, in the event of a European war, require an addition of 100,000 men. The readiest way of obtaining that number would be the embodiment of the militia and the calling up of the first-class army and militia reserves. This would set free nearly the required number, 100,000 men—100,000 men in the field would need about 35,000 men annually to replace losses; so that we may estimate our yearly requirement of recruits in time of war at about 57,000 for the regular forces alone. That this number could be maintained for one year we do not doubt; but that it

could be depended upon for a longer period we hesitate to believe.

The reasons for holding this opinion can be briefly stated. First, voluntary recruiting has always failed to supply our wants in time of war. During the war with France in 1743, despite a high bounty, "pressing" upon a most unjust system had to be resorted to; the jails of London and Westminster alone held 1,000 men thus pressed; and we are told among the instances of its cruel injustice that a certain gentleman, the vicar of Burstal, also a justice of the peace, took the opportunity of pressing as a soldier one Nelson, a Methodist preacher. The following conversation beween the unfortunate preacher and the magistrates is worthy of record. Brought before the justices at Halifax, their worships refused to hear his plea, "because we have already heard enough of you from the vicar," who, it may be mentioned, occupied a seat upon the bench in his dual capacity. "Gentlemen," said Nelson, "I see there is neither law nor justice for a man that is called a Methodist." Then, addressing the vicar, he continued, "What evil do you know of me! Whom have I defrauded? or where have I contracted a debt I cannot pay?" To which the vicar replied: "You have no *visible* means of getting your living." So the preacher was marched off; but whether his efforts contributed to the victory at Dettingen, or the defeat at Fontenoy, history does not tell.

At the breaking out of the Seven Years' War, the

same stringent measures had to be resorted to, but without effect. In England men could not be induced to enlist. Up to this period in our history Scotland had been represented in our army only by the 42nd Regiment, and that as a police more than as a military force. It is needless to say that Ireland was at a still greater discount. It was the genius of Chatham which first discovered the mine of courage and devotion to duty that lay unworked amid the Highland glens. His own glowing words best tell the story. "I sought for merit," said he, "where it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth, and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men, who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and in the war before the last had gone nigh to overturn the State. These men in the last war I brought to combat at your side. They served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world."

It has been computed that in the first four years of this war (the Seven Years') 33,000 Scotchmen were raised for the service. Twelve years after the cessation of the Seven Years' War, the American War of Independence broke out. The effective strength of the army stood very low; but again it was found impossible to keep it up. The Minister of War declared in the Commons that all his exertions had failed in recruiting the army to its requisite strength. He

asserted that no means had been left untried, that the bounty had been raised, and the standard lowered, and "that attempts had been made even to enlist Roman Catholics into British regiments." Scotland again came to the rescue. Out of eleven corps proposed to be raised in Great Britain in 1777-8, for service in the colonies, nine came from beyond the Tweed. During 1779-80 the system of pressing men for the army was fully resorted to. "All the thieves," says Grose, "pickpockets, and vagabonds in the environs of London, too lame to run away or too poor to bribe the parish officer, were apprehended and delivered over as soldiers to the regiments quartered in the towns and villages where these banditti lived." Still the army could not be kept up. Foreigners of every description had to be engaged, and traditions of Hessian brutality still live in the villages of the United States, just as fifteen years later their deeds left imperishable memories in the minds of Irish peasants.

We now approach the Great French War. We have already seen at what a trifling cost of men, about 22,000 annually in the six years of its greatest tension, it was maintained; yet to fill the vacancies caused by casualties in the field, which only amounted to a yearly average of about 1,000 killed, the bounty for recruits reached the enormous figure of £39 16s. per head, or £16 16s. to the recruit and £23 to the various persons connected with bringing him. Even boys under sixteen years of age, and less

than five feet two inches high, received £12 1s. 6d. bounty, and their bringers £16 14s., making the cost of each boy amount to £28 15s. 6d.

It was yet early in the war against Napoleon that the pressure for recruits began to be severely felt. In 1800 Irishmen had been for the first time admitted into the army without forfeiture of their creed or nationality. It was not much of a boon to yield to these poor peasants, yet eagerly they flocked to accept it. Not only did they wholly fill the regiments which bore titles associated with their native land, but the English and Scotch regiments held them in great numbers. Between 1807 and 1811 more than 400 Irish were in the ranks of the 71st Highlanders. In 1810, 443 men of the 74th Highlanders, out of a total of 956, were Irish. The 94th Highlanders held, in 1809, 666 Irish out of a total of 1,300 strong. In a record of 1,087 names in the Royal Scots, during the Peninsular War, 464 are registered as Irish.

It is customary in writing statistics of this kind to say these facts speak for themselves. In this case, however, they do not tell their own story altogether. Beneath the bare record of these numbers lies one of the saddest comments upon our government of Ireland to be found even in that long catalogue of woe. Let us ask ourselves who were these soldiers who so freely came to fill the ranks of our army in the hour of peril? Were they men on whom the nation had lavished the benefits of civil law, the blessings of good government, the privilege of a free faith? Alas! the answer must

be, No. They were only Irish peasants; ten years earlier they had been rebels; but five years before they had been wild animals, hunted from hilltop to hilltop, and now, from a stage scarcely less servile, they passed out from their hovel homes to win for England her loftiest pinnacle of military glory.

Steadily through the anxious years the numbers rise as we proceed. Talavera, Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria—this poor Celt found voice and strength and space, at last, upon these Spanish battle-fields. Room for the hunted peasant! The room left for him was in the front line of fight, and eagerly he stepped up into the vacant space. Here at last he was at home!

Through years of bitter want, through centuries of suffering, through generations of misfortune, the soldier instinct still lived in his bruised and broken heart; and from the terrible breach of Badajoz, and along the hillside of Fuentes d'Onoro, his wild cheer rang out above the roar of cannon in joyous token of his Celtic birthright found even in death.

That birthright of place in battle had in truth become doubly his from the moment when Wellington began at the Tagus that advance which was destined to end only at Toulouse. That other Celtic race, that soldier breed, whose home was in the rugged mountains north of the Spey, was expiring beneath the remorseless tyranny of a monstrous law—the Highlands of Scotland were being cleared of men. If any stranger, unacquainted with our civilisation, had

witnessed the cruel scenes enacted in all the Highland glens in the latter half of the last century and the first years of the present one, he would doubtless have asked in his simplicity, "What have these people done against the State? What law have they outraged? What class have they wronged, that they should thus suffer a penalty so dreadful?" And the answer could only have been, "They have done no wrong. Yearly they have sent forth their thousands from these glens to follow the battle-flag of Britain wherever it flew."

It was a Highland *rear-lorn* hope that covered the broken wreck of Cumberland's army after the disastrous day of Fontenoy, when more British soldiers lay dead upon the field than fell at Waterloo itself. It was another Highland regiment that scaled the rock face over the St. Lawrence, and first formed a line in the September dawn on the level sward of Abraham. It was a Highland line that broke the power of the Maharatta hordes, and gave Wellington his maiden victory at Assaye. Thirty-four battalions marched from these glens to fight in America, Germany, and India, ere the eighteenth century had run its course. And yet while abroad over the earth Highlanders were thus first in assault and last in retreat, their lowly homes in far-away glens were being dragged down; and the wail of women and the cry of children went out upon the same breeze that bore too upon its wings the scent of heather, the freshness of gorse blossom, and the myriad sweets

that made the lowly life of Scotland's peasantry blest with health and happiness.

There are crimes done in the dark hours of strife, and amid the blaze of man's passions, that sometimes make the blood run cold as we read of them; but they are not so terrible in their red-handed vengeance as the cold malignity of a civilised law which permits a brave and noble race to disappear by the operation of its legalised injustice.

To convert the Highland glens into vast wastes untenanted by human beings; to drive forth to distant and inhospitable shores men whose forefathers had held their own among these hills despite Roman legion, Saxon archer, or Norman chivalry—men whose sons died freely for England's honour through those wide dominions their bravery had won for her—such was the work of laws framed in a cruel mockery of name by the Commons of England.

It might have been imagined that, at a time when every recruit was worth to the State a sum of forty pounds, some means might have been found to stay the hand of the cottage clearers, to protect from motives of state policy, if not of patriotism, the men who were literally the life-blood of the nation. But it was not so. Had these men been slaves or serfs they would, as chattel property, have been the objects of solicitude both on the part of their owners and of their government; but they were free men, and therefore could be more freely destroyed. Nay, the very war in which so many of their sons were bearing part

was indirectly the cause of the expulsion of the Highlanders from their homes. Sheep and oxen became of unprecedented value, through the increased demand for food supplies; and the cottage neath whose roof-tree half a dozen soldier's sons had sprung to life, had to give place to a waste wherein a Highland ox could browse in freedom. Those who imagine that such destruction of men could not be repeated in our own day are but little acquainted with the real working of the law of landlord and tenant. It has been repeated in our own time in all save the disappearance of a soldier race; but that final disappearance was not prevented by any law framed to avert such a catastrophe, but rather because an outraged and infuriated peasantry had, in many instances, summarily avenged the wrong which the law had permitted.

Thus it was that, about the year 1809, the stream of Highland soldiery, which had been gradually ebbing, gave symptoms of running completely dry. Recruits for the Highland regiments could not be obtained, for the simple reason that the Highlands had been depopulated. Six regiments, which from the date of their foundation had worn the kilt and bonnet, were ordered to lay aside their distinctive uniform, and henceforth became merged into the ordinary line corps. From the mainland the work of destruction passed rapidly to the isles. These remote resting-places of the Celt were quickly cleared. During the first ten years of the Great War, Skye had given 4,000 of its sons to the army. It has been computed that

1,600 Skye men stood in the ranks at Waterloo. To-day, in Skye, far as the eye can reach, nothing but a bare brown waste is to be seen, where still the mounds and ruined gables rise over the melancholy landscape, sole vestiges of a soldier race for ever passed away.

We have already stated that the absolute prohibitions against the enlistment of Roman Catholic soldiers were only removed in 1800. As may be supposed, however, the removal of that prohibition was not accompanied by any favour to that religion, save its barest toleration; and yet we find that, in the fourteen years of the war following, not less than 100,000 Irish recruits offered for the army. These 100,000 Irish peasants redeemed the honour of the English army, and saved the Empire. As they and their services have been long since ignored or forgotten, it may be well if we call evidence in their behalf. The witness will be the Duke of Wellington. Speaking in the House of Lords fourteen years after Waterloo, he said: "It is already well known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—that at least one half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what

difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

Nearly forty years of peace followed Waterloo. It was a grand time for the people who held that the country was the place for machinery and cattle, the town for machinery and men. The broad acres were made broader by levelling cottages and fences; the narrow garrets were made narrower by the conversion of farmers into factory hands, and the substitution of sheep for shielings; the picturesque people, too, said the country looked better under the new order of things; vast areas, where men and women had lived, were turned into deer forests and grouse moors, with a tenth of the outcry, and far more injustice towards man, than accompanied the Conqueror's famous New Forest appropriations. A dreadful famine came to aid the cause of the peasant clearers in Ireland. It became easier to throw down a cottage while its inmates were weakened by hunger;

the Irish peasant could be starved into the capitulation of the hovel which, fully potato fed, he would have resisted to the death. Yet that long period of peace had its military glories, and Celtic blood had freely flowed to extend the boundaries of our Indian Empire to the foot-hills of the great snowy range.

In 1840 the line infantry of Great Britain held in the total of its 90,000 rank and file, 36,000 Irishmen and 12,000 Scotch. In 1853, on the eve of the Russian war, the numbers stood—effective strength of line infantry, 103,000; Irish, 32,840; Scotch, 12,512.

Within a year from that date the finest army, so far as men were concerned, that had ever left our shores, quitted England for the East. It is needless now to follow the sad story of the destruction of that gallant host. Victorious in every fight, the army perished miserably from want. With all our boasted wealth, with all our command of sea and steam-power, our men died of the common needs of food and shelter within five miles of the shore, and within fifteen days of London.

Then came frantic efforts to replace that stout rank and file that lay beneath the mounds on Cathcart's Hill and at Scutari; but it could not be done. Men were indeed got together, but they were as unlike the stuff that had gone as the sapling is unlike the forest tree.

Has the nation ever realised the full meaning of the failure to carry the Redan on the 8th of Sep-

tember? "The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last; but the young," writes an onlooker, "were deficient in discipline and in confidence in their officers."

He might have added more. They were the sweepings of the large crowded towns; they were, in fact, the British infantry only in name, and yet less than a year of war had sufficed to cause this terrible change. Here are the words in which these men have been described to us. "As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number in draughts, which came out last week, who had never fired a rifle in their lives." Such were the soldiers Great Britain had to launch against the Russian stronghold at the supreme moment of the assault. Nor did this apply solely to the infantry recruit. Here is a bit descriptive of the cavalry, dated September 1, 1855: "No wonder the cavalry are ill, for the recruits sent out to us are miserable; when in full dress they are all helmet and boots."

It is said that as the first rush was made upon the salient at the Redan, three old soldiers of the 41st Regiment entered with Colonel Windham. The three men were named Hartnady, Kennedy, and Pat Mahony; the last, a gigantic grenadier, was shot dead as he entered, crying, "Come on, boys, come on." There was more in the dying words of this Celtic grenadier than the mere outburst of his heroic heart. The garret-bred "boys" would not go on.

It is in moments such as this that the cabin on the hillside, the shieling in the highland glen, become towers of strength to the nation that possesses them. It is in moments such as this that, between the peasant-born soldier and the man who first saw the light in a crowded "court," between the coster and the cottier, there comes that gulf which measures the distance between victory and defeat—Alma and Inkerman on one side, the Redan on the 18th of June and 8th of September on the other.

We have seen that of the rank and file of the infantry of England in 1840, nearly sixty per cent. were Scotch and Irish, although the populations of these two countries to that of England were ten millions to fifteen. We will now compare the proportions existing since that time and to-day.

In 1853 the percentage was about forty-four. In 1868 it stood at forty, and 1877 at thirty. Thus it has decreased in less than forty years about thirty per cent. This change will appear to many as one by no means to be deplored, but on the contrary to be accepted as a marked improvement. If we look upon it, on the contrary, as an evil, it will not be because we believe the people of one portion of the empire to be superior to the other in fighting qualities, but because the decrease of the Irish and Scotch elements marks also the disappearance of the peasant soldier in the ranks of an army in which he has always been too scarce. The words of a great soldier are worth remembering upon this subject. "Your troops," said

Cromwell to Hampden, "are, most of them, old, decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God before them, and some conscience of what they do; else you will be beaten by the king's troops as hitherto you have been in every encounter." "He (Cromwell) began," says Marshall, "by enlisting the sons of farmers and freeholders. He soon augmented his troop to a regiment;" and thus was formed what another writer calls "that unconquered and unconquerable soldiery; for discipline and self-government as yet unrivalled upon earth. To whom, though free from the vices that usually disgrace successful soldiers, the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, and before whom the fiercest and proudest enemies were scattered like chaff before the wind."

Another good soldier writing, shortly after the Peninsular War, upon the depopulation of the Highlands has left us this truth: "It is not easy for those who live in a country like England, where so many of the lower orders have nothing but what they acquire by the labour of the passing day, and possess no permanent property or share in the agricultural produce of the land, to appreciate the nature of the spirit of independence which is generated in countries where the free cultivators of the soil form the major part of the population." Had he written a few years later he would have had to deplore a yet more extensive clearing of cottages (consolidation of farms is the

more correct term), a still greater crowding of the population into the cities. He would have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation bent on redressing the wrongs, real or imaginary, of dogs and cats, of small birds and wild fowl, of horses and cattle; but obstinately blind to the annihilation or dispersion of millions of men and women bound to it by the ties of race and country. Nay, he would have heard even congratulations upon the removal by want and hunger of some two millions of Celts from the muster-roll of the Empire. Two millions of the same people of whom our greatest soldier has said, "Give me forty thousand of them, and I will conquer Asia." Not for the conquest of further dominion in Asia, but for the defence of what we hold, we may soon want the thousands, and have to look for them in vain. Fortunate will it be if in that hour, when first the nation finds that there is a strength of nations greater than the loom and the steam-engine—a wealth of nations richer even than revenue—fortunate will it be for us if then there should arise another Stein to plant once more the people upon the soil they have been so long divorced from, and to sow in Scottish glen, on English wold, and in Irish valley, the seed from which even a greater Britain might yet arise.

A TRIP TO CYPRUS.

I.

ON board H.M.S. *Chimborazo*, in Portsmouth harbour, there is much apparent confusion and disorder. Men in all stages of uniform are busily engaged in operations which have for their ultimate object the preparation of the ship for sea. Boxes of cartridges, bundles of carrots, personal luggage of every description, four horses in boxes, eight dogs in collars and chains, a large cat in a basket, a rocking-horse and a child's wheelbarrow, a semi-grand piano, a tax-cart, many gun cases, various kinds of deck chairs, square boxes bearing in large letters the names of well-known London tea-sellers, provisions in tins, in bags, in boxes; live stock and poultry, and many other articles and things impossible to mention, are put on board by slings and gangways. Some are passed from hand to hand, others carried in on heads and shoulders, and others again hoisted on board by steam-winches and donkey engines, whose fizz and whistle and whirl, amid all the other sounds of toil and turmoil, are loud and ceaseless.

But, amid all this apparent confusion, there is much method and system. One peculiarity is especially observable: the various units of toil are all going straight to their peculiar labour without paying much heed to their neighbours. The human ants are carrying their burdens into separate cells in this great floating ant-nest; they are passing and repassing to different destinations, sorting out as they go all this vast collection of complicated human requirements from the seemingly hopeless confusion in which it lies piled upon the wharf.

At length, everything being on board, the *Chimborazo* surges out from the wharf and steams slowly on her way. It is a mid-winter morning. A watery sun glints from amid clouds that give but faint hope of fair weather outside, and as the good ship bends her course by Sandown Bay, and plies along the villa-encrusted shore of Ventnor, there loom out to Channel dull patches of drifting fog, between whose rifts the chop of a short tumbling sea is visible, and above which grey leaden clouds are vaguely piled.

We go below and, descending to the saloon, stoop to look at the barometer; it stands below 29°. That terrible weather-man in America, who is certainly a prophet in England, in whatever estimation he may be held in his own country, has foretold a succession of storms along the British coasts. For three days we have fondly hoped that the fellow would be wrong; but barometer, fog, sea, and sky all proclaim him right.

And now the *Chimborazo*, holding steadily through mist and fog, steams on down Channel, and in due time rounds out into the Bay of Biscay. At any period of the year a nasty bit of water is this Bay of Biscay. Turbulent even in midsummer, sometimes given to strange moods of placidity, but ever waking up and working back into its almost chronic state of tempest-howl and billow-roll, intent on having a game of pitch and toss with every ship that sails its bosom. But if the Bay can show its rough ways when the sun hangs high in the summer heavens, what can it not also do in mid-winter's darkest hour!

Let us see if we can put even a faint glimpse of it before the reader.

It is the last day of the old year. Wild and rough the south-west wind has swept for three days and nights against us, knocking us down into hollows between waves, hitting us again and again as we come staggering up the slopes of high-running seas, and spitting rain and spray at us as we reel over the trembling waters.

It has been three days and nights of such misery of brain and body, sense and soul, as only the sea-sick can ever know; and now the last night of the old year has come, and foodless and unrested, sleepless and weary, we stagger up on deck out of sheer weariness of cabin misery. How unutterably wretched it all is! The *Chimborazo* is a mighty machine to look at as she lies alongside a wharf or in a quiet harbour; but here she is the veriest shuttlecock of wind and

sea. How easily these great waves roll her about! How she trembles as they hit her! How small her size in this black waste of waters! How feeble all her strength of crank and piston, shaft and boiler, to face the fury of this great wind king! Hold on by the rigging and look out on the Bay. Huge shaggy seas go roaring past into the void of the night; great gulfs tumble along in their wake; and between sea and sky there is nothing but grey, cold gloom. Ever and anon a huge sea breaks over the bows and splashes far down along the slippery decks. We have put one more misery to the catalogue already told. We had thought the cup had been full; but to all the previous pangs of sickness there are added wet and cold. And yet to-morrow or the day after it will be smooth sea and blue sky, and all the long list of wretchedness will be most mercifully forgotten.

MANSHIP THE MARINE.

He was called a Marine, and had doubtless been duly classed and registered as such, and "borne on the strength," as it is called, of the Marine force; but for all that he was no more a Marine than you are. If you ask me, then, what he was, I should say he was almost everything else in the board-ship line except a Marine.

He cleaned your boots, got your bath, made your bed, brushed you, dressed you, waited upon you at dinner, brought you physic from the "sick bay," told you what the wind and the sea were doing outside,

sympathised with you in the misery they were inflicting upon you inside, and generally played the part of servant, valet, nurse, guide, philosopher, and friend to a very large number of more or less helpless human units.

When Manship first volunteered his services as attendant during the voyage there were circumstances connected with his mode of utterance and general appearance that had induced me to respond guardedly to his overtures. Sorry indeed would I be to aver that Manship was drunk on that occasion. Drunkenness is evinced by staggering or unsteady gait, whereas Manship walked with undeviating precision. On the other hand, his articulation was peculiar. He was not a man of many words, as I afterwards learned—action was much more in his line; but as he presented himself in my cabin, on the night before we put to sea, he appeared to labour under such difficulty, I might indeed say such a total inability to make his meaning evident to me, that I deemed it better for all parties concerned to postpone any further communication or arrangement until the following morning. But as I proposed this course to Manship, I became struck by a singular coincidence in our respective cases. While my words were couched in the simplest examples of pure Saxon English that could convey to a man my wish to put off our conversation to the next morning, I was nevertheless aware that not one particle of my meaning had been taken up by Manship's mental

consciousness; and that so far from betraying the smallest evidence of understanding my proposal, he continued to regard me with an expression of eye such as a Bongo or a Nyam-Nyam might have regarded the enterprising author of the "Heart of Africa," had that traveller thought fit to address these interesting peoples upon the subject of German metaphysics in the Greek language. Nay, no sooner had I finished my attempt at suggesting a postponement to the morning than he again began to place his services at my disposal with the same inarticulate manner of speech that had before alarmed me.

Bringing a light now to bear upon his countenance, I detected a vacuity of stare, added to a general tenacity of expression about the forehead, that made postponement more than ever desirable. I therefore put a summary end to the interview by ordering his immediate and unconditional withdrawal.

The following morning found Manship duly installed as my attendant during the voyage, inquiries as to his capabilities having resulted in satisfactory testimonials from many quarters. He at once entered upon his duties with a silent alacrity that showed a thorough knowledge of his profession. Boots became his specialty. In the grey light of the earliest dawn, my unrested eye, gazing vacuously out of the uneasy berth, would catch sight of a figure groping amid the wreck and ruin of the troubled night on the cabin-floor. It was Manship seeking out the boots. When the four first terrible days

had passed, and I had leisure to watch more closely the method of life pursued by Manship, I perceived daily some new trait in his character. It became possible to watch him at odd moments as he stood by pantry-doors or at the foot of cabin-stairs, or in those little nooks and corners where for a moment eddy together the momentarily unemployed working waifs of board-ship life.

In outward appearance Manship possessed few of the attributes supposed to be characteristic of the Marine. His face was never dirty, yet it would have been impossible to say when it had been washed. His hair showed no sign of brush or comb, yet to say that it was unbrushed or uncombed was to state more than appearance actually justified. He did not vary one whit in his general appearance as the day wore on. He did not become more soiled-looking as he cleaned the different articles that came in his way; nor did he grow more clean-looking when the hour of rest had come and he did his little bit of loafing around the pantry or bar-room doors. I believe that had he been followed into the recesses of his sleeping place he would have been found in costume, cap, and semblance always and at all hours the same.

As I watched him day by day I found that he was the servant of many masters. The navigating lieutenant, the chaplain, the doctor, and two or three others—all were ministered to by him in the matter of boots, baths, and brushing; yet I could not detect that any delay or inconvenience had been experienced

by any of his masters. His name, Manship, was a curious one, and I indulged in many speculations as to its origin, but, of course, none of them were more than conjectural. When he told me his name on the occasion of our first memorable interview, I thought to myself, "Ah, I will easily recollect that name. It is so intimately connected with nautical life generally, that it will be impossible to forget it." In this, however, I was mistaken; for only the next morning I found myself addressing him as Mainsail, Mainmast, Maintop, Maindeck, and many other terms more or less connected with the central portion of a ship.

It was a remarkable fact that you never could look long at any part of the deck, saloon, or cabin, without seeing Manship. He came out of doors and up hatchways quite unexpectedly, and he always carried a supply of boots, buckets, or brushes prominently displayed; indeed, there is now a widely accepted anecdote in the ship which had reference to a visit of inspection made to the Mediterranean by the Lords of the Admiralty, the War Minister, and several other important functionaries. The *Chimborazo* had been specially selected for their lordships. It was said that on more than one occasion the solemnity of a very important "function" had been completely marred by the sudden appearance of Manship, pail in hand, in the midst of a press of ministers, secretaries, and heads of departments. It was also averred that on

these high and mighty occasions Manship, although bundled aside in a most summary manner, when once out of the ministerial zone displayed a thoroughly unconcerned demeanour. Those, however, who were best acquainted with him were wont to declare that the evenings of such state receptions were singularly coincident with the inarticulate phase of his speech which we have already alluded to—a circumstance which might lead to the supposition that Manship had been somewhat overcome by finding himself all at once face to face with the collective dignity of the two Services.

But some days had to elapse ere I became cognizant of a curious "roster," or succession list which Manship kept. One evening I was standing in a group in the indistinct light of the quarter-deck, when I felt my sleeve pulled to attract attention. I turned to find Manship standing near. Stepping aside to ask what he wanted, I was met by a piece of blue paper and a short bit of lead pencil which he handed to me. I approached a lamp, and holding the paper near it I saw that it was the ordinary form upon which all orders for wine, spirits, or malt liquors had to be written. Opposite the printed word "Porter" I saw that some one had written, in a hand of surpassing illegibility, "One bottle," while higher up on the paper appeared, in the same writing, the words "Plese give barer"—no signature was appended.

I looked at Manship. Complete vacuity of countenance, coupled with evident inability to shut his mouth,

told me that questions were useless. I have said that the paper was unsigned; to remedy that want had been the object of Manship's visit. I wrote my signature in the proper place and, handing back the paper and pencil to him, watched his further movements. He disappeared down the stairs, but through an open skylight I was still able to trace his course. I saw him present his order and receive his bottle, and then I saw two tumblers filled, and while Manship took one of them, another man, who had not previously appeared in the transaction, held the second. I noticed that there were not many words passing between them at the time. Both seemed to be deeply impressed with some mysterious solemnity connected with the occasion. Perhaps it was commemorating some great victory gained by the Marines, or drinking to the memory of a bygone naval hero. I could not tell, but I noticed that when Manship had finished the tumbler, which he did without any doubt or hesitation, he drew a long deep sigh and, laying down his glass, disappeared into remote recesses of the ship.

This incident had been well-nigh forgotten, when, one evening about five days later, the same circumstances of paper, pencil, and petition were again exactly repeated. I then found that my position was fifth on the "roster," or list for porter, and that every five days I might expect to be called upon to sign my name.

But my second turn did not arrive until some time

had elapsed, and to the wild grey seas of Biscay and the Atlantic had succeeded the moonlit ripple of the blue Mediterranean.

And now, all the storm, and sea roar, and whistle of wind through rigging have died away, and over the mountains of Morocco a glorious sunrise is flashing light upon the waveless waters that wash the rugged shores of the gate of the Mediterranean. Another hour and the Rock looms up before us; then the white houses of San Roque are seen above the blue Bay of Gibraltar; and then, with Algesiras, the wide sweep of coast and the hills of Andalusia and the felucca-covered sea all come in sight, until, beneath the black muzzles of Gibraltar's thousand guns, the *Chimborazo* drops her anchor and is at rest.

And then there came two days on shore, with rambles in the long, cool, rock-hewn galleries, and drives to Spanish Lines, and along bastions and batteries, and glimpses, caught from port-hole and embrasure, of blue sea and far-away Spanish hilltop, and piles of shot and shell, and long sixty-eights and thirty-twos, and short carronades, and huge mortars and "Woolwich infants," all spread from sea-edge to rock-summit; so thick, that a single combined discharge of all this mighty ordnance might well blow the whole of Spain forward into the Bay of Biscay, or send the Rock itself backward into the Mediterranean.

Relics of the great siege, too, are plenty. These old giants, how close they came to each other in those days, spluttering away at one another with smooth

bores and blunderbusses! You could have told the colour of the man's beard who was blazing at you if you had been inquisitive on the point. No wonder their accounts have been graphic ones. They could see as much of the enemy's side as of their own. No wonder that that grim old fire-eater, Drinkwater (singularly inappropriate name), should have told us all about it so clearly and so vividly.

Half-way up the steep rock wall of the North Fort there opens from the dark gallery a dizzy ledge, from whose sunlit platform the eye marks, at one sweep, the neutral ground, the two seas, and the far-off sheen of snow upon the Sierra Nevadas. Right below, in the midst of the level "lines," is the cemetery; around it stretches a circle marked by posts and rails. It is the race-course. Grim satire! the "finish" is along the graveyard wall. The distance-post of the race of life and the winning-post of the "Rock Stakes" stand cheek by jowl; and as the members of the Gibraltar Ring lay the odds and book their wagers, over the fence, half a stone's throw distant, Death on his pale horse has been busy for a century laying evenly the odds and ends of many a life-race.

But meantime the *Chimborazo* has taken in all her coal, and is ready again to put to sea. This time, however, it is all sunshine and calm waters, and at daybreak on the fourth morning after quitting Gibraltar we are in sight of Malta.

The English traveller, or tourist of to-day, as he climbs the feet-worn stairs of Valetta, is face to face

with one of history's strangest perversions, yet how little does he think about it!

Ricasoli, St. Elmo, St. Antonio, Florian—all these vast forts and bastions, all these lines, lunettes, ditches and ramparts, were drawn, traced, hewn, built, and fashioned with one sole aim and object—to resist the Turk. For this end Europe sent its most skilful engineers, spent its money, shed its blood.

Here, when Constantinople was gone, when Cyprus, Candia, and Rhodes had fallen, civilisation planted the mailed foot of its choicest knighthood, and cried to the advancing tide of Tartar savagery, "No farther!"

How well that last challenge was understood by the Turk the epitaph over the grave of a great sultan best testifies: "He meant to take Malta and conquer Italy."

The armies of the Sultan had touched Moscow on the one hand and reached Tunis on the other. From Athens to Astrachan, from Pesth to the Persian Gulf, the Crescent knew no rival. Into a Christendom rent by the Reformation, shattered by schism, the Asian hordes moved from victory to victory. This rock, these stones, and the knights who sleep beneath yonder dome, then saved all Europe.

Let us go up the long, hot street-stairs and look around.

How grand is all this work of the old knights! How nobly the Latin cross—a sword and a cross together—has graved its mark upon church and

palace, auberge and council hall—Provence, Castile, Aragon, France, Italy, Bavaria, and Germany. Alas! no England here; for the Eighth Harry was too intent upon playing the part of Sultan Blue Beard in Greenwich to think of resisting his brothers Selim or Solyman in the Mediterranean.

Of all that long list of knights—French, Spanish, Italian, and German—who redeemed with their lives the vows they had sworn, falling in the great siege of Malta, there is not a single English name. Not that English chivalry was then extinct. English knights and English lords were dying fast enough in the cause of duty on English soil. Thomas More and John Fisher, mitred abbot and sandalled friar, and many a noble Englishman were freely yielding life on Tower Hill and at Smithfield, in resistance to a Sultan not so brave and quite as savage as Selim or Solyman.

Pass by the grand palace of Castile, whose arched ceilings once rung to the mailed footsteps of the chivalry of old Spain; go out on the terrace of the Barraca, and look down upon that wondrous scene—forts, guns, ships, munitions of war, strength and power; listen to the hum that floats up from these huge ironclads lying so motionless beneath; mark the innumerable muzzles that lie looking grimly out of dark recesses to the harbour mouth; and then carry your minds a thousand miles away to where, along the shores of the Golden Horn, the great queen city of the East sits crownless and defiled. How long is

her shame to continue? So long as these ships, forts, arsenals, and guns are here as the advanced post of Mohammedanism in Europe. Here is the Turk's real rampart, here his strongest bulwark against the Cross. Above the Union Jack an unseen Crescent floats over St. Elmo; and all this mighty array, which confederated Christianity planted here as its rampart against the Moslem, is to-day a loaded gun primed and pointed at the throat of him who would tear the crescent from St. Sophia's long desecrated shrine.

Of course this is sentiment. Perhaps it must be called that name to-day, and nowhere more than in Malta. Still, somehow, the truth that is in a thing be it sentiment or not, does in the long run manage to prevail; and although to-day the auberge of Castile is a barrack, and that of Provence echoes with the brandy-and-soda and sherry-and-bitters criticism of certain worthy graduates of Sandhurst and the *Britannia* training-ship, nevertheless, even the history which is made at their hands will ultimately bear right.

Five miles from Valetta, and a short distance to the right of the road which leads to Citta Vecchia, a large dome of yellowish white colour attracts the eye. It is the dome of Mousta church. We will go to it. As we approach we become conscious that it is very large. A friend who is acquainted with statistics informs us that it is either the second largest or the third largest dome in the world, he is not sure which.

"But it is unknown to the outer world," we reply. "Mousta, Mousta! who ever heard of Mousta?" Very few, probably; but that does not matter, it is a big dome all the same.

It is Sunday afternoon, and many people are thronging the piazza in front of the church. Three great doors lead from a portico of columns into the interior. We go in. The first step across the threshold is enough to tell us that this dome is indeed a large one. It is something more; it is magnificent! The church is, in fact, one vast circle, four hundred and forty feet in circumference, above whose marble pavement a colossal dome is sole and solid roof, all built by peasant labour, freely given "for the love of God." Architect, mason, stonecutters, common labourers reared this glorious temple, painted, carved, and gilded it, and charged no man anything for the value of one hour's work.

These be freemasons indeed!

Ah! you poor, aproned, gauntletted, pinchbeck-jewelled humbugs, who go about destroying your digestive organs and spending a pound in tomfoolery for every shilling you spend in charity, here is something for you to copy. Go to Mousta and look at this church, "built for the love of God." Look up at its vast height. Mark these massive walls slowly closing in ever so far above. No wood here, all solid stone. Walk round it, measure it, and then come into the centre and go down on your knees, if you are able, and pray that you may be permitted to give up your

folly, to become a "freemason" such as these builders, and to do something in the world "for the love of God."

When this grand temple was slowly lifting up its head over the roofs of Mousta, an eminent English engineer came to see it. He had built a great railway bridge over a river, or an arm of the sea, at a cost of only a couple of millions sterling. "Poor people!" he said, looking with pity at the toiling peasants, "they never can put the roof on that span; it is too large. It is impossible." The eminent man had done many things in his life, but there was one thing he had not done, and that was attempting the apparently impossible for the love of God. For the love of man and for the love of fame he had doubtless achieved great things and reached the margin of the possible; but so far as the idea of giving his time or his genius "for the love of God" was beneath, above him, or incomprehensible to him, just so far was the possibility of the impossible beyond him too.

And now the *Chimborazo*, having embarked a regiment of infantry for a far-off Chinese station, has hoisted her blue peter at the fore, and it is time to go on board her crowded decks and settle down again into the dreary routine of sea-life for a few days longer. So once more we sail away, men in forts cheering, bands playing on deck, and all the poor Hong-Kong lads doing their best to look jolly.

Two days pass, and then at the sunset hour Crete is in sight. No lower shore-line visible, but, white

and lofty, Olympus thrusts aside the envious clouds, and "takes the salute" of the sunset ere the day is done.

Next morning the *Chimborazo* is steaming through a lonely sea, and when a second sunrise has come we are again in sight of land—white chalky hills that glare at one even from beneath the canopy of clouds that to-day hangs over their summits. A wide curve of shore-line lies in front. Glasses and telescopes are levelled upon the land. It looks dry, desolate, and barren. A few tall, dark trees are seen at long intervals. Wherever the glass rests on a bit of ground we see that the colour of the soil is that of sun-baked brick.

We are looking at Cyprus.

II.

SIX months had scarcely gone since Cyprus had been a word of interest to every English ear. Daily journals, weekly reviews, monthly magazines, all made it a topic of animated discussion. Forgotten history was searched to find episodes of early English dominion in the island. Political parties made its acquisition matter of grave parliamentary debate, and even popular preachers drew pulpit parallels between the record in Holy Writ of Saul and Barnabas sailing for Salamis, and British civilisation in the shape of a brigade of regular infantry and a division of Sepoys landing at Larnaca.

Nor was it to be greatly wondered at that the mind of the British nation should have eagerly fastened upon the new possession with a considerable amount of popular enthusiasm. It had come, after long months of doubt and manifold anxieties, the sole solid bit of "boot" in the exchange which gave us "peace with honour" for armed expectancy and distrust. It possessed associations connected with the earlier ages of our recorded history which rendered it a familiar name to every schoolboy. It was to be

another link in the chain of ocean fortresses which bound us to our vast eastern possessions. Its occupation by us was accompanied by many incidents that cast around it more the *éclat* of warlike conquest than the less demonstrative acquisition of peace or purchase. The popular mind once excited, becomes capable of strange enthusiasms. Cyprus grew in imagination into an earthly paradise; "Paphos of the hundred streams," the snow-fed rivulets that flowed from Olympus, all the pictures woven of sensuous fancy of the Greek and Roman poets were reproduced, with the morning muffin, to swell the chorus of delight that greeted our acquisition of this once-famed isle.

Maps soon appeared showing zones of cultivation, the very titles of which were sufficient to cause English readers intense anticipations of pleasure; the zone of the olive, of the orange, of the fig, of the grape, and of the pine, were like so many terraces of delight, gradually ascending from a lower world of cotton and tobacco, where the Zapteah, the Mudir, and the Kaimakhan (we are wont sometimes to confuse eastern titles) fulfilled the natural destiny of the black or coloured races by unremitting toil—to one; where under the pines of Olympus the Anglo-Saxon proprietor sipped his cup, cooled by the snows of Troados, or lay lazily lulled by the murmur of the wind through the pines of triple-peaked Adelphi.

And there were other persons of less æsthetic tastes who regarded the new island with more practical out-

look. It was to produce an excellent outlet for the talents and the energies of the younger son. We required such an opening, and Cyprus gave it to us. The professions had all become immensely overcrowded. Competitive examinations had sadly interfered with the efficiency of the Services civil and military. The colonies had developed, under representative institutions, a tendency to bestow their little gifts of place and emolument upon their own younger sons instead of upon ours; but here, in Cyprus, no such unjust prejudices were likely to prevail, and any little difficulties of education resulting from too close an attention on the part of our younger sons to "Ruff's Guide" and the "Racing Calendar" would be of small moment in a country where the official language was Turkish, and where the people were either black or olive-coloured. Thus wagged the little tongues of that great Babel called public opinion; and ere a week had passed from the date of the announcement of our Cypriote acquisition, a picture had arisen of our new possession as utterly false to the reality as though some German, deeply read in the Roman History of Britain, had become the purchaser of a property in Sussex, and expected to find existing in full sway upon his estate the manners and customs of Boadicea.

The Cypriote canticle had in fact been pitched in too high a key, and a collapse was inevitable ere that song had reached its second part.

The men who sailed for Cyprus, and who had been

likened by the popular preacher to Saul and Barnabas landing at Salamis, were for the most part persons not disposed to be hypercritical in matters of heat, glare, and barrenness. They came from Malta in July, and in July Malta fulfils as many conditions of heat, glare, and sterility as can be found on this side of the Sahara. But to the eyes and the senses of these men Cyprus was a place of almost intolerable heat and blinding glare; compared to it Malta was a land of verdure, of running streams, of spring-like coolness; and the worst day of sun and *siroc* that had ever blistered or stewed the denizens of Valetta was as nothing compared to the fierce heat and blinding dust-storm that burned and swept the camp at Chefflick Pasha.

When a question of fact becomes a matter of political discussion it loses a great deal of the force it usually possesses, and is not at all the stubborn thing it is credited with being. One might have supposed that the salubrity or unhealthiness of the island, the question of whether Englishmen were well or ill there, was easy of solution; but nothing proved more difficult.

Fever or no fever became not a common everyday matter of fact, but assumed the much graver and more important bearing of a great parliamentary and political question. The papers took sides upon it, honourable members made motions upon it, people wrote to the leading journals upon it, and even a vote of censure was openly hinted at by some of the most extreme leaders of opinion.

But, on the other hand, the Government stoutly averred that the whole thing was a delusion from beginning to end. They were in receipt, it was said, of most conclusive testimony to the excellent sanitary state of the troops in Cyprus. The few cases of fever that had prevailed after the arrival of the troops had been of the febricular type, which, it was explained, was fatal only in the event of its being complicated with symptoms of a hepatic character. This was re-assuring, so far as it went; but an honourable member pointed out that in the actual operations of war a man sick was almost as bad as a man dead. This point was not made a question of discussion, and to use the phrase of the morning papers, the subject dropped.

But while thus theories took the place of facts the army of occupation began to sicken rapidly, and stray waifs of fever were wafted to the English shore. Clubland soon became enlightened upon the real nature of a summer in Cyprus. "I would not for the world say it to every one," said the veteran Puffin in the morning-room of the Inseparable Doodles; "I am too good a Conservative to let it be known; but I will tell you in confidence that there is not such another cursed hole on earth." As this confidential communication was made to at least seventy members of the Inseparable Club seven times, and as these seventy had retailed it without loss of time to at least an equal number of their friends and acquaintances—of course always in the very strictest confidence—

the opinion gained a widespread notoriety in a few hours. The tide of public opinion began quickly to turn, serious doubts were thrown in more than one quarter upon the projected cultivation of the olive and the grape, by the ordinary English agriculturist, in a temperature of 165° Fahrenheit in the sun.

The theory of zones also underwent amplification which was not at all satisfactory. A medical journal published a map of Cyprus showing, in colours, the zones of disease. There was the malarious fever zone occupying the low coast lands; there was the enteric fever zone mostly confined to the towns; there was a zone of aguish fever where the limestone formation touched upon the disintegrated granite; and finally, there was a dysenteric zone, the limits of which had not yet been traced with any degree of certainty by medical investigations beyond four thousand feet above sea level. But amid all this revulsion of feeling and collapse of brilliant expectation, one theory remained intact. It was the younger son theory. It might almost have been said to have gained strength from the fact that fever was found to be a calculated factor in the programme of his emigration. This was, however, in the circle of his family; for himself he showed a singular amount of obstinacy in the matter, and although, during a brief sojourn in a Cypriote seaport, he had succeeded in establishing a race meeting, and had inculcated the Greek population into the mysteries of "handicapping," "laying off," and "hedging," and also proved to them that it

was by no means necessary that the best horse should win, he nevertheless, on his return to the bosom of his inconsolable family, with the proceeds of a "Consolation Stakes" and the seeds of a malarious fever, steadily refused to again tempt the Goddess of Fortune in the island of the Goddess of Love. Indeed, at the sherry-and-bitter table of the "Waif and Stray" Club, he set his opinion upon record. "The place isn't fit for a gentleman," he said. "It will take a dozen years before they're civilised enough to lay you more than two to one on anything, and no fellow who hasn't something to leave in a will should attempt to go there."

* * * * *

A lonely sea washes the shores of Cyprus. Commerce seems almost to have completely fled the nest in which it first had life. The wanderer who now from the thistle-covered site of Salamis looks eastward to the sunrise, or he who casts his glance from the shapeless mounds of Paphos, beholds waves almost as destitute of sail-life as though his standpoint had been taken upon some unmapped island in the South Pacific.

To the north and south this characteristic of loneliness is but little changed. Across the bluest blue waters of the Karamanian Gulf the icy summits of many mountains rise above a shipless horizon, and the beauty of the long indented north shore of Cyprus, from Kyrenia to far-away Cape Andreas, is saddened by the absence of that sense of human existence and

of movement which the white speck of canvas bears upon its glistening wing. To the south commerce is not wholly dead. Between the wide arms of Capes de Gat and Chitti ships and coasting craft are seen at intervals, and the sky-line is sometimes streaked by the long trail of steamer-smoke from some vessel standing in or out of the open roadstead of Larnaca; but even here, although the great highway of the world's commerce is but a day and a half sail away to the south, man's life upon the waters is scant and transient. But the traveller who stands upon the shores of Cyprus will soon cease to marvel at the absence of life upon the waters outspread before him; the aspect of the land around him, the stones that lie in shapeless heaps at his feet, the bare brown ground upon whose withered bosom sere and rustling thistles alone recall the memory of vegetation—all tell plainly enough the endless story of decay; and, as he turns inwards from a sea which at least has hidden all vestiges of wreck beneath its changeless surface, he sees around him a mouldering tomb, which but half conceals the skeleton of two thousand years of time.

Stepping out upon the crazy wooden stage that does duty for a jetty at Larnaca, the traveller from the West becomes suddenly conscious of a new sensation; he has reached the abode of ruin. And yet it is not the scant and dreary look of all things which heretofore, to his mind, had carried in their outward forms the impression of progress. It is not the actual ruin, the absence of settlement, or the mean appearance of

everything he looks at, that forces suddenly upon him the consciousness of having reached here in Cyprus a place lying completely outside the pale of European civilisation; it is more the utter degradation of all things—the unwritten story here told of three hundred years of crime; told by filthy house, by rutted pavement and squalid street; spoken by the sea as it sobs through the sewaged shingle, and echoed back from the sun-baked hills and dull, brown, leafless landscape that holds watch over Larnaca.

And yet they tell us that it is all improved—that the streets have been swept, the houses cleaned, the Marina no longer allowed to be a target for rubbish. The men who tell us this are truthful, honourable men, and we are bound to believe them; but the statement is only more hopelessly convincing of unalterable desolation than had Larnaca stood before us in the full midnight of its misery.

As the day draws on towards evening we are taken out to visit the scene of the encampment of troops at Chefflick Pasha, when the island was first occupied. We are in the hands of one of the chief regenerators of the island—Civil Commissioner is the official title—and we are mounted on the back of an animal which enjoys the distinction of having made himself almost as uncomfortable to the First Lord of the Admiralty during a recent official visit to the island, as though that Cabinet Minister had been on the deck of the Admiralty yacht in a gale off the Land's End.

But if the spirit of ruin had been visible in Larnaca,

the ride to Chefflick Pasha revealed the full depth of the desolation that brooded over the land—the bare brown land with its patchwork shreds of faded thistles, over which grey owls flitted as the twilight deepened into darkness. As we rode along through this scene, my friend, the assistant regenerator, appeared to regard the whole thing as superlatively hopeful—the earth was to bloom again. What a soil it was for cotton, for tobacco, for vines, for oranges, citrons, olives! Energy was to do it all—energy and Turkish law. He had been studying Turkish law, he said, for seven weeks, and he was convinced that there was no better law on earth. We thought that the East generally had been studying the same law, or codes similar to it, for seven hundred years, and had come to a different conclusion regarding its excellence. "What Cyprus had been in the past it would be again in the future. It only wanted British administration of Turkish law over the island to set everything right. Man had done the harm; man could undo the harm." And so on, as we rode back through the lessening light into Larnaca.

Was it really as our friend had said? Could man thus easily undo what man had done? All evidence answered "No."

For every year of ruin wrought by the Turk another year will not suffice to efface.

The absence of good government may mar a people's progress. The presence of good government can only make a nation when, beneath, the foundation rests

upon the solid freedom of the heart of the people. The heart of Cyprus is dead and buried. It was dying ere ever a Turkish galley crossed the Karamanian Gulf, and now it lies entombed beneath three hundred years of crime, no more to be called to life by the spasmodic efforts of half-a-dozen English officials than the glories of the Knights of Malta could be again enacted by the harmless people who to-day dub themselves Knights of St. John, and date the record of their chapters from a lodging-house in the Strand.

The mail-cart running between Larnaca and Nicosia usually left the former place at five a.m., but as the English mail-steamer had arrived from Alexandria at midnight, the hour of the post-cart's departure had been changed to half-past three a.m. A few minutes before that time we had presented ourselves at the point of departure, only to find office, stable, and stable-yard sunk in that profound slumber which usually characterise the world at that early hour. A glow of ruddy light falling across the street from a large open door suggested some one astir, and we bent our steps in its direction. The red light came from a blacksmith's forge. At the anvil beat and blew a swarthy smith, and yet a courteous son of Vulcan too, for he stopped his beating and his blowing as we came up, and put a candle-end in a bottle, and put the bottle on a bench, and placed a rough seat beside it for our service. He hails from Toulon, he says. Simple services all of them, but of great value when it is borne in mind that ten minutes previously we had

called at the post-office, and received from the wearied official in charge a packet of English letters and papers just sorted from the mail. So, as the blacksmith beat we read, waiting in the small hours for the mail-cart to Nicosia.

Suddenly there was a clatter of horses and a rush of wheels along the street. The mail-cart had started. We rushed wildly into the still dark street. It was too true, the cart was off! With a roar that ought to have roused Larnaca, we gave chase. The roar failed to arouse the sleeping city, but, doing still better, it halted the flying mail-cart. Ten seconds more and we were beside the vehicle, and beside ourselves with breathless rage. A Greek held the reins, another Greek sat on the back seat. When the driver found that the roar had only proceeded from a passenger who had been left behind, he was about to resume his onward way; but it could not be allowed. A short altercation ensued. The Greek driver, reinforced by the proprietor of the cart, a Frenchman, gesticulated, swore, and threatened the combined penalties of Turkish and English law. We calmly replied that, acting under the direction of the French proprietor, we had presented ourselves at the mail office at half-past three a.m., that for two mortal hours we had waited for the cart, and that now the cart must wait until our bag, still at the forge, could be brought up and placed beside us. The Frenchman declared, "It was impossible; the delay of a minute would be his ruin. The mules must proceed."

"No; not until the bag was brought up."

"Forward!" roared the proprietor. The driver shook his reins and shouted to the mules. There was nothing for it but to seize the reins and stop further progress. The mules, four in number, instantly declared themselves on our side of the controversy; they stopped dead short, and the imprecations of their owner and driver being alike powerless to move them, the bag was brought up, the imprecations ceased, and we jolted out of Larnaca. Day was breaking.

Softly came the dawn over the face of the weary land. Over hilltops, over swamps, and shore and sea, touching miserable minaret and wretched mosque and squalid building with all the wondrous beauty that light has shed upon this old earth of ours since two million mornings ago it first kissed its twin children, sea and sky, on the horizon of the creation.

And now, as the sun came flashing up over the eastern hills, Cyprus lay around us, bare, brown, and arid. Watercourses without one drop of water; the surface of the earth the colour of a brown-paper bag; the telegraph poles topped by a small grey owl; a hawk hovering over the thistle-strewn ground; a village, Turkish or Greek, just distinguishable from the plain or the hill by the lighter hue of its mud walls and flat mud roofs—east, west, or north, on each side and in front, such was the prospect.

The owls on the telegraph posts seemed typical of Turkish dominion. The Ottoman throned on the

Bosphorus was about as great an anomaly as the blinking night-bird capping the electric wire.

Twenty-five miles from Larnaca the road ascends a slight rise. As the crest is gained the eye rests upon a cluster of minarets—houses thrown together in masses within the angles and behind the lines of a fortification, and one grand dark mass of Gothic architecture towering over house and rampart. Around lies a vast colourless plain. To the north a broken range of rugged mountains lift their highest peaks three thousand feet above the plain. Away to the south-west higher mountains rise, blue and distant.

The houses, ramparts, and minarets are Nicosia; and the Gothic pile, still lofty amid the lowly, still grand amid the little, stands a lonely rock of Crusaders' Faith, rising above the waves of ruin.

If the Turk had marked upon Larnaca the measure of his misrule, upon Nicosia he had stamped his presence in even sharper lines of misery and of filth. People are often in the habit of saying that no words could fitly express the appearance of some scene of wretchedness. It is simply an easy formula for begging the question.

The state of wretchedness in which Nicosia lies is easy enough to express in words—in these matters the Turk is thorough. There is nothing subtle in his power to degrade; there is no refinement in his ruin. The most casual tourist that ever relied on Murray for history, and Cook for food and transport, could mark and digest the havoc of the Ottoman.

In England there exists a school (we use the term more in the porpoise sense than in the political one) which of late years has insisted upon regarding the Turk in a certain "old fellow" point of view. Somewhat free and easy in matters of morality and habits of life, perhaps; but these are things which "young England" has long learned to regard with a lenient eye, and to look upon as being quite compatible with a very advanced tone of civilisation and even of heroic patriotism.

To persons of this school the Turk has lately been a calumniated citizen, much vexed by certain corrupt rulers called Pashas. A man, in fact, who only required the benefits of English parish organisation to blossom out at once into the complete perfection of the English rustic, with even the additional attribute in his moral character of a respect for the game laws thrown in.

"Good old Turk!" "Poor old Turk!" Alas, it won't do! One week in Cyprus, nay, one hour in Nicosia, will suffice to dispel for ever the pleasant theory of "Bono Johnny" and this modern Piccadilly view of Turkish peccadilloes. The cathedral church of Nicosia is the saddest sight that can well be seen to-day in Asia. Beneath its lofty roof the traveller feels still the pressure of the Tartar's hoof. Amid its violated shrines he sees, overthrown and rifled, the purest ideal of that grand faith which covered Western Europe with temples so beautiful that all the wealth and effort of the modern world has failed utterly to

equal them. On this pavement chivalry lies prostrate, history is blotted out, knighthood is disgraced, the soul of Christianity is defiled.

Take the Abbey of Westminster, make curb-stones and gutter-troughs of the tombs of Plantagenet and Tudor, fill in the rose windows with mud and plaster, break off and brick up each flying buttress, deface the sculpture, raise from each Gothic tower a hideous rough brown minaret, overthrow the tombs, hang out from the minaret a rough swinging board (an invocation to Allah for rain), shatter everywhere, plaster all things, and submerge the cloisters beneath three centuries of ordure, and only then will you arrive at the bold, bare truth of what the Turk has done for St. Nicholas, at Nicosia. No, there never came on this earth a "wrecker" like this Turk; all his predecessors in barbarism, his prototypes in ruin, were but children to him at their work.

The Goth might ravage Italy, but the Goth came forth purified from the flames which he himself had kindled. The Saxon swept Britain, but the music of the Celtic heart softened his rough nature, and wooed him into less churlish habit. Visigoth and Frank, Heruli and Vandal, blotted out their ferocity in the very light of the civilisation they had striven to extinguish. Even the Hun, wildest Tartar from the Scythian waste, was touched and softened in his wicker encampment amid Pannonian plains; but the Turk—wherever his scimitar reached—degraded, defiled, and defamed; blasting into eternal decay Greek,

Roman, and Latin civilisation, until, when all had gone, he sat down, satiated with savagery, to doze for two hundred years into hopeless decrepitude.

The streets of Nicosia, narrow and tortuous, are just wide enough to allow a man to ride along each side of the gutter which occupies the centre. No view can anywhere be obtained beyond the immediate space in front, and so many blank walls, by-lanes, low doorways, and ruined buildings lie around, without any reference to design or any connection with traffic, that the mind of the stranger soon becomes hopelessly confused in the attempt at exploration, until wandering at random he finds himself suddenly brought up against the rampart that surrounds the city.

It is then that ascending this rampart, and pursuing his way along it, he beholds something of the inner life of Nicosia. The houses abut upon the fortifications, and the wanderer looks down into court-yards or garden plots, where mud walls and broken, unpainted lattices are fringed by many an orange-tree thick-clustered with golden fruit. . .

In the ditch on the outer side lie, broken and destroyed, some grand old Venetian cannon, flung there by the Turk previous to his final departure. His genius for destruction, still "strong in death," he would not give them to us, or sell them, so he defaced and flung them down.

We wander on along the northern face. Looking in upon the city all is the same, mud and wattle in ruin, oranges, narrow streets, brown stone walls,

minarets, filth, and the towering mass of the desecrated cathedral.

But as the sunset hour draws nigh, and the wanderer turns his gaze outwards over the plain, he beholds a glorious prospect. It is the sunset-glow upon the northern range.

Beyond the waste that surrounds the ramparts—beyond the wretched cemeteries and the brown mounds, and the weary plain, the rugged range rises in purple and gold. What colours they are!

Pinnacled upon the topmost crags, the gigantic ruins of the Venetian castles of Buffavento and St. Hilarion salute the sunset last of all, and then the cold hand of night blots out plain, mountain, mound, and ruin; the bull-frogs begin to croak from the cemeteries, and night covers in its vast pall the wreck of Time and of Turk.

III.

TEN miles north of Nicosia a road or track crosses this north range of hills through a depression about one thousand two hundred feet above the sea-level. A mile or two beyond the foot of the range on the further side from Nicosia, Cyprus, unlike her great goddess, sinks into what she rose from—the sea. Here in this narrow strip between hill and water it would seem as though nature strove to show to man a remnant of what the island once had been. The green of young corn overspreads the ground; the shade of the karoub-tree is seen; myrtle clothes the hillsides, and the dark grey olive-tree is everywhere visible over the landscape.

Looking down from the summit of the pass one sees Kyrenia clustered by the shore, whose gentle indentations can be traced many a long mile away towards Karpos to the east, washed by a blue waveless sea.

But our goal is Kyrenia.

Our companion has been over the ground many times already, and we are late upon our road. As we descend the ridge the north face of the range opens

out to the right and left behind us. It is green with foliage. We have left aridity behind us beyond the mountains. A couple of miles away to the right a huge mass of masonry can be seen rising from groves of olives. Towers, turrets, and battlements lift themselves high above the loftiest cypress-tree; but no minaret can be seen. It is the Venetian monastery of Bellapays. We will have a nearer view of it later on.

Kyrenia was the head-quarters of another assistant regenerator, a practical man, who seemed to have already realised the fact that the collection of taxes was by far the most important part of the administration of Turkish laws.

A couple of hours before sunset found us climbing the steep paths that led to Bellapays. Everywhere around spread olive-trees of immense age. Their gnarled trunks, clasped round with great arms and full of boles and cavities, still held aloft a growth as fresh as when Venice ruled the land. The fig-tree and the orange grew amid gardens that had long run wild. Here and there a colossal cypress-tree lifted its dark tapering head high above all other foliage. The path, winding amid dells of myrtle, led right beneath the massive walls of the monastery, where a spring gushing out from a fern-leaved cave formed a dripping fountain of pure cold water.

From the rock above the spring towered the great front of the building; in mass and architecture not unlike the Papal palace at Avignon. Within the walls

ruin had scarcely touched. The cloisters had suffered, but the great hall of the building was intact; one hundred feet in length, with high vaulted roof and Gothic windows that looked out over green groves and long lines of shore and longer stretch of sea, from whose blue waters rose the snow-clad peaks of Karamania.

Beautiful Bellapays! while thy great walls rise over the fruit-clad land the loveliness of Cyprus will not be wholly a name. How perfect must thou have been in the olden time, when the winged lions flew over yonder fortress of Kyrenia! Well have they named thee beautiful, whose beauty has outlived the ruin of three hundred years, and defied the Turk in his fury and in his dotage!

Behind the monastery, and nearer to the mountain, a Greek village stood deep in orange gardens. In this village dwelt one of the representative Greeks of the island.

We found Hadgi at the door of his court-yard ready to welcome us to his house. A steep wooden stair led to the upper story. In a large corridor open at both ends, and with apartments at either side, we were made comfortable with many cushions spread upon a large wooden bench. Here a repast was soon served. First, coffee in tiny cups was handed round; then a rich preserve of fruits with cold spring water; then oranges of immense size, peeled and sliced into quarters, were produced, together with Commanderia wine, in which the oranges were steeped. A small glass of mastic closed the feast. Many children, servants,

and women stood around, and the host did the honours with that natural politeness and ease which characterise the peasant of every land save the "free-born" Briton. Hadgi's experience went far back in Cyprus. His love for the Turk was not strong, nor was it to be wondered at. He could remember one year when thirty thousand of his countrymen fell beneath the bullet, the rope, or the yatagan. And yet he was not an old man. Hadgi saw us into our saddles, and we rode back towards Kyrenia as the sunset shades were gathering over sea and land. We followed a more direct path than the one by which we had come. On both sides the ground in many places was thickly covered with square stones, showing that buildings had once been there. Probably from Kyrenia to Bellapays one long street had once existed. Next to the Turk ranks the goat as a destroyer in Cyprus.

As we drew near Kyrenia a large herd was being driven in for the evening. They were making the most of a lessening opportunity. Here and there a goat could be seen in the gnarled fork of some old olive-tree, stretching forth his head to grasp a leaf. The lower branches of the trees had all been cropped off long ago; but goats were standing on their hind legs vainly trying to reach some pendant branch. One in particular, a little longer than his comrades, did succeed in catching between his teeth the lowermost twigs of a bough. Long experience had doubtless taught him that if he attempted to pull down his

prize all would be lost; his efforts were, therefore, directed to maintaining a balance upon two legs and holding on by the bough until assistance came to him. This it quickly did. In an instant twenty goats were ready to lend a helping foot; out of these some half-dozen succeeded in getting their teeth into a twig, then all lent their weight together to the pull, and down came the olive-bough to the ground, to be instantly devoured by the rush of animals which settled upon it.

The advantages of pillage upon co-operative principles were here plainly apparent. Had the goat learned them from the Turk, or was the goat the tutor to the Turk?

Leaving Kyrenia on the morning of January 20, we held our way between the mountains and the coast towards the east.

About six miles from Kyrenia we passed out of cultivated land, and began gradually to ascend the north range.

The country became wild and broken. Great glens, covered with dark green myrtle, led from the range to the sea. The path wound along the edges of these valleys, passing many nasty places where the sure-footed ponies had all their work to do to keep their footing, and where the stones and gravel loosened by the hoof rolled many a yard ere the bottom was gained. There had been a heavy fall of rain during the previous night, making the clayey places even more treacherous than the gravel, and causing the

ponies to slide in their thin Turkish shoes as though they must go over. But somehow they never did go over, and when a couple of hours' riding had carried us to the mountains, the track, though rough, became safe. Passing the summit of the depression in the range, where Pentahaclyon lifts his five fingers directly over the path to the left, we began to descend the stony and now arid south side. Below us the great plain of Morphu, and that which lies between Nicosia and Famagusta, spread out under clouds that come drifting up from the Olympian range.

Suddenly a turn in the path brought us in sight of the strangest natural sight to be seen to-day in Cyprus. It was the spring of Kytherea. Out of the sun-baked mountain gushes a stream of pure, cold water.

"No stinted draught, no scanty tide," but a rush that seems to come from an inexhaustible subterranean source, that no neighbouring indication can possibly account for. Above and around nothing can be seen save bare brown hills utterly destitute of water; below the spring a long line of foliage and cultivation runs down the mountain side and spreads out into the plain beneath. Thickly cluster the houses along this life-giving stream. To right and left rills of water are led off along the descending slopes, and the baked and barren hill-sides are made to bloom in many shades of green; for corn and vine, olive and fig, orange and citron, are all springing in luxuriant life around these packed houses, and children's faces peep out of leaf-

covered court-yards; and the blacksmith's anvil, the carpenter's bench, and the weaver's shuttle, are busy, all called into life and sustained by that single spring of clear, cold water, whose source in these arid hills no man can tell.

Perhaps in the old days Cyprus possessed a score of such springs. If they or others can again be made to flow, then may the island see her golden age revived, and count her million souls, and her "hundred-streamed cities."

At the lower end of Kytherea, where the lessened stream runs faint, we stopped to rest and lunch in a large Greek house, occupied by two officers of the Royal Engineers, who were employed in the trigonometrical survey of the island.

Then away across the level plain towards Nicosia. A Zaptieh guide, who had accompanied us from Kyrenia, appeared to think that the moment had now arrived when he could exercise to the fullest advantage a cavalry charge after the manner of a Bashi-bazouk. During the earlier part of the journey, while we were yet at the north side of the mountains, he had developed this instinct in a strong degree. Without any visible cause whatever, he would suddenly start off at full gallop straight ahead along the pathway. His headlong impulse to scatter mud on all sides was apparently only controlled by the duration of his turban in shape around his head. While his turban lasted he was a Bashi-bazouk, when it fell off he became an ordinary Ottoman. One of these headlong

flights, however, terminated more disastrously. He was going along at a tremendous pace, stirrups clattering, a bag of coppers jingling at his belt, when his pony, pitching heavily forward, rolled its rider to the earth. The turban flew one way, the bag of brass *caimes* rolled another; never was the spirit of Bashi-bazouk taken more completely out of a hero. During the remainder of the ride to Kytherea he kept a crest-fallen position in the rear; but now, on this Nicosian plain the spirit again revived, and he began to gallop furiously at intervals along the track.

As there were no women, or children, or fugitives, he did not pursue his wild career beyond certain limits, and as there was no enemy whatever, he did not retire when his charge had spent itself at the same pace as he had gone.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the walls of Nicosia. Skirting the city by its eastern ramparts, we ascended the ridge of old tombs upon which stands the new Government House, the lights from whose wooden halls formed the only visible objects in the wide circle of surrounding gloom.

At a place called Mathiati, some fifteen miles south of Nicosia, a regiment of infantry was in camp. After many sites had been tried, all more or less unhealthy, this place, Mathiati, had been selected; and huts, sent out from England, had been erected on a level space surrounded by hills. A few olive-trees, a small Greek mud village, and, farther off, the blue ridges of Mount Adelphi, made a prospect not wanting in beauty, but

utterly destitute of any other feature that could give an interest to the existence of an English regiment; sport, society, the coming and going of human beings —all were wanting, and except to the tomb-hunter or to the student, Mathiati could vie, in absence of life, with any station in the wide circle of British garrisons round the earth.

The regiment now in camp at Mathiati had only lately arrived from Nova Scotia; and the contrast between the cradle of a new-born civilisation which they had quitted, and the grave of the old world's decay in which they found themselves, was vividly put before them. As may be supposed, their views of the latter were not hopeful. They spoke of Cyprus as a place of exile, dashed with a kind of humour learned, perhaps, in the New World.

"The medical fellows never knew the use of the spleen until we got to Cyprus," said one of the garrison, "but they've found it now."

"What is it?"

"Two months' sick leave out of this infernal hole," replied the first speaker. "The spleen has been what they call a dormant organ of the human body until we took possession of the island; now its use is clearly understood."

So ran the *badinage* of the mess-hut at Mathiati, and perhaps there was as much corn of sense lying beneath the "chaff" as could have been found among many of the graver reasons elsewhere advanced in favour of the new possession.

As day broke over Nicosia plain, on the 23rd of January, a small party of horsemen crossed the dry bed of the river channel that lies at the base of the rocky ledge on which stands the Government House, holding their way westward towards Peristeromo. They were bound for Mount Olympus, in search of a site for a summer encampment. The experience of the past summer had been sufficient to show that men could not live in health in the Cyprian plains, or along the shore, during the summer months.

Before the sun had again entered the Northern tropic a camp in the mountains must be found.

At the same hour and at the same instant of time (for the line of sunlight through Cyprus and through Zululand are one) that this small party of horsemen rode out to the west from the hill of tombs near Nicosia, a few horsemen, the last of a weary and spent British column, were moving off from a ridge, leaving one thousand dead comrades lying tombless to the vultures that watched on the rock ledges of Isandlana Hill.

High up above the ledges one great frontlet of rock frowned over the ghastly scene—the "Lion's Head" some early traveller had named it. If sermons are spoken by stones and lion ever speaks to lion, surely this stone lion could have spoken that day a curious homily to his brother on the mound at Waterloo. What that homily would be we may not write now, nor would the dawn at Isandlana and the dawn at Nicosia on the 23rd of January meet in these pages if

that day's work at the first-named place had not been destined to turn in the future the footsteps of the four men here bound for Mount Olympus towards Zululand.

We reached Peristeromo, fourteen miles, in two hours. Here mules were waiting to carry us farther into the hills. The Greek priest had come out to the river (at last it was a river and not a dry channel) to welcome us into the village. Arrived at his house there was the usual hand-shaking and coffee-sipping, and then the saddles were changed from the ponies to the mules, and all made ready for the onward journey.

Three of the four mules were animals in fair condition; the fourth was, it would be wrong to say skin and bones, for so much of his skin had vanished under the abrasions of pack-saddles and uncouth harness gear that the bones in many places were alone represented. Poor beast! he was a dreadful sight! When the saddles were placed on the mules outside, somehow or other the skinless mule fell to the lot of the writer of these pages. That it was most unconscionable cruelty to ride the beast there can be no doubt; but what was to be done? The halting-place for the evening lay twenty miles distant, high amid the hills. The only alternative was to abandon the expedition. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable and mount the lacerated back. Then came fifteen miles of gradually ascending pathway, amid hills scantily covered with small pine-trees. As

the track wound along the ridges the air became crisp and fresh, the sound of rushing water arose from deep valleys, and the bright blue vault above rested on the clear-cut edges of the hilltops. How pleasant would it have been to jog along those narrow paths upon an animal of sound skin; but now there was an ever-present sense of pain inflicted to mar the whole scene, and to cause each step of the ascent to be mentally as painful to the rider as it was bodily so to the poor mule.

For many miles of the track a stray raven kept hovering aloft in the blue heaven—was he scenting his prey? At last we reached the mountain-village of Litheronda, which was to be our halting-place for the night. It stood on the southern slope of the hills, at an elevation of about four thousand feet above the sea. The air was keen and frosty, for the sun had gone down behind Olympus, whose white ridge could be seen to the west. The village houses were all of the lowest kind; they projected from the hillside, out of which they had been partly dug, so that the slope of the hill and the roof of the houses formed one continuous line. Thus a person could walk down the hill on to the roof, until reaching the edge of the front wall he looked down six or seven feet upon the door-step. A few of the rudest and most antiquated implements of husbandry lay on the paved space around the door-way—a lean pig or a leaner dog grunted or barked at the intruder. The mule had long ago given out; but it was infinitely more pleasant to follow the track on foot, driving the wretched animal in front. The

rest of the party had gone on long out of sight, and by the time the mule and his driver drew near Litheronda, camp had already been made on the further side of the village. As we descended the path a Greek, riding a fine young horse, suddenly appeared, coming towards us from the village. With many vehement signs he signified that he had been sent to meet us; the horse was for our especial use, the mule might be trusted to find its own way to the camp. So, mounting the Turkish saddle, and accommodating feet to the slipper stirrups and legs to the short leathers as best one could, we trotted on towards the camp. It stood under some large walnut-trees, now leafless, and by the side of a small stream. A huge fire of dry logs blazed before the tents; at another fire farther off dinner was being prepared. A few villagers stood gaping at the Englishmen—the first without doubt who had penetrated to their remote nook. How they must have speculated upon the reason of one's visit. Did it mean fresh taxation, new law of grape gathering, relief from some of their many loads? The village head man, an old Greek, stood the nearest figure towards the fire, at the farther side—the blaze of the pine-logs fell full upon his strongly marked face. He wore the usual thin dress of blue cotton, the long boots to the knees, the loose jacket and the swathed waist. He was poor, dirty, and picturesque; his appearance afforded cause for biblical parallels in the mind of one of the English bystanders. "Now, that old fellow at the other side of the fire," said one of

them, "is neither better nor worse in looks than one of the apostles. Peter and Paul were probably quite as dirty-looking."

"Yes, quite as dirty-looking," said another; "but after all, in that case dirt did more than ever cleanliness will be able to do. Just think that a dozen old men like that one yonder have done more on the earth than all the soldiers who have ever lived. I'll give you Cæsar, Alexander, Bonaparte, Tamerlane, and Charlemagne, and all the great generals the world has ever seen, on one side, and I'll take that dozen seedy, dirty old men on the other, and with all the sword and soap you like into the bargain, yet you'll be nowhere in the race."

Is there not too marked an inclination in this modern world of ours to shun controversy of this kind? to avoid meeting the every-day thrusts of a commonplace criticism with the weapons lying close to our hands?

No need to search through Scripture verse or theologian's canon for the counter to the cut, or the parry to the thrust, of nine-tenths of the criticism that is to-day aired on Christ and Christianity. Take up the gauntlet as it is thrown down. Meet the attack on the ground on which it is made; meet it with common sense if it be made with common sense, and common nonsense if it be made in idle jest, and you will be a poor layman if you cannot double up your assailant with any of his own weapons or upon any ground he may choose for his attack.

One poor carpenter and a dozen men—fishermen, tanners, publicans—able, even in the material aspect of their work, to beat all the conquerors, pyramid-builders, statesmen, law-makers, philosophers, kings, swashbucklers, and big-wigs that this planet of ours has ever known.

Great doctors of the body have, in modern times, given up much of the old jargon of medicine, and come back to the common rules of food and air and water for the cure and care of human bodies. Might not our soul-doctors, too, sometimes take a leaf from this old tree of Christian common sense, if necessary cut a cudgel from it, and do more in ten minutes to demolish the shallow scepticism of the modern anti-Christian critic than could be done by a month of quotation from the theologians of five hundred years?

Of the features of English character brought to light by the spread of British dominion in Asia, there is nothing more observable than the contrast between the religious bias of Eastern thought and the innate absence of religion in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Turk, and Greek, Buddhist and Armenian, Copt and Parsee, all manifest in a hundred ways of daily life the great fact of their belief in a God. In their vices as well as in their virtues the recognition of Deity is dominant.

With the Western, on the contrary, the outward form of practising belief in a God is a thing to be half-ashamed of, something to hide. A procession of priests in the Strada Reale would probably cause an average Briton to regard it with less tolerant eye than

he would cast upon a Juggernaut festival in Orissa; but to each alike would he display the same iconoclasm of creed, the same idea, not the less fixed because it is seldom expressed in words, "You pray; therefore I do not think much of you." But there is a deeper difference between East and West lying beneath this incompatibility of temper on the part of modern Englishmen to accept the religious habit of thought in the East. All Eastern peoples possess this habit of thought. It is the one tie which links together their widely differing races. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. On an Austrian Lloyd's steamboat in the Levant a traveller from Beyrout will frequently see strange groups of men crowded together on the quarter-deck. In the morning the missal books of the Greek Church will be laid along the bulwarks of the ship, and a couple of Russian priests, coming from Jerusalem, will be busy muttering mass. A yard to right or left a Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, sits a respectful observer of the scene. It is prayer, and therefore it is holy in his sight. So, too, when the evening hour has come, and the Turk spreads out his strip of carpet for the sunset prayers and obeisance towards Mecca, the Greek looks on in silence, without trace of scorn in his face, for it is again the worship of the Creator by the created. They are both fulfilling the *first* law of the East—prayer to God; and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassa, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary and protects the pilgrim.

Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet. We have never yet got beyond the stage of conquest, never assimilated a people to our ways, never even civilised a single tribe around the wide dominion of our empire. It is curious how frequently a well-meaning Briton will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blucher—as something to loot. The other idea, that a priest was a person to hang, is one which is also often observable in the British brain. On one occasion, when we were endeavouring to enlighten our minds upon the Greek question, as it had presented itself to a naval officer whose vessel had been stationed in Greek and Adriatic waters during our occupation of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, we could only elucidate from our informant the fact that one morning before breakfast he had hanged seventeen priests. From the tone and manner in which he thus summed up the Greek question, there appeared to be little doubt that he was fully prepared to repeat his performance upon any number of priests at any hour, or before any meal—indeed, from the manner in which he marked the event as having preceded his breakfast, it might almost have been surmised that his digestive organs had experienced the want of similar stimulants since that occasion.

Meantime, however, while thus we stand before the camp fire at Litheronda, the snow begins to fall through the leafless walnut-trees, and the night wind blows cold over the white shoulder of Mount Olympus. At daybreak next day it blows colder still; the ridge, across which our onward track lies, is white with snow, which holds its own even as the sun climbs higher into the eastern sky, and the guides, who are to lead us across the shoulder of Olympus to Pasha Leva, assert that the route will be impracticable for some days to come; so, striking camp, we held our way for nine miles along a rocky glen that led to the village of Manikito, and then turning westward, and crossing some very rough and broken ground, we reached at three o'clock in the afternoon the hill village of Platris, on the south slope of Olympus.

Behind Platris, to the north, the mountain rose steep and pine-clad; below Platris, to the south, many valleys led the eye downwards to the sea; where the coast beyond Limasol, and the ruins that mark the site of the monastery of the Knights of St. John, built when Acre had fallen to the Saracen, lay twenty miles distant in reality, but seemingly close at hand, seen through the blue and golden light that filled the whole vast vault far out beyond the land into the shipless sea. To-morrow our line would lead us down to that shore, but now—to-day—ere the sun, already far into the west, should reach the sky-line beyond Paphos, we had a chance of scaling the lofty ridge

that rose behind the village, and of planting a foot-print in the snow of Olympus.

Away on fresh mules up the mountain. There is no time to lose, and anxiously we watch the aneroid to note our upward progress, and the sun to mark the time that yet remains to us. At a point about five thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level the snow becomes too deep for the mules, so we dismount and tie them to pine-trees; then, while two of the party turn off to the right to select a site for the summer encampment, we strike up the hill alone to make a race for Olympus with the sunset. The ridge is very steep, but the snow holds a firm crust, and the air is keen and bracing. The aneroid soon shows another five hundred feet gained, and a hill, which seems to be the summit, appears close at hand. It is won, but at its farther side the ground sinks abruptly only to rise again out of a deep valley into the real Mount Olympus. Better had we kept more to the right and avoided this deep glen that now lies across our line to the summit. There is nothing for it but to retrace our steps to the right, and then take the crest of the curving ridge which runs round almost at our present level to the foot of Troados. But every second is precious. Away we go at topmost speed along the crest, which, though level when looked at from a distance, is broken into many hills and valleys when nearer seen. All is silent around save the quick crunching of the snow beneath rapid footsteps. Lofty pine-trees rise on every side. We are now

under the shadow of Olympus, whose white head, bare of pine-trees, has hidden the low-sunk sun. Through the pines to the north the eye catches glimpses of the low country, the north range, and the far-away sheen of snow on the mountains of Asia Minor; but there is no time to note anything save the lessening light and the bare summit that rises above the dark pines. We pass out from the shadows of the trees, and stop a moment to take breath for the last ascent. Looking across the valley, around three sides of which we have just circled, the sunlight is seen still bright upon the crest we started from, but the rays fall level; and already around us, in the shadow of Olympus, the blue light of evening has fallen upon the snow. Nothing but the croak of a solitary raven from a withered pine-branch close at hand breaks the intense silence of the scene. Another four minutes' hard pull and we stand upon the bald crest of Troados. The sun has not yet set. Far out, resting on a ring of immeasurable sky-line, he seems to pause a moment ere he sinks into the sea. There is a faint crescent moon in the western sky. A vast circle spreads around, and within this huge horizon all Cyprus lies islanded beneath the light of sunset.

There is sea beyond the north range, and beyond the sea there is sun on a long line of snow set far above the gathered shades of evening. There is sea in the wide curve of Salamis, and beyond the ruined ramparts of Famagusta; sea where Paphos sinks into a golden haze of sunset in the west; sea where Karpos

stretches his long arm into the arch which the earth's shadow has cast upon the Eastern sky, for all Cyprus below this lonely Troados lies in twilight, and the great circle of the sea is sunless, save where, on the western rim, the blood-red disc sinks slowly from a sky whose lustre pales in lessening hues from horizon to half-zenith. And now the last speck of sun has gone beneath the waves. Olympus is cold and blue, like many a lesser ridge around him; the crescent moon grows clearer cut against the heaven; grey and cold, the sky rim narrows, and the wide bays and long-stretching promontories of the island lie in misty outline upon the darkening sea; far away to the north Karamania still holds aloft one last gleam of sunlight upon his frozen forehead.

We will stay until this "light of Asia" is blotted out. Another moment and the Karamanian range is cold; and then, fading into the night, Cyprus lies in the gloaming—a vague but mighty shadow, from whose forgotten tombs and shattered temples the night wind comes to moan its myriad memories amid the pines of Olympus.

IV.

DOWN the snowy side of Troados we ran at topmost speed, ploughing deep into drift, and crushing through crust, doing more in a minute of time than had been done in ten minutes of toil upon the upward road. There was not a moment to lose. Never did night gather her shadows more quickly around her than now as we went plunging down into her depths. Scant is the measure darkness gives in the Mediterranean when once the sun has gone below the horizon; but now we lessened that short interval by each rapid stride, for we were literally descending into darkness.

Some fifteen hundred feet lower down the mule had been left picketed beneath a pine-tree. To that tree there was no track, save the footprints of our upward course in the snow. These were, in many places, only to be observed in the closest scrutiny; in others, where the breeze was drifting the light frozen particles, they had become invisible. It was therefore a matter of moment that we should make the most of the afterglow to get out, at least, from the denser pine-trees and deeper snow of the upper mountain, and set our faces straight in the direction of the mule.

As before it had been a race with the sun up mountain, in which we had won, now it was a race with night, in which we were the loser. Still, enough of light remained to enable us to follow our footprints clear of the broken ground below the summit ridge, and, before darkness had quite fallen, to see that our course was set straight down-hill towards the south.

At the edge of the snow there suddenly appeared right in front two large ears, projected forward in relief against a faint afterglow, that lay along the lower sky from north to south. It was the mule, looking wistfully towards the new comer. His companions had long since been taken away, and the prospect of spending a hungry night on the cold shoulder of Olympus had doubtless convinced the mule that there were worse things in life than his old enemy—a rider. Still, when he realised that he was not to spend the night in cold and hunger, he began at once to manifest his old repugnance to the saddle.

At last the girths were tight, and we began to descend the steep hillside. It was now quite dark. We had got into a maze of rocks, pine-trees, and brushwood. A general goat-track seemed to pervade the entire mountain, upon which the mule appeared to be now quite content to spend the remainder of the night. At last, amid a labyrinth of rocks, he came to a standstill. Dismounting, we endeavoured to lead him; but he would not be led. Passing the halter behind we now tried to drive him before us; he would thus find

the right road, and would lead the way into camp. In the new order of things it will be sufficient to say that he at once entered into that part of the programme which had reference to finding the right road; but there appeared to be a vast difference in his mind between finding the road for himself and showing it to his driver, for no sooner had he set his head straight downhill than he determined to set his heels in the opposite direction, with the view of dissolving partnership with his master. Out of the darkness in front there suddenly came two vicious and violent kicks; the Turkish shoes just reached us, but not close enough to do serious damage; a couple of inches nearer would have soon ended the matter of partnership, and left us alone on the shoulder of Olympus. To jump aside amid the rocks and haul vigorously at the halter was only the work of a second. Soon we succeeded in slewing round the animal's head, and the saddle was again occupied, not to be quitted under any pretence until mule and man were safely landed in the camp at Platris.

An hour later lights shone below, and we reached the camp, to find a relief party about to start up the mountain to look for us.

Six hours' ride, next day, carried the party to Limasol, from which port the writer of these pages set out to cross the mountains to the monastery of Kiku and the west shore of the island. An interpreter, a muleteer, and three mules; a Zaptieh riding in front; an order, in Greek and Turkish, to the

mudirs of the towns *en route* to board and lodge us; small kit of apparel and slender store of commissariat hastily got together, and we leave with little regret the hot streets of Limasol and the low coast lands of Kolossi. Ruins of temples along the narrow track; at intervals a village, with cultivation and a few orange trees around it; then upwards in a long ascent by arid hills, from which at every turn the eye looks back at bluest sea and buildings cleaned and freshened by sun and distance.

As on we ride an old negro suddenly issues from a cave by the wayside, and invites us to stop a moment and refresh with coffee. His cave is twenty feet deep in the rock, fairly lighted from its large entrance, and with a lean-to hut on one side, forming a porch. He is very black and very garrulous. His name is Billali. Many years before a Turk named Seyd brought him from Upper Egypt to Cyprus. He became free, and took to this cave, where now he cultivates the land around. He had sent his wife away. He was born in Kordofan, in the midst of the desert, and there his name had been Tameroo; that was a long while ago —before the time of Mehemet Ali Pasha. He is very happy up on this hill, for he can look down on the sea and on the houses, and till his land as he likes. His wife used to bother him a good deal; but he sent her away, and now he is quite happy. So spake Billali, once Tameroo of Kordofan, as he blew the embers about his little Turkish coffee-pot, and prepared the tiny cup of real coffee for us. Then we parted from

this poor old black Tameroo, and held our course by Shivellas and Everssa towards Mallia.

We reached the latter place in a downpour of rain at sunset. The mudir had a room ready, the Zaptieh having gone on in front to announce us. Dinner soon followed, and then coffee, cigarettes, and much conversation. Mallia was a purely Turkish village, and all the talk was of the Turk. There were one or two present who had been to Mecca. There were many questions asked about the future of the island, about the discovery of gold—"a mountain of gold," they say, in Midian—and about politics, foreign and domestic. There seemed to be an impression amongst them that if this mountain of gold could only be discovered in Cyprus all would be right. I replied through the interpreter that there was plenty of gold lying around, but that it was in the wine, the oil, the wheat, that came yearly from the ground; that the Egyptian, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Greek had left but little of other treasure remaining, but that each returning summer called again to life the riches of which I spoke.

Meantime there is much bringing of coffee and rolling of cigarettes among the cross-legged circle grouped before the large kitchen fire, and finally it is time to lie down for the night.

The wine at Mallia was good, and with generous hands my Turkish hosts filled my glass, declining to join me themselves; but rumour said that they were not always so shy, and that Mallia knew the flavour of

a flagon of Commanderia and the smack of mastic as well as any wine-bibbing village of Greek or Maronite persuasions.

Early next day we are again on the track. Rough and stony, it leads to Arsos, and through the mass of ruins called Hy Nicolo into the beautiful valley of the Carissos River. As the mules in single file wind down into the valley two eagles come soaring close above our heads. A large stone-pine slants from the hillside, and beneath his wide-spread branches white Troados is seen ending the upper valley. Then we zigzag down to the river meadows and halt by the oleander-lined banks for the mid-day rest.

On again across the single-arched bridge of Jellalu, up the farther side of the valley. A very old Greek church stands in ruins on the slope, and near it one solitary pine-tree eleven feet in girth. Then the ascent becomes steep, the zigzags are short and severe, and we see above us the pine-clad crest beyond, which is the monastery of Kiku, our destination.

At last we gain the summit. The track now leads along the crest or sides of narrow ridges. Troados lies to the right, rising in long profile out of a very deep glen; innumerable other deep glens sink around on every side. The sides of the hills descend so steeply into these valleys that the stones go rolling from the feet of the mules as we jog along; but the sense of the steepness of the declivity is lessened by the pines and arbutus-trees that grow around—the arbutus only on the north faces of the hills.

The atmosphere is intensely clear; we are about four thousand feet above sea-level, and as the sun draws to the west the valley between us and Troados seems shot with varying hues of light, yet all so clear that every pine-tree on the mountain is visible, and the snowy crest looks but a short mile distant. A turn in the path brings the monastery of Kiku in sight, the road dips a moment along the east side of the crest, which the sun cannot reach, and the ground is hard-bound in frost. As we draw near the monastery a monk comes up the hillside and joins us. He carries a gun and a bag, but no game. Then we dismount at the great doorway,—lead the mules into the court-yard, and presently a portly prior, followed by many Greek monks, come to bid us rest and welcome. A cell is soon got ready, and the portly prior shows us to it. Three little windows in a very deep wall; low-arched ceiling, from the centre of which swings a brass lamp; a brick floor, with carpet slips laid upon it; a brazier of hot charcoal on one side; a sofa, a few chairs, and a wooden table, and our cell is as comfortable a little den to get into at sunset amid these cold Cypriote hills as traveller could wish to find.

A quaint old place this Kiku, set four thousand feet up in the hills. Long arched corridors and passages run round quiet court-yards. Off the corridors open cells, dormitories, and refectories. A great bell hangs at one corner of the quadrangle; it has come all the way from Moscow—for the fame of Kiku's sanctity

goes far over the Greek world. How this bell was ever carried up the mountain must remain a mystery. It is of enormous size and weight, and the path is but a narrow mule-track; but there it hangs, all the same, to ring out its deep note in the grey dawn to the misty mountain solitudes, and to wake the mouflon on the hills ere the sun has kissed the frozen forehead of Troados. But the glory of Kiku is the church, and the glory of the church is the silver image of the Virgin and Child, given by Alexis in the tenth century, and hidden, so say the monks, from human vision ever since. "As I am not to see it again," said the Greek emperor, when he sent it to Cyprus, "then let no other human eye ever rest upon it." So the head and upper portion of the figures have been veiled from view. All this and more was poured forth by half a dozen old monks, in whose care we made the circuit of the monastery. Before we began our inspection sweetmeats and coffee were produced; when the inspection was over our dinner was ready. It was an excellent repast, and, after a long day spent in the keen mountain atmosphere, appetites were not wanting to do it justice. Lest they should be, one priest specially attended to see that the guests lacked nothing. The Commanderia wine was the best we had yet tasted, and the mastic was old, luscious, and plentiful. As the frost grew harder outside the little cell-windows, and boy attendants brought freshly fanned charcoal to the brazier, the cell looked indeed a cheerful billet for a mountain traveller.

The portly prior came and sat with us after dinner, and, among other matters, produced a paper that had caused the worthy brotherhood intense astonishment. It was an official document in English, having reference to a return for taxation. The monks could not make much of it, so they had invoked the aid of a passing traveller, versed in Greek and English. Unfortunately he had rendered the English word "pitch," the resin of the pine-forests, into the Greek word "bitch," and the brethren were amazed at finding themselves taxed for ten thousand okes of bitches. We appeased the afflicted and perplexed mind of the prior, and, redolent of garlic, he thanked us, bade us good-night, and retired.

Early morning at Kiku. How very beautiful it is! The sun peeps over Mount Olympus; the tops of the hills are all alight, and the deep valleys are in shadow; far away there are pale glimpses of distant sea; a vast stillness dwells on all things—stillness deepened by distant murmur of mountain stream and the softest whisper of old pine-trees. Of that wonderful old forest—now nearly gone—that glorious growth which has given decks to Turkish galleys for three hundred years, that forest for whose destruction Greek and Turk have for once joined hands upon the handle of the felling axe. Burned, hacked, slashed at, barked, and wounded, some grand old survivors still stretch forth their gaunt arms, as though they asked for mercy from the destroyer; and still, when the night hides the wreck that man has made, the wind-swept

song of their sorrow is wafted in unutterable sadness over the ruined land.

Amid the farewells of the assembled brethren we moved off next morning from Kiku, descending northwards towards Kampo and the Bay of Morphu. It was another day of exquisite views, as, winding down the narrow mule-track, we saw below the curve of the Bay of Morphu the broken north range and the white summits of Karamania far away to the north, over the lonely blue sea.

At the village of Kampo we stopped a few minutes. An old Greek woman brought us raisins, and supplemented her offering with an harangue. Its burden was that she expected many things from the English, and she trusted she would not be disappointed. "Tell her," we replied through the interpreter, "that the English expect much from her. When we left England they were all full of expectation about this island; all the papers were writing about her and her people." She appeared to be astonished at the information, and we continued downhill towards Levka.

Six hours' ride brought us to Levka. The mudir, engaged at the moment of our arrival in a full court of tax collection, immediately dissolved his court, and became our host, adviser, and director. He soon produced a meal of walnuts steeped in honey, of which it will be sufficient to record that for a condiment of singular indigestibility it would be difficult to parallel it in any conglomeration of sugar and fruit known to Western palates. Perhaps we are taking

away the character of this condiment, and that, viewed in the capacity of a conserve, it might be approached with comparative safety; but as a *pièce de résistance* to set before a hungry man, after a six hours' ride, walnuts steeped in honey, plentifully administered, would probably solve for ever the "Eastern question" of any Western traveller's farther progress through the land. No wonder the Turk has been the "sick man" of Europe upon such a regimen.

We were afterwards informed that the mudir of Levka had but recently in his own person exemplified the transitory nature of earthly distinction. He had, in fact, undergone incarceration in prison for two months for misappropriation of taxes. He was still, however, administering the laws in Levka, and, so far as we could judge, his misfortune had in no way tended to withdraw from him the confidence of the inhabitants, while it had apparently left unimpaired his reputation as a high-class government official. He was a Turk.

We spent that night at the monastery farm of Xerapotamiss, by the shore of the Bay of Morphu.

After night fell we wandered down to the sea. In a long wave, that rose its crest only to fall upon the shore, the Mediterranean sobbed against the wide curving bay. The moon was over the sea. We wandered along the shore, keeping on a strip of glistening sand close by where the surf broke.

All lonely now this shore, but thick with memories. On this very spot the Turk landed for the conquest of

the island. Hither, two thousand four hundred years ago, came the great lawgiver of the Greeks to end his life. In the farmyard of the monastery hard by, but an hour since, our muleteer tied his mules to the icanthus-leaf of a prostrate Corinthian capital. Yonder, in the moonlight, Pendaia's ruins are still dimly visible. Well may the sea sob upon the withered breast of Cyprus, and the pines sigh over her lonely hilltops.

Two days' ride carried us across the island to the eastern shore, and it was again moonlight when our cavalcade passed the long bridge that crosses the rock-hewn ditch and entered the gate of once famed, now fevered and famished Famagusta.

Within the massive gateway a dead city lay beneath the moonlight. A city so dead and so ruined that even the moonbeams could not hide the wreck or give semblance of life to street or court-yard—and yet, withal, it was modern ruin that lay around. The streets were cleared of stones and rubbish, the massive ramparts were untouched, the roofless houses were not overgrown with creepers. Many of the churches still held portions of roof or window reared aloft against the sky; through lancet window or pointed archway the palm-tree hung motionless against the moonlight. Many owls flitted amid the ruins, and the sole sound was the ring of our hoofs and the roll of the distant surf outside the eastern rampart.

Soon after sunrise next morning we went out to

see by clearer light this modern capital of all ruined cities—this skeleton in armour, whose huge ramparts, and deep ditch, and towering cavaliers hid only crumbling streets, squares, churches, and mansions.

We pass out by the grand sea-gate, not a stone of which has been defaced. Above the marble keystone of the arch the winged Lion still holds the open gospel to the deserted wharfs and silent shingle.

The name of the Venetian ruler is still bright in letters that were carved and gilt at the time Columbus was steering his ship to the New World, and when De Gama was about to strike the first blow at Venetian sway by his passage of the Cape of Storms.

A reef of rocks marks the old harbour limits and the area which it is proposed to dredge into a refuge for ironclads. "They may dredge out the mud from the sea," says our informant, "but they won't dredge away the fever from the shore."

He tells us the fever is incessant, that every one gets it, that it is worse than West African fevers, so far as its sensations are concerned; and that it doesn't matter what one eats or drinks, or where one sleeps, that the fever is bound to come all the same. "There are four of us here," he goes on, "and we were all down together with fever only three weeks ago." Then we go in again into the mournful city, and ramble on through more grass-grown streets and ruins. A plover rises from the waste and calls shrilly as he mounts on rapid wing above the ramparts. We

ascend the ramparts. From the cavalier looking north the eye ranges over the mounds that have, for sixteen hundred years, marked the site of Salamis, and farther off the hills of Kanfara dropping into the long peninsula of Karpos.

Along the rampart two coaches could drive abreast; beneath the rampart are the arched dungeons wherein Venice held her slaves; ruined churches everywhere within the walls—churches with deep doorways traced in curious patterns of stone-carving, with the frescoes still fresh on their walls, and the floors cumbered with overturned tomb effigies and prostrate crosses. Little patches of wheat grow here and there through the ruins. We try to count these churches, but cannot do it. Tradition says there once stood one hundred Christian temples within the walls of Famagusta.

Towering high above all other ruins, the cathedral raises its lofty Gothic towers, the most mournful of all the relics of this saddest of cities. Amid wreck of flying buttress and lancet window of Northern Gothic art, the feathery palms seem strangely out of place.

Older ruins and wreck of time deeper in the bygone can be met on all the shores of the Mediterranean; but nowhere a city like this one of Famagusta, nowhere else a scene which brings us so closely face to face with the grandeur of Venice and the glory of the Norman crusader both strangled in the grasp of the Turk, and lying yet unburied by the merciful hand of Time.

We may quit Cyprus—no other scene, within her shores, can grave upon our memory a deeper record of her matchless ruin.

It is evening. We have crossed the ridge that divides Famagusta from Larnaca, and are descending towards the sea for embarkation. The sun is going down behind the steep ridge of Santa Croce, whose white monastery looks like a snow-cap on the summit. The long waves roll in upon a wide curving shore. Far out to sea, one or two ships are standing to the south, and around us the barren soil spreads a weed-grown waste, with ruins at intervals that stand out wondrously white and clear in the level sunlight. The earth rings hollow under our mule hoofs, for the honeycombed rock beneath has been a tomb for three thousand years. No other word tells of Cyprus so exactly. Tomb of Phœnician, of Egyptian, of Hittite, of Greek, Roman, and Jew; tomb of the exile from Lybia, from Athens, from Pontus; tomb of the rich fugitives that fled before the armies of the Pharaohs or the hosts of Babylon; tomb of all those countless waifs and strays of conquest, commerce, and commotion, who in the dim dawn of civilisation found in this island a refuge and a grave.

Tomb, too, of Byzantine, of Norman crusader, of Venetian, and lastly of the Turk, whose grave scraped shallow amid the ruins of empire has blurred the record and scattered the ashes of twenty vanished peoples.

And now what is to be the future of this island? Can it be redeemed from ruin? Yes. By us? No. By its people? Yes. The Turk ruined; the Greek can renew. Let us beware of attempting to lead or to direct a people who, when their first sensation of surprise is past, are bound to hold us in ridicule and in aversion. Already the symptoms of the first are apparent. "What a pity it is," said the people of Limasol, as they watched our road-making operations into the mountains, "what a pity it is that God, who has given these English so much money, should not also have bestowed upon them some brains!"

There is a singular delusion pervading the English mind that we can civilise and improve a people. It is just the one thing we have never been able to do. No nation in history has ever had so many opportunities of imparting Christianity and civilisation to the Gentile. We have been in close contact with the heathen, with the fire-worshipper, with the Buddhist, with the worshippers of the stick, and the stone, and the bone for the better part of two centuries. Yet what has been the sum total of our success?

Have we really Christianised twenty square miles of any continent or island? Have we made any race or people in the whole wide circle of our vast dominion more truthful, more honest, more chaste, or even more happy than they were before they came in contact with us and our civilisation? Few men will answer, Yes.

The truth is, the Anglo-Saxon race can spread itself, but cannot impart to others its Christianity or its civilisation. We can only do what the Dane, the Saxon, the Frank, or the Goth could do. The work of the Greek or the Roman is beyond our power, and the reason of our incessant failure is obvious. We will not take, as the Romans took, the best strings of native character and play our tune of civilisation and progress on them; but we must invariably take our own mould and proceed to run down into it whatever type of national character we come in contact with.

We cannot train or teach; we can only multiply and spread. If we conquer a nation we must either destroy it or fail to govern it. French Canada is an exception; but French Canada won from our generals, after our defeat at St. Roche, so many national privileges that its laws, language, religion, and territory have remained French.

In fact, French Canada is a lasting proof of what can be done by letting people develop themselves upon their own lines.

One hundred and thirty years ago French Canada had a population of less than one hundred thousand souls. It was the poorest and most inhospitable country in North America. It has to-day one million and a half of French Canadian inhabitants.

In Ireland, on the other hand, we would only develop on the British basis. For seven hundred years we have been busy at this development, and it is only now dawning upon us that it will not do.

But people will say, "Ah, the Greek is different; he is a semi-Asiatic. We really must train and educate this Greek." My dear, good, Mr. Bull, you are in sober truth a mere child to this Greek; even at your own long-practised game of buying and selling, of barter and chaffer, he can beat you hollow. He has taken the trade of the Levant from you; he has penetrated into the heart of your great city and holds his own against your most able money-changers. "Ah, but," I hear you say, "he can't fight." There also you are mistaken. You yourself have never fought against a tenth of the odds that he has contended with. At Scios he performed an exploit in the centre of the Ottoman fleet which, measuring it by the "decorative period" of modern English warfare, all the bronze in the Trafalgar lions could not yield crosses for. When you have fought the tenth part of what this Greek has fought, and suffered the hundredth part of his sufferings in the cause of freedom, then you may talk of teaching him how to fight or how to die.

No; let us endeavour to develop this island for the Greek peasant, and by the Greek peasant; not for the benefit of the usurer as we have done in India, or for the landlord as we have done in Ireland, or for the benefit of the Manchester man, or the Birmingham man, or the London man, or the outside man generally, as we have done in other parts of the world. My friend the sea-captain, who is still doubtless fully prepared to settle the Greek question after his own

fashion, would probably urge the rule of thumb-screw and gallows in dealing with Cyprus; but the world has got beyond that stage now.

If our dominion in Cyprus is to escape the fate of our Ionian experiment, we must try to learn Greek before we attempt to teach English.

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